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BIOGRAPHY

AND

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BEING A SECOND SERIES OF

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FROM "THE TIMES."

LONDON:
ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, AND ROUTLEDGE,
FARRINGDON STREET;
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NOTICE TO THE READER.

THIS Second Series of "Eminent Men and Popular Books" is reprinted from the *Times* Newspaper, in consequence of the encouraging reception of its predecessor. It is intended, like the former volume, for popular reading, and comprises such articles only of recent Biography and Literary Criticism, as may be presumed, from their subjects, to be generally interesting.

February, 1860.

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JAMES WATT.*

In reviewing some time since the life of George Stephenson, we commented on the omission, so much to be regretted, which has left us without an adequate biography of James Watt. It is impossible now to do that for his memory which might have been done in his lifetime, had any one familiar with his labours, his character, and his habits, set forth a presentment of his story in sufficiently vivid colours. The little that *was* done with this intent may, however, be added to later investigations, and the information obtainable from scattered reminiscences may be of further use in the hands of a writer scientifically competent to the subject. Nevertheless, there must be much which the world was entitled to know respecting one of its greatest benefactors, but which is now lost irrecoverably. Mr. Muirhead, his kinsman, the friend and executor of his son, and the son-in-law of the late Mr. Boulton, has, doubtless, the best share of the

* "The Life of James Watt, with Selections from his Correspondence." By James Patrick Muirhead, M.A., &c. Murray, 1858. [From the *Times* of April 27 and May 12, 1859.]

opportunities which remain; but even his attempt to give us "a full yet compendious and authentic biography of the great inventor," is in many respects disappointing. It is, of course, deficient in the requisites of circumstantiality and freshness. It has other faults, of bad arrangement, want of compression, want of taste, and a controversial fervour which borders on pugnacious animosity; from all which elements we resolutely turn, to grasp and disentangle all that remains for a popular memoir of Watt, and a legible summary of his generative creations.

The family of Watt is first found in Aberdeenshire, and his great-grandfather, it is said, perished in one of the wars of Montrose; but on which side engaged, Mr. Muirhead, with all his interest in ancestral traditions, has only succeeded in helping us to a dubious conjecture. Possibly he was a Covenanter; possibly not; but it is known that his property was confiscated, and that his orphan son, being in humble circumstances, settled near Greenock. This son, Thomas Watt, was a teacher of navigation, or, as he is styled on his tombstone, "teacher of the mathematics;" so that James Watt's science may take its rise, physiologically, in the professional capacities of his grandfather. At this date Greenock was little more than a fishing hamlet, and Thomas Watt was so important among its petty magnates, that he was made chief magistrate, or "baillie of the barony," and an elder of the parish and presbytery, as well as treasurer and clerk to the Kirk Session. In these capacities he repaired the church, widened the bridge, and adjusted

the weights and measures of the burgh by his mathematical standards. He imposed fines for the pranks of the roysterers on Halloween-night, regulated the keeping of "taim foules" and their scratchings in unlicensed gardens, discouraged the "sitting in and haunting taverns on Friday and Saturday nights," and also the "guilt" of skippers in "loosing their ships and taking them to seaward on the Sabbath-day." The great feat of his administrative reign was his supposed discrimination in dealing with the complicated pretensions of a certain mountebank medicine-vendor. To this worthy he forbade the attractions of zanies, saltatory lassies, and their demonstrative rope-dancing, while he permitted him "to expose his drugs or medicines to public sale." Thus, according to the meridian of Greenock, he deported himself like a discreet baillie, with a leaning towards the ingenious arts, till his death in 1734, "aged about ninety-five;" when he left two sons behind him, one of whom (John), after practising as a surveyor, died unmarried at the age of fifty, in 1737. This son is so far worth mentioning, that his brother James and his two nephews, one of whom was the immortal inventor, engraved and published, after his death, a survey which he made of the Course and Frith of the river Clyde. This survey, which was published in 1759-60, is naturally sought after, on account of the greater Watt's share in the engraving, and the Watt Club of Greenock have printed a reduced copy of it. James Watt, the father, who assisted in its first production, was a shipwright, a ship-chandler (supplying vessels with

nautical apparatus, stores, and instruments), a builder, and a *merchant*, as he is termed, *Scottice*. He married one Agnes Muirhead, who enjoyed the privilege, so common among her countrymen, of high lineage, and exhibited some striking qualities of her own, which became the mother of a famous son. For those who like to observe how commonly such offspring are deduced from a superior matrix, we may cite the language of one of her contemporaries, who described her as "*A braw, braw woman—none now to be seen like her.*" She had other children, of whom three died in infancy or early childhood, while one, John, was drowned at sea at the premature age of twenty-four. Mr. Muirhead has a wearisome page or two on her privileged descent from the Muirheads of Flodden Field, and of times long anterior; but those who prefer to look downward in the line of genealogy may regard her as the mother of her illustrious and only surviving child, and through him, if they so like to designate her, as the *Grandmother* of the steam-engine.

James Watt, that is *the* James, was born on the 19th day of January, 1736. His constitution was delicate, and his mental powers were precocious. There is a story of his having been observed, as a child of six years old, drawing mathematical lines and circles on the hearthstone, and of his so inducing the remark of a bystander that he was "*no common child.*" It is more certain that he was distinguished from an early age by his candour and truthfulness, for his father used to enlighten himself on any particular of his boyish quarrels by the appeal, "Let James speak;

from him I always hear truth." James also showed his constructive tastes equally early, experimenting on his playthings with a set of small carpenter's tools which his father had given him. Mr. Muirhead flourishes his biographical cudgel over the heads of two of James's comrades, who ascribed to him "a certain mental dulness," and refers to the memoranda of his early years, drawn up by his cousin, for a clear refutation of these unappreciative youngsters. Thus his cousin, Mrs. Marion Campbell, describes his inventive capacity as a storyteller, and details an incident of his occupying himself with the steam of a teakettle, to which she probably attached more importance than was its due, from reverting to it when illustrated by her after-recollections. Out of this incident, reliable or not in the sense ascribed to it, M. Arago obtained an oratorical point for an *éloge*, which he delivered to his companions of the French Institute. What Frenchman could have resisted such an obvious temptation to a *coup de théâtre*? Yet the story is at best the ground of a pleasing hypothesis. Watt may or may not have been occupied as a boy with the study of the condensation of steam while he was playing with the maternal teakettle, but it would be harsh to conclude that his mother inconsiderately reproved "the mighty engineer" as he was making the preludes to his discoveries. The incident suggests a possibility, nothing more; though it has been made the foundation of a grave announcement, the subject of a pretty picture, and will ever remain a basis for suggestive speculation.

During these early years Watt was sent to a commercial school, where he was provided with a fair outfit of Latin and with some elements of Greek; but mathematics he studied with greater zest and with proportionate success, under one John Marr, a local mathematician. By the time he was fifteen, according to the testimony of his cousin, he had read twice, with great attention, Gravesande's "Elements of Natural Philosophy;" and "while under his father's roof he went on with various chymical experiments, repeating them again and again, until satisfied of their accuracy from his own observations." He even made himself a small electrical machine about 1750-53,—no mean porformance at that date; since, according to Priestley's "History of Electricity," the Leyden phial itself was not invented till the years 1745-6.

At an early age we find him also suffering from that phenomenon of his long life which makes his use of it so remarkable—the continued and violent headaches which often affected his nervous system, and left him for days — even weeks, languid, depressed, and fanciful. "He seldom rose early," says his cousin, "but accomplished more in a few hours' study than ordinary minds do in many days." By his health and temperament he was precluded from the manifestation of a free sanguine activity. "He was never in a hurry, and always had leisure to give to his friends, to poetry, romance, and the publications of the day." He read indiscriminately almost every new book he could procure; and on a friend entreating him to be more select in his choice, he replied,

"I have never yet read a book or conversed with a companion without gaining information, instruction, or amusement." The same writer observes that "he was alternatively very active,"—by which we assume she means very assiduous, "or apparently very indolent, and was subject to occasional fits of absence. He had a quick perception of the beauties of nature, and delighted in exploring the wild glens of his native land, and tracing to their source the mountain torrents. Though modest and unpretending, yet, like other great men, he was conscious of his own high talents and superior attainments, and proudly looked forward to their raising him to future fame and honour."

He is said to have been addicted to angling, at least in his boyhood; but there is no certain evidence that he followed at a later date that "most fitting pastime for quiet men and lovers of peace." The ill-health which at first seemed likely to check his application to study, had only the effect of forming habits of perseverance and a disregard of temptations to a waste of time and thought. Witnessing his father's mode of conducting business, he also assisted him in several of its mechanical details. He soon learned to construct with his own hands several of the articles required in the way of his father's trade, and by means of a small forge, set up for his own use, he repaired and made various kinds of instruments, and converted, by the way, a large silver coin into a punch-ladle, as a trophy of his early skill as a metal-smith. The mysteries of handicraft which he then acquired, facilitated his later experi-

ments, and traces of his experience as a workman continually crop out in incidental passages of his life or letters. In his eightieth year we find him instructing a certain great bookseller to have his boxes for books *planed on the inside;* and to Sir Henry Raeburn he writes on the 2nd of March, 1816, "I beg to advise your packer always to rub his wood screws on some candle-grease before he screws them in; it will tend much to his own ease, as well as to that of him who unscrews them." These slight indications of practical craftsmanship imply his possession of that educational advantage, on the value of which Robert Stephenson so justly insisted, when addressing, shortly before his death, the artisans of his constituency.

From the aptitude which he displayed for all kinds of ingenious handiwork, and in accordance with his own deliberate choice, it was decided that he should proceed to qualify himself for following the trade of a mathematical instrument maker. "The *call*," says Mr. Muirhead, "which made Watt a mechanical philosopher, seems to have been as decided as that which took Burns from the sheepfolds and raised him to be a fervid bard, or transferred Wilkie from the austerities of a Presbyterian manse to become a glowing and triumphant painter." In obedience to this call he went to Glasgow, in June, 1754, and the "List of James Watt's clothes" taken with him on that occasion, together with his tools and working apparatus, is extant in his own handwriting. During his stay at Glasgow he was intro-

duced to the notice of several professors of the university, through the instrumentality of his mother's kinsman, George Muirhead, their very learned coadjutor. He was not, however, so fortunate as to become the pupil of any of them, though among them were such men as Adam Smith and Robert Simpson; nor is it recorded that he attended any course of lectures delivered by the college teachers. One of these, Dr. Dick, Professor of Natural Philosophy, having remarked his qualifications, did, however, for his improvement, recommend him to go up to London, whither he set out on the 5th of June, 1755, in charge of his connection John Marr, who had also a special destination in the metropolis. They travelled on horseback, riding the same horses throughout, and taking twelve days for the journey; but the principal note made by the younger traveller simply implies his appreciation of Yorkshire astuteness. Writing from York, he says:—"I like the country very well, *but think the people are very sharp.*" A faint suggestion of character is implied in this remark; for Watt would naturally be struck by the "canny" qualifications, of which he felt to some extent his own deficiency.

On his arrival in London, no time was lost in endeavouring to find him a fitting instructor; but the masters skilled in the instrument line were at that time few, and several of these were sounded, from various causes, in vain. Watt was beginning to despond, and looking anxiously at his shrinking assets, when he obtained work with one John Morgan, an instrument-maker in Finch-lane, Cornhill. Here he

gradually became proficient in making quadrants, parallel rulers, compasses, theodolites, &c., until, at the end of a year's practice, he could boast that he had attained the accomplishment of making "a brass sector with a French joint, which is reckoned as nice a piece of framing-work as is in the trade." During this interval he contrived to live *at an expense of about 8s. a week*, exclusive of his lodging; lower than this he writes, he could not reduce it "without pinching his belly." At the same time, not being a freeman, and so protected by the city liberties, he was in danger of being impressed as a seaman for the navy. His bodily ailments also troubled him, in the shape of "violent rheumatism," "a gnawing pain in his back," and "weariness all over the body;" so that in the end of August, 1756, he took leave of London and returned to his own country and friends, after investing some twenty guineas in additional tools, together with a copy of Bion's "Construction and Use of Mathematical Instruments."

At Glasgow, through the intervention of Dr. Dick, he was first employed in cleaning and repairing some of the instruments belonging to the College Museum. Even in Glasgow he was restricted by municipal regulations from the unchartered pursuit of his trade or craft; but the University, more liberal than the burgh, supported him, and by midsummer, 1757, he had even received permission to occupy an apartment and open a shop within the precincts of the college, and to use the designation of "mathematical instrument maker to the University." Here we find him for

some years, extending his business, taking a partner, and pursuing in pretty equal proportions his course of manual labour and of mental study. We may be certain that he seized every opportunity of extending his acquaintance with physics, endeavouring, to use an expression of his own, "to find out the weak side of nature, and to vanquish her;" "for nature," he further says, "has a weak side, if we can only find it out." Among other developments of his skill, he undertook to construct an organ, studying for the purpose the whole theory of harmonics. "Fiddles also did he make, and, if entreated, mend;" and guitars, flutes, and violins are still in existence, preserved with care by their respective proprietors, as curious instances of their extraordinary parentage. In 1763 he quitted his college rooms for a small abode in the city, in contemplation of his marriage with his cousin, Miss Miller, to whom he had been long attached, and with whom he was effectually and truly united in the July of the following year.

In 1765 he contrived an ingenious machine for drawing in perspective, which machine is described and depicted in the pages of Mr. Muirhead. Some fifty to eighty of these instruments, manufactured by him, went to various parts of the world; while their artificer's devotion to philosophical pursuits procured him, about this time, the notice and friendship of Dr. Black, Professor of Anatomy, and afterwards of Medicine in Glasgow College. In 1758-9, he also made the acquaintance of another University worthy, John Robinson; and both these learned persons have

left interresting narratives concerning him. That of the latter, states the circumstances of his first introduction to Watt. "I saw a workman," says he, "and expected no more; but was surprised to find a philosopher as young as myself, and always ready to instruct me." Watt's parlour had at this date become a rendezvous for all the loitering visitors who were scientifically inclined. "Whenever," says Robinson, "any puzzle came in the way of any of us, we went to Mr. Watt. He needed only to be prompted; everything became to him only the beginning of a new and serious study; and we knew that he would not quit it till he had discovered its insignificance, or had made something of it. No matter in what line—language, antiquity, natural history, nay, poetry, criticism, and works of taste; as to anything in the line of engineering, whether civil or military, he was at home, and a ready instructor." Further on, Robinson says, "his superiority was concealed under the most amiable candour and liberal allowance of merit to every man." Then he describes the subjects of their joint studies, and the frank converse of his gifted friend, which might easily have enabled others to appropriate his inventions.

The crisis of his life came about in this way. It was some time in 1764 that the Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University desired him to repair a pretty model of Newcomen's steam-engine. This model was at first a plaything to Watt and Robinson, then a constant visitor at his workshop; but, like everything which came into his hands, it soon became

an object of most serious study. We have no space for stating its defects at length, but, speaking generally, it wasted such an enormous quantity of steam, that engines constructed on this model could be of little practical value. More than three-fourths of the whole steam was condensed and wasted during the ascent of the piston; and to this defect Watt applied himself, and so approached the achievement of his century. Robinson, *inter alia*, records these incidents of his leading discoveries:—

"At the breaking up of the College (I think in 1765) I went to the country. About a fortnight after this I came to town, and went to have a chat with Mr. Watt, and to communicate to him some observations I had made on Desaguliers' and Belidor's account of the steam-engine. I came into Mr. Watt's parlour without ceremony, and found him sitting before the fire, having lying on his knee a little tin cistern, which he was looking at. I entered into conversation on what we had been speaking of at our last meeting—something about steam. All the while Mr. Watt kept looking at the fire, and laid down the cistern at the foot of his chair. At last he looked at me, and said briskly, 'You need not *fash* yourself any more about that, man: I have now made an engine that shall not waste a particle of steam. It shall all be boiling hot,—aye, and hot water injected, if I please.' So saying, Mr. Watt looked with complacency at the little thing at his feet, and, seeing that I observed him, he shoved it away under a table with his foot. I put a question to him about the nature of his contrivance. He answered me rather drily. I did not press him to a further explanation at that time, knowing that I had offended him a few days before by blabbing a pretty contrivance which he had hit on for turning the cocks of the engine. I had mentioned this in presence of an engine-builder, who was going to erect one for a friend of mine; and this having come to Mr. Watt's ears, he found fault with it.

"I was very anxious, however, to learn what Mr. Watt had contrived, but was obliged to go to the country in the evening. A gentleman who was going to the same house said that he would give me a place in his carriage, and desired me to wait for him on the walk by the river-side. I went thither, and found Mr. Alexander Brown, a very intimate acquaintance of Mr. Watt's, walking with another gentleman (Mr. Craig, architect). Mr. Brown immediately accosted me with, 'Well, have you seen Jamie Watt?' 'Yes.' 'He'll be in high spirits with his engine, isn't he?' 'Yes,' said I, 'very fine spirits.' 'Gad,' says Mr. Brown, 'the condenser 's the thing; keep it but cold enough, and you may have a perfect vacuum whatever be the heat of the cylinder.' The instant he said this, the whole flashed on my mind at once. I did all I could to encourage the conversation, but was much embarrassed. I durst not appear ignorant of the apparatus, lest Mr. Brown should find that he had communicated more than he ought to have done."

At a later period Watt frankly told Robinson all his contrivance; and long after, the latter found that the little apparatus which he saw on Watt's knee, and which he shoved under the table with his foot, was the condenser of his first experiment. In the summer of 1767 the whole contrivance was perfect in Watt's mind, and so well defined there was the date of his invention, that, on being asked in 1817 whether he recollected how the first idea of his great discovery occurred to him, he replied, "Oh yes, perfectly. One Sunday afternoon I had gone to take a walk in the Green of Glasgow, and *when about half-way between the Herd's house and Arn's Well*, my thoughts having been naturally turned to the experiments I had been engaged in for saving heat in the cylinder, *at that part of the road* the idea occurred to me that, as steam

was an elastic vapour, it would expand, and rush into a previously exhausted space; and that if I were to produce a vacuum in a separate vessel, and open a communication between the steam in the cylinder and the exhausted vessel, such would be the consequence." In preparing for the defence of his patent in 1796, Watt himself drew up "a plain story" for the information of counsel, and narrated the various steps towards the development of his principle; but the reader will be naturally struck by the circumstance that the principle itself seemed to *flash* upon him at a particular time and place, with a spontaneity which is remarkable as a mental phenomenon, and which in other ages would have been ascribed to supernatural agency.

The interesting little model, as altered by the hand of Watt, was long placed beside the noble statue of the engineer in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow. Watt himself, when he had got the bearings of his invention, "could think of nothing else but his machine," and addressed himself to Dr. Roebuck, of the Carron Ironworks, with a view to its practical introduction to the world. Mr. Muirhead discusses through several chapters its differences from and improvements upon all previous attempts, and in the course of this discussion he explodes, as a fabrication, the well-known letter of Marion de l'Orme, describing the interview at Bicêtre between Salomon de Caus and the Marquis of Worcester. He has involved himself, by some asperity of comment thereon, in a controversy with Miss Costello or her brother, which

we must leave him to fight through, while we return to the principal subject of his volume. Watt's co-operator, Dr. Roebuck, was, at the time Watt applied to him, deeply engaged in coal and iron works, and to some extent embarrassed; but he was an enterprising person, and could easily discern that great profit might accrue from the inventive powers of his new acquaintance. The latter went on with his experiments, and in September, 1766, wrote to a friend, "I think I have laid up a stock of experience that will *soon* pay me for the trouble it has cost me." Yet it was between eight and nine years before that invaluable experience was made available, so as either to benefit the public or repay the inventor, and a much longer term elapsed before that repayment could be reckoned in the form of substantial profit. The connection between Watt and Roebuck was not satisfactory; for the latter was contending with adverse fortunes, which clouded his own prospects and those of his associate.

The necessities of an increasing family led Watt simultaneously to forsake, in some measure, the manufacture of mathematical instruments, of which the sale was not sufficiently large to be remunerative, and to practise rather as a land-surveyor and civil engineer. There were not many engineers at that day of established celebrity, for the era of great enterprises of this class was not yet arrived. In 1759 Smeaton had but just completed the Eddystone lighthouse, and half a century later, when Rennie and Telford were doing the work of Arakim, Watt expressed his high estima-

tion of their eminent precursor. "In justice to father Smeaton," he wrote, "we should observe that he lived before Rennie, and before there was one-tenth of the artists there are now. *Suum cuique:* his example and precepts made us all engineers." The first engineering work, to which it encouraged Watt himself, was a survey for a canal to unite the Forth and Clyde, in furtherance of which he had to appear before the House of Commons. His consequent journey to London was still more important, for then it was that he saw for the first time the great manufactory, which Boulton had established at Soho, and of which he was afterwards himself to be the guiding intelligence. He seems from the first to have conceived the desire that his steam-engine should be sheltered and cared for at Soho, where he saw so many other machines constructed successfully; and we soon find him corresponding with Dr. Small, a friend of Boulton's, and discussing with him this coveted contingency. The latter stipulated in the first place, that Watt should take up his abode in Birmingham; and Watt, going to London again in 1768, to take out a patent, paid a visit to Boulton, who then and subsequently discussed the terms of the contemplated partnership. To cut short a story which Mr. Muirhead has made unduly long, after an interruption of negotiation, and some further experiments which inspired Watt with fresh confidence, with the consent of Dr. Roebuck, terms were arranged which revived the drooping spirits of the depressed inventor. "It is a d—— thing for a man," wrote Watt in 1770, "to have his all hanging by a single

string;" yet he had to wait till the summer of 1773 before the single string was so fixed as to test its practical strength. In the mean time he pursued his surveys for canals, distressed by ill health and disheartened by his difficulties, of which his greatest was, just that of Stephenson after him, to deal with subordinates and to engineer *men*. "I find myself out of my sphere," said he, "when I have anything to do with mankind; it is enough for an engineer to force nature, and to bear the vexation of her getting the better of him." Nature, however, was so far subjected to his surveillance, that Mr. Muirhead is able to cite a considerable list of the surveys he made and the works he suggested. In the mean time, among his other performances, he invented a Micrometer for measuring distances, and, what is still more remarkable, he entertained the idea of moving canal boats by the steam-engine, through the instrumentality of *a Spiral Oar*, which as nearly as possible coincides with the screw-propeller of our day. Some of these labours were summarily brought to a close by the death of his wife in 1773, and others were suspended, when, by an arrangement with Dr. Roebuck, who had in the mean time become insolvent, he was enabled to enter into partnership with Boulton, and to remove the *disjecta membra* of his engine to Soho, whither the year after he himself followed them.

Watt's arrangements were facilitated by the concurrence of Dr. Roebuck's creditors, because curiously enough, *none of them valued his engine at a farthing;* and for him, as for so many other men, success seemed

to dawn at the moment when he was ready to despair of its possibility, and in spite of impediments which he might reasonably have anticipated. For years previously, he had complained of his headaches, and of almost constant ill health; of what he called laziness, stupefaction, and confusion of ideas, which partially meant the mental weariness of unrecompensed toil. "I am heart-sick of this country" (meaning Scotland), he writes to Dr. Small; "I am indolent to excess, and what alarms me most, I *grow the longer the stupider*. My memory fails me so as often totally to forget occurrences of no very ancient dates." "I greatly doubt," he says in 1770, "whether the silent mansions of the grave be not the happiest abodes." Yet in 1774 his abode in Birmingham was growing preferable in his eyes, when he was able to write to his father that "the fire-engine I have invented, is now going, and answers much better than any other that has yet been made; and I expect that the invention will be very beneficial to me."

A long series of experimental trials was nevertheless requisite before the engine could be brought to such perfection as to render it generally available to the public, and therefore profitable to its manufacturers. In January, 1775, six years of the patent had elapsed, and there seemed some probability of the remaining eight running out as fruitlessly. An application which was made for the extension of its term, was unexpectedly opposed by the eloquence of *Burke*, but the orator and his associates failed, and the extension was accorded by Act of Parliament. Such,

however, was the low state of the mechanic arts, that there still remained much difficulty in getting the different parts of the engines executed with the required precision. But in 1776 people came daily to Soho to see them, and as their reputation spread abroad, the orders came in freely, especially from the mining districts. At this turning point of his life Watt married again, and narrowly escaped expatriation through an offer of employment from the Russian government. But Boulton, who nevertheless encouraged him to act for his advantage, wrote to him to say, "Your going to Russia staggers me, . . and I begin to repent sounding your trumpet at the ambassador's." "Lord, how frightened I was," wrote Darwin, "when I heard a Russian bear had laid hold of you with his great paw, and was dragging you to Russia! Pray don't go if you can help it. Russia is like the den of Cacus; you see the footsteps of many beasts going thither, but of few returning. I hope your fire-engines will keep you here." Some instances, to which Watt's attention was called, more particularly the case of Captain Perry, an engineer, who, after being coaxed to Russia by Peter the Great, was obliged to take refuge with the British ambassador, and to return without his pay, helped to determine Watt's preference for a crust of bread and liberty; and he was thus saved from the offers of Russia, for the service of his own country.

His new engines were beginning now to go into various parts of England, and to give satisfaction; and within a couple of years after the passing of the

Act of Parliament of 1775, negotiations were set on foot by the Messrs. Perrier for using them to supply Paris with water. But the Frenchmen were inclined to rob him of the merit of his invention and to ascribe to themselves its conception or its improvements. De Proney, in 1790, described the achievement of *Wats* or *Wast*, with the supplemental intimation that a "*M. le Chevalier de Betancourt a deviné le principe d'une machine à feu postérieurement construite par MM. Wats et Bolton.*" But on perusing his article it turns out that the engine was the double engine, and that the method M. de Betancourt took to "*deviner le principe*," was to visit and inspect the engine itself at work at Soho, and then to get an engine constructed on its model —a notable method to "*deviner le principe*," which was more accurate in result than original in its conception.

The first practical employment of Watt's engines to any considerable extent was in the mining districts of Cornwall, where he himself was, in consequence, compelled to spend much of his time subsequent to 1775. Here he had to contend not only with natural obstacles in the dark abysses of deeply-flooded mines, but with a rude and obstinate class of men as deeply flooded by inveterate prejudices. After he had "forked" the heaviest waters in the whole county, which the most sapient miners were confident would *never* be "forked," and after he had shown, by the manner in which that process was accomplished, that the new engine might "fork" anything, to his previous

labours was added the more odious task of having to observe and restrain the piracies which forthwith began to be practised, secretly at first, but soon with greater frequency and daring. The scene of his labours, described in the brilliant novel of the 'Three Clerks,' "as though the devil had walked over the place with hot hoofs, and then raked it with a huge rake," combined with the "dismal weather," did not tend to raise his spirits. "Those wilds," he says, "might be defined 'a tract of hills without dales,' where the roads went 'straight up the hills without flinching,' and where (the force of savage misery could no further go) *the enginemen actually eat the grease from the engine!*" His letters to Soho about this time remind Mr. Muirhead of the strains in which Ovid bewailed his exile to the remote and savage Pontus. "Peace of mind and delivery from Cornwall is my prayer," was his desponding message to Soho, in 1782. Even the result in the way of profit was for several years unsatisfactory. "It appears," says Watt, in 1780, "by our books, that Cornwall has hitherto eat up all the profits we have drawn from it, and all we have got by other places, and a good sum of our own money to the bargain." Even in 1783 he writes, "We have altered all the engines in Cornwall but one, and many in other parts of England, but do not acquire riches so fast as might be imagined; the expenses of carrying on our business are necessarily very great, and have hitherto consumed almost all our profits; but we hope to do better by continuing our attention and exertions, and by multiplying the

number of our works." At the same time he was doing an enormous service to the mining interest, which began to recover itself from exhaustion by his instrumentality. "If we had not," says he, "furnished them with more effectual means of drawing the water, I believe *almost all the deep mines had been before now abandoned.*"

His triumphs had already come under the observation of the curious, and among others of the most amusing narrator of that gossiping time. It is singular that Mr. Muirhead should have missed the particulars of the great James Boswell's visits to Soho, and should require to be reminded of them by the "Quarterly Review." But the Compiler of "*-ana*," *par excellence*, was there upon two occasions. In 1774, "We went to Boulton's, who, with great civility, led us through his shops. I could not distinctly see his enginery. Twelve dozen of buttons for three shillings. Spoons struck at once." It is impossible not to stumble over the joke which lies in our way, and to remark that one particular *spoon* was not struck effectually till two years afterwards, when, *without the Doctor*, he paid a second visit to Soho and its "ingenious proprietor." But on this occasion he comprehended the state of the case, and recorded it in words of unparalleled interest. "I wish," says he, "Johnson had been with us, for it was a scene which I should have been glad to contemplate by his light. The vastness and contrivance of some of the machinery would have 'matched his mighty mind.' I shall never forget Mr. Boulton's expression to me, 'I sell here, sir, what all the world

desires to have—POWER.' He had about 700 people at work. I contemplated him as an iron chieftain, and he seemed to be a father to his tribe." He then goes on to mention a circumstance to the credit of Boulton's generosity; but the reader will pause at the expression which so struck the writer himself. A new era had dawned when *power* could be sold upon this scale, and its creators and vendors might deem themselves princes and kings of *powerless* men.

As yet, their *royalties* in the shape of profits were coming in, as we said, but sparingly. But during this expectant stage, Watt himself was more fertile in mechanical inventions than in any other portion of his busy life. Taking his patents in their chronological order, the first (subsequent to that of 1769) was "For a new method of copying letters and other writings expeditiously," by means of copying *presses*, described by Mr. Muirhead. Of the same date with his copying machine, was his invention of another machine "for drying linen and muslin by steam." On the 25th of October, 1781, he took out his third patent (the second of the steam-engine series) "for certain new methods of applying the vibrating or reciprocating motion of steam or fire engines, to produce a continued rotative motion round an axis or centre, and thereby to give motion to the wheels of mills or other machines." One of these methods was that commonly known as the "*sun and planet wheels;*" but we ought to add, of our own knowledge, that there are those who ascribe this invention to Murdoch. These methods were five in all, and for

their description we again refer the reader to Mr. Muirhead. We infer from this gentleman's obscure mode of statement that Watt took out a fourth patent (in the steam-engine series) for the double-acting engine which he had imagined as far back as 1767, and in consequence only of his "finding himself beset by a host of plagiaries and pirates." A favourite employment of his in the workshops of Soho, in the latter months of 1783 and earlier ones of 1784, was to teach his steam-engine, now become nearly as docile as it was powerful, to work a tilt hammer for forging iron and making steel. "Three hundred blows per minute—a thing never done before," filled him, as his biographer says, with feelings of excusable pride. Another patent in the steam-engine series, taken out in 1784, contained besides other methods of converting a circular or angular motion into a perpendicular or rectilinear motion, the well-known and much-admired *parallel motion*, and the application of the steam-engine to give motion to wheel carriages for carrying persons and goods. To ascertain the exact number of strokes made by an engine during a given time, and thereby to check the cheats of the Cornish miners, Watt also invented the "counter" with its several indexes. Among his leading improvements, also, introduced at various periods, were the *throttle-valve*, the application of the *governor*, the *barometer* or float, the *steam-gauge*, and the *indicator*. In the latter, however, he is said to have been assisted by Creighton; and the reader is warned against ascribing too exclusively to Watt the various improvements which may

have been sometimes suggested by his subordinates; that is to say, there are certain traditions of Soho to be taken into account, as well as certain tendencies of the Muirheads of Flodden, whose descendant inherits their eagerness to exaggerate his hero's fair pretensions. At all events, the term during which Watt seems to have thus combined the greatest maturity with the greatest activity of intellect, and the portion of his life which they comprehended, was from his fortieth to his fiftieth year. Yet it was a term of increased suffering from his acute sick headaches, and remarkable for the infirmities over which he triumphed. He himself complained of his "stupidity," and "want of the inventive faculty." "I cannot," says he, towards the close of 1785, "help being dispirited, because I find my head fail me much, business an excessive burden to me, and little prospect of any release from it;" and he expresses to a friend his "hope for quiet in Heaven, when our weary bones are laid to rest." A series of such expressions follow, intimating the weariness of his flesh and spirit; and those, who care to compare the cost of suffering at which they obtain the products of genius, may turn to the contemporary moanings of Johnson, whose earthly career, in this respect one of physical suffering like Watt's, had now reached the term when *his* weary bones were laid to rest.

In 1783, one of the busiest of these ten years of Watt's life, which may thus be said to have teemed with experiments and inventions, he had the further honourable distinction of making and publishing some

famous inquiries into the *Composition of Water*. A letter of his on this subject, addressed to Priestley on the 26th of April, 1783, was communicated to Sir Joseph Banks and other members of the Royal Society; and this letter has been regarded by some as sustaining his claim of priority over Cavendish, whose experiments might naturally be expected to have led him *first* to this discovery. The Watt and Cavendish controversy has continued with various success to our own day, and great names have been recorded as supporting the claims of either party. Mr. Muirhead, as the biographer of Watt, was naturally biassed in his favour, and, as a descendant of the Muirheads aforesaid, has fought valiantly in the fray. But subsequently to his elaborate argument, a passage in a work of De Luc, strangely unheeded hitherto, although contained in a printed book, and which Mr. Muirhead at all events ought not to have passed over, has been quoted at the Royal Society with trenchant effect. In short, the scientific world generally considers the question as now *settled;* and the boast of the discovery of the Composition of Water, as great in its way as the discovery of electricity, of oxygen, or the atomic theory, must remain for ever identified with the name of Cavendish.

Watt's chemical studies in 1783, and the calculations from experiments made by foreign chemists which they involved, induced him to make a proposal for a philosophical *uniformity of weights and measures*, and he discussed this proposal with Priestley and Magellan. At this time he enjoyed the society of a number of

kindred spirits, for which the neighbourhood of Birmingham was then peculiarly distinguished. It is extraordinary how capriciously the moving genius of an epoch attaches itself to certain centres; yet nothing can be more obvious than its predominance in certain localities at particular dates, so that we may say of it, "Lo here" or "Lo there," according to circumstances. While Watt was examining the constituent parts of water, he had opportunities of familiar intercourse not only with Priestley, but with Withering, Keir, Edgeworth, Galton, Darwin, and his own partner Boulton, all men above the average for their common interest in scientific inquiries. These gentlemen met at each other's houses at stated intervals, and constituted a philosophic nucleus known as the "Lunar Society," because the time of their meeting was arranged to correspond with the full moon; and this designation got them the name of the "Lunatics," from an unappreciative butler who had in his turn the charge of their creature comforts. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, a Galton, whose curious autobiography has recently excited some attention, has left us the best reminiscences extant of this intellectually active and aspiring circle. Dr. Parr frequently attended their meetings, and they kept up a correspondence with Sir William Herschel, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, and Afzelius. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, who was greatly given to physiognomical studies, could recall, though very young at the time, the features and deportment of the various members. She was greatly struck by the *grandiose* manner of Boulton, that

"chieftain of an iron tribe," as Boswell describes him, and who "went among his people," as she says, "like a monarch bestowing largess." More important to us is her picture of Watt :—

"Mr. Boulton was a man to rule society with dignity; Mr. Watt, to lead the contemplative life of a deeply introverted and patiently observant philosopher. He was one of the most complete specimens of the melancholic temperament. His head was generally bent forward or leaning on his hand in meditation, his shoulders stooping and his chest falling in; his limbs lank and unmuscular, and his complexion sallow. His intellectual development was magnificent; comparison and causality immense, with large ideality and constructiveness, individuality, and enormous concentrativeness and caution."

He had a broad Scottish accent; gentle, modest, and unassuming manners; yet when he

"Entered a room, men of letters, men of science,—nay, military men, artists, ladies, even little children, thronged round him. I remember a celebrated Swedish artist having been instructed by him that rats' whiskers made the most pliant and elastic painting-brush. Ladies would appeal to him on the best means of devising grates, curing smoky chimneys, warming their houses, and obtaining fast colours. I can speak from experience of his teaching me how to make a dulcimer and improve a Jews-harp."

Many years afterwards Mrs. Schimmelpenninck remembers a visit of Watt's to Paris, probably during the Peace of Amiens, and an incident connected with it. He was passing through the Tuileries, or one of the French palaces, where a French housemaid appeared much perplexed concerning some new bright English stoves which had just been received, and

which she knew not how to clean. An English gentleman was standing by, to whom she appealed for information, but he could give no help, for he was only *Charles James Fox.* "But," said he, "here is a fellow-countryman of mine who will tell you all about it." This was James Watt, to whom he was at the moment talking, and who accordingly gave full instructions as to the best mode of cleaning a bright grate. Mrs. Watt greatly triumphed in this proof of her husband's usefulness, and probably drew inferences in this respect disparaging to his companion, the orator. Watt, in this respect like George Stephenson, was evidently ready at all times to impart of his fulness to every inquirer, young or old. "Often," says Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, "do I remember his calling me to sit on his knee, while he explained the different principles of the hurdygurdy or monochord, the harp and piano, or the construction of a simple whistle or Pan's pipe, or of an organ; but he never failed to tell me that the hurdygurdy was the most venerable in point of antiquity, being no other than an adaptation of the celebrated monochord of Pythagoras." The estimate which, as a child, the writer formed of the philosopher was, that Miss Edgeworth, in her story of Harry and Lucy, had, in the character of Harry, conceived a picture of the childhood of Watt.

The Lunar Society lost one of its most active and valued members in Priestley, who was driven from his home, which, with his library, chemical apparatus and furniture, was destroyed by the Birmingham mob in 1791. Dr. Priestley and his friends had been impru-

dent enough to celebrate the French Revolution by a dinner, and Watt, though not indeed sympathizing with their sentiments, was placed in some peril by his known association with them. "Though our principles, which are well known," he says, "as friends to the established government and enemies of Republican principles, should have been our protection from a mob whose watchword was *Church and King*, yet our safety was principally owing to most of the Dissenters living in the south of the town; for, after the first moments, they (the mob) did not seem over nice in their discrimination of religion or principles." Boulton was obliged to arm his workmen to resist an apprehended attack, and Watt says of himself, "I, among others, was pointed out as a Presbyterian, though I never was in a meeting-house *in Birmingham*, and Mr. B. is well known as a churchman. We had everything most portable packed up, fearing the worst; however, all is well with us. It must be observed to their credit, that they neither killed nor maltreated any of the sufferers, except such as opposed them by violence, among whom they dealt some *civil* knocks by bludgeons. Some military arrived on Sunday night, since which there has been no rioting in the town, and we hope they are dispersed." In short, Soho escaped the threatened storm, to which Priestley himself bowed, to the extent of taking his deprature for America.

Previous to this, in 1786, Watt and Boulton had visited Paris, on the invitation of the French Government, to superintend the erection of steam-engines,

and especially to suggest improvements in the great hydraulic machine of Marly, and which Watt himself designates a "venerable" work. Previous to their journey Watt proposed that, to disarm suspicion, they should wait upon Pitt and let him know their errand. Whether this was done we know not, but the English engineers had a highly flattering reception in Paris, and there Watt had the opportunity of making many acquaintances among the scientific galaxy of that capital, including Lavoisier, Laplace, Fourcroy, and others scarcely less eminent. He describes himself as having been greatly *fêted*—as having, in fact, been "drunk from morning to night with Burgundy and undeserved praise." But he had sufficient respite to discuss with Berthollet a new method of *bleaching*, an invention of the latter, and to make and receive scientific suggestions with the modesty which so became him.

From such *délassemens* as scientific feasts and popular tours he had, however, to turn to the defence of his patents, now assailed by unworthy and surreptitious rivals, as soon as it was proved that they were pecuniarily valuable. Some of the competing engines, as Watt himself described them, were simply asthmatic. "Hornblower's, at Radstoke, was obliged to stand still once every ten minutes to snore and snort." "Some were like Evans's mill, *which was a gentlemanly mill;* it would go when it had nothing to do, but it refused to work." Moreover, so far as these gentlemen were vendors of *real* power, they so trenched on the Soho patents, that their author was compelled to defend his

prerogatives. The legal proceedings, both in equity and at common law, which now became necessary, were moreover numerous. One bill of costs, from 1796 to 1800, amounted to between £5,000 and £6,000, and the mental and bodily labour, the anxiety and vexation which were superadded, involved a fearful tax on the province of Watt's discoveries. The Hornblowers, or "Trumpeters," as they were called, were the family who appear to have given him the most trouble, and they "seem to have followed mechanical and piratical pursuits under names partaking of an odd unanimity of patriarchal alliteration." There were Jonathan and Jethro and Jesse, and Jabez the elder and Jabez the younger, against all of whom Mr. Muirhead cherishes the feelings of a party to the cause, with an inveterate pugnacity again indicative of the Muirheads of Flodden Field. Two trials, in particular, sustained the validity of Watt's patents, and he ever afterwards used to term the specifications his "old and *well-tried* friends."

With the year 1800 came the expiration of the privilege of the patent of 1769, as extended by the statute of 1775; and also the dissolution of the original copartnership of Messrs. Boulton and Watt, then of five-and-twenty years' duration. Nor was the contract renewed in their own persons, but in those of their sons, on whom it devolved to continue their enterprise.

By this time, however, the business had become so profitable that Watt and his children were provided with a source of independent income, and at the

age of 64 the great inventor had personally realized some of the benefits he contemplated.

This same year 1800 was remarkable for an attempt to rob the manufactory of Soho, the circumstances of which so impressed the imagination of a great Novelist that, as he admitted, he turned it to account in one of his most celebrated fictions.

"The robbery need scarcely have been mentioned here but for the accidental circumstance of it having become known to Sir Walter Scott, and having furnished him with an incident of great pictorial effect in one of his most romantic scenes, that, viz., in "Guy Mannering," between Meg Merrilies and Dirk Hatteraick in the cavern:—'During this dialogue Meg was heaping some flax loosely together. Before answering to this question she dropped a firebrand upon the flax, which had been previously steeped in some spirituous liquor, for it instantly caught fire and rose in a vivid pyramid of the most brilliant light up to the very top of the vault,' &c. Sir Walter's graphic description of the robbery is given in Allan Cunningham's Memoranda, published in 'Lockhart's Life of Scott.' 'I like Boulton,' continued Sir Walter; 'he is a brave man, and who can dislike the brave? He showed this on a remarkable occasion. He had engaged to coin for some foreign prince a large quantity of gold. This was found out by some desperadoes, who resolved to rob the premises, and, as a preliminary step, tried to bribe the porter. The porter was an honest fellow; he told Boulton that he was offered £100 to be blind and deaf next night. 'Take the money,' was the answer, 'and I shall protect the place.' Midnight came; the gates opened as if by magic,—the interior doors, secured with patent locks, opened as of their own accord,—and three men with dark lanterns entered and went straight to the gold. Boulton had prepared some flax steeped in turpentine,—he dropped fire upon it, a sudden light filled all the place, and with his assistants he rushed forward on the robbers. The leader saw in a moment he was betrayed, turned on the porter, and, shooting him dead, burst through all

obstruction, and, with an ingot of gold in his hand, scaled the wall and escaped.' 'That is quite a romance in robbing,' I said; and I had nearly said more, for the cavern scene and death of Meg Merrilies rose in my mind."

The porter, was not, however, shot dead, as Sir Walter states, but lived afterwards on a pension, the reward of his fidelity. Soho to some extent maintained its reputation as a steam foundry after Watt himself had ceased to manage it. By 1824, when a monument in Westminster Abbey was voted to him, it had created power in round numbers equal to that of 100,000 horses. By 1854 an addition of nearly two-thirds of that amount had been made, giving a total amount equal to that of 170,000 horses. This, from the forges of one manufactory only, was the amount of power put at the service of his country by James Watt. The continued success of the Soho engine-works, though since surpassed, was in part due to the excellent assistants who were gathered about its chiefs. Watt, like Stephenson, had more success in engineering men than he claimed, and one of his greatest productions in this line was the William Murdoch already mentioned, a man who was himself remarkable as the inventor, among other things, of lighting by *gas*, and who employed this resource at Soho from a very early period.

Watt himself, when he had reached what is commonly termed the grand climacteric of man's life, soon after the commencement of the new settlement of Soho, became stronger, or less oppressed by his bodily infirmities. His spirits became more equable as the

principal causes of his anxiety and occasional depression were removed, and while he was destined to be one of those "so strong that they come to fourscore years," his strength, even then, while it could scarcely be termed "labour," was certainly very far from "sorrow." The cloud which had so long hung over him was gently lifted up, and the curtain parted to disclose a happier scene. It is curious that even physical ease and enjoyment should come so late, but so it was. The term which commenced with his release from the coils of active business was a serene and golden time, in which he found repose — that "milk of old age," honour, "troops of friends," and the softening retrospect of a struggle past and a victory won.

Henceforth the dispenser of *Power* to his contemporaries enjoyed for himself some of its accessory privileges. His ingenuity became excursive, discretionary, almost capricious; but in every phase and form it continued to be beneficent. The loss of his daughter by consumption directed his attention to the employment of "pneumatic medicines," on which he communicated his views to Dr. Beddoes, the tutor of Sir Humphrey Davy. In 1808 he founded a prize in Glasgow College, as an acknowledgment of "the many favours" which that learned body had conferred upon him. In 1816 he made a donation to the town of Greenock, "to form the beginning of a scientific library" for the instruction of its young men. Nor amid such donations, given as aids to the promotion of sound and useful learning, were others

wanting on his part, such as true religion prescribes, to console the poor and relieve the suffering. But these works were done in secret, with injunctions not to make known his name; and while they are sufficiently mentioned to illustrate his character, we make no further reference to them, for in the highest and best sense it may be hoped that they have followed him.

While resting in his latter days from severer labours, his mind still dwelt on their great development in the form of *steam navigation*. It was long since he had posed his significant question as to whether "a spiral oar" or "two wheels" were to be preferred for this purpose. But he lived to know that a steamboat had been successfully used in America, that the British Channel had been crossed and the Rhine navigated by another; both vessels, the American and the British, having been impelled by engines manufactured at Soho, constructed on the principles invented by himself, and not without the benefit of his own direct inspection and counsels. Mr. Muirhead describes chronologically the applications, by Fulton and others, of Watt's machinery, and mentions a visit of Watt himself to Greenock in 1816, on which occasion he made a voyage in a steamboat to Rothesay and back again. In the course of this experimental trip he entered into conversation with the engineer of the boat, pointing out to him the method of "backing" the engine. "With a foot-rule he demonstrated to him what was meant. Not succeeding, however, he at last, under the impulse of the ruling

passion (and we must remember he was then eighty), threw off his overcoat, and, putting his hand to the engine, himself showed the practical application of his lecture. Previously to this, the 'backstroke' of the steamboat engine was either unknown or not generally known. The practice was to stop the engine entirely a considerable time before the vessel reached the point of mooring, in order to allow for the gradual and natural diminution of her speed." Mr. Muirhead points to the Naval Review at Spithead in 1856, as the culminated consequence of efforts in this direction, and as closing this division of his subject.

With regard to another application of steam power, of kindred interest and importance, that, viz., to *locomotion on land*, it is remarkable enough that when Watt's attention was first directed, by his friend Robison, to the steam-engine, "he (Robison) at that time threw out an idea of applying the power to the moving of wheel-carriages." "But the scheme," adds Watt, "was not matured, and was soon abandoned on his going abroad." So far back as September, 1768, Dr. Small wrote to him—"Your very clever friend, Mr. Robison, and his pupil (a Mr. Edgeworth), passed Friday evening with me to my great satisfaction. I told them I hoped soon to travel in *a fiery chariot* of your invention." Seven months later "A linendraper, one Moore, has taken out a patent for moving wheel-carriages by steam. This comes of thy delays. I dare say he has heard of your inventions. Do come to England with all possible speed. At this moment I could scold you for negligence.

However, if you will come hither soon, I will be very civil, and buy a *steam-chaise* of you, and not of Moore." To which Watt replies,—"If linendraper Moore does not use my engine to drive his chaises, he can't drive them by steam." In the specification of his patent of 1784 he even described the principles and construction of "steam-engines which are applied to give motion to wheel-carriages for removing persons or goods, or other matters, from place to place;" and Murdoch's model was constructed on these principles. But Watt himself expressed a doubt of success in this direction, and discouraged Murdoch from busying himself with the steam-carriage thus specified. In short, the next great step of land locomotion was left to a man of greater energy and hardly inferior genius, if we consider the element out of which *he* rose to a mastery of rugged nature. In 1786 Watt himself had a steam-carriage "of some size under hand," and was "resolved to try if God would *work a miracle* in favour of these carriages;" but his expression shows where his confidence deserted him, and the point at which he stopped short of a superlative consequence. His most developed plan was to move such carriages "on a hard smooth plain," nor is there any evidence that he even anticipated the union of the Rail and Wheel,—Stephenson's "*man and wife*," from which have come such a world-wide progeny. One of the parties to the union was, indeed, his offspring, but he never ventured so far as to publish the banns, while Stephenson solemnized their conjunction *in sæcula sæculorum.*

By one of what may be called his mechanical recreations, practised soon after the date of the last of his steam-engine patents, he seems to have realized the idea of the magician in Aladin, and to have literally substituted "new lamps for old." He had four plans of making lamps, which he describes in a letter to Argand, properly set out at length, with its illustrations, by Mr. Muirhead; and for a long time lamps were made at Soho upon his principles, which gave a light surpassing both in steadiness and brilliancy anything of the kind that appeared in these comparatively dark ages. About a year after the date of his letter to Argand, that is to say, in 1788, he made "a pretty instrument for determining the specific gravities of liquids;" having, he says to Dr. Black, improved on a hint he had taken. Little more than a year after the date of the specific gravity machine, he says that he had "found out a method of making tubes of the elastic resin, without dissolving it," which recipe he offered to give to his friend the Chevalier Landriani.

"Some of his *idle* thoughts," to use his own expression, were also turned towards the construction of an *arithmetical machine*, but he does not appear ever to have prosecuted this design further than mentally considering the manner in which he could make it perform the processes of multiplication and division. So far, however, he did go, in anticipation even of Charles Babbage. Another of his contrivances, happy in its conception, and less difficult of completion, belongs to the early part of the present century. He

was consulted by the proprietors of the Glasgow Water-works as to how they should lay pipes to bring pure spring water across the river Clyde to the company's engines at Dalmarnock; and he devised for this purpose an articulated suction-pipe, with joints formed on the principle of those in a lobster's tail, and so made capable of accommodating itself to all the actual and possible bendings at the bottom of the river. This pipe was, moreover, executed at Soho, from his plans, and was found to succeed perfectly. Still, as he used to say, "Without a hobby-horse what is life?"; and one engrossing occupation, nearly akin to those of his earlier, but which we can hardly call his better days, he found in gradually perfecting a *machine to copy sculpture*. The idea of this machine was suggested to him by an implement he had seen and admired in Paris in 1802, where it was used for tracing and multiplying the dies of medals, and he foresaw the possibility of enlarging its powers so as to make it capable of working even on wood and marble. In short, the new machine was to do for solid masses and in hard materials, what his copying-machine of 1782 had already done for drawings and writings impressed upon flat surfaces of paper,—to produce a perfect facsimile of the original model.

All his difficulties in perfecting this invention are described until, in 1814, he drew up what appears to have been intended as the title and commencement of a specification for a patent.

He himself worked at the machine assiduously, and turned out copies of sculpture, some of which

still exist in the hands of his representatives. In the end of 1817 we find him writing to his friend Chantrey, "the diminishing machine is ready for the trial," meaning of his friend's critical inspection. The facsimiles which it produced were at that time distributed among his intimate friends, with playful apologies for the imperfect skill of *so young an artist;* and, so intent was he on their manipulation, that he could not forbear, to the theological discomfort of his biographer, from having a "touch at" them even on a Sunday. His "likeness lathe," as he termed it, was set up in a garret, which was a kind of domestic Patmos for the retired mechanician. Mr. Muirhead states that this garret and all its mysterious contents, with its tools and models included, have been carefully preserved as he left them. Mr. Muirhead last visited this shrine of labour in 1853, and can testify that the *religio loci* "has been held in reverent observance."

Watt was also a great novel-reader; was fond of his garden, fond too of a pinch of snuff, but a sufferer from the assiduous proscription of the snuff-box by his wife. The second Mrs. Watt (alas, that it should be the fate of sages, from Socrates downwards!) was a domestic tyrant, if not a shrew. "In his 'evenings at home' at a certain hour *fixed by Mrs. Watt*, the door of the dining-room, in which she had all too lately left her lord, opened; an old servant appeared, and, altogether disregarding the greater presence in which he stood, with a few active evolutions swept out at once the fire, the lights, and—his master! Adieu the

social *tête-à-tête;* adieu, the book or soothing reverie of the night; adieu,—some fainter hearts might have said,—to the pursuit of knowledge under such difficulties! But we have it from one who witnessed some of these untimely interruptions, that, as he slowly rose, he was wont to say with meekness, "*We must go;*"—that still the quiet smile never quitted that benignant countenance — the serenity of that sweet temper remained undisturbed."

In opposition to the received maxims of longevity, Watt was not, however, an early riser. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck testifies to his requiring an unusual quantity of sleep, on account of the mental fatigue to which he subjected himself. At a later period of life, in this respect again imitating Johnson, he undertook the study of a new language, to test whether his mental powers were declining. The language he chose was Anglo-Saxon, and the result was perfectly satisfactory. But two summonses to undertake the burdensome honour of the Staffordshire shrievalty were met on his part with uneasy apprehension and repulsed with all his energy. From compliance with these summonses in 1803 and 1816 his advanced age was fairly allowed to protect him. Mr. Muirhead makes out his political opinions to have been those of an old-fashioned Tory, but we conceive that his inference is more decided than the facts warrant, while it is certainly contrary to probabilities, except in a modified and temperate sense. He was offered a baronetcy, but he declined it, after consultation with his son, and whatever his own views may have been

(at these we can only guess), apparently for family reasons, he considered himself ineligible.

Various persons of intellectual eminence who came in contact with him, in the height of his fame and during the closing years of his life, have borne witness to the charms of his presence. "His friends," says Lord Jeffrey, speaking of a visit which he paid to Scotland when upwards of eighty, "in that part of the country never saw him more full of intellectual vigour and colloquial animation, never more delightful or more instructive." It was then, also, that Sir Walter Scott, meeting him "surrounded by a little band of northern literati," saw and heard what he felt he never was to see or hear again, "the alert, kind, benevolent old man, his talents and fancy overflowing on every subject, with his attention alive to every one's question, his information at every one's command." A further portion of Sir Walter's testimony must be quoted in his own words :—

"There were assembled about half a score of our Northern Lights. . . . Amid this company stood Mr. Watt, the man whose genius discovered the means of multiplying our national resources to a degree perhaps even beyond his own stupendous powers of calculation and combination ; bringing the treasures of the abyss to the summit of the earth—giving the feeble arm of man the momentum of an Afrite—commanding manufactures to arise, as the rod of the prophet produced water in the desert—affording the means of dispensing with that time and tide which wait for no man—and of sailing without that wind which defied the commands and threats of Xerxes himself. This potent commander of the elements—this abridger of time and space—this magician, whose cloudy machinery has produced a change on the world the effects of which, extraordi-

many as they are, are perhaps only now beginning to be felt—was not only the most profound man of science—the most successful combiner of powers, and calculator of numbers, as adapted to practical purposes—was not only one of the most generally well-informed, but one of the best and kindest of human beings. His talents and fancy overflowed on every subject. One gentleman was a deep philologist,—he talked with him on the origin of the alphabet as if he had been coeval with Cadmus; another a celebrated critic,—you would have said the old man had studied political economy and *Belles Lettres* all his life. Of science it is unnecessary to speak,—it was his own distinguished walk. And yet, Captain Clutterbuck, when he spoke with your countryman Jedediah Cleishbotham, you would have sworn he had been coeval with Claverse and Burley, with the persecutors and persecuted, and could number every shot the Dragoons had fired at the fugitive Covenanters. In fact, we discovered that no novel of the least celebrity escaped his perusal, and that the gifted man of science was as much addicted to the productions of your native country—in other words, as shameless and obstinate a peruser of novels as if he had been a very milliner's apprentice of eighteen."

Campbell, the poet, who saw him later, in the beginning of 1819 (he was then 83), describes him as so full of anecdote, that he spent one of the most amusing days with him he had ever had. Lord Brougham later still, in the summer of the same year, found his instructive conversation and his lively and even playful manner unchanged. But in the autumn of this year, on the 19th of August, he expired gently and tranquilly at his house at Heathfield. He was then buried at Handsworth, and honoured afterwards, as we all know, with a public monument in Westminster Abbey.

It appropriately fell to Lord Brougham to write the

epitaph, which has justly been termed a noble specimen of lapidary inscription :—

"Not to perpetuate a Name
Which must endure while the peaceful arts flourish,
But to show
That mankind have learnt to honour those
Who best deserve their gratitude,
The King,
His Ministers, and many of the nobles
And commoners of the realm,
Raised this monument to
JAMES WATT,
Who, directing the force of an original genius,
Early exercised in philosophic research,
To the improvement of
The Steam-engine,
Enlarged the resources of his country,
Increased the power of man,
And rose to an eminent place
Among the most illustrious followers of science
And the real benefactors of the world."

Jeffrey and Arago added more elaborate tributes to Watt's genius, and Wordsworth has declared that he looked upon him, considering its magnitude and universality, "as perhaps the most extraordinary man that this country has ever produced." Apart from these eulogiums, of no one can it be said more fitly that his true epitaph is the widest *circumspice*. Wherever the steam-engine is applied to manufactures or arts, to travel and transport by sea or land, to agriculture, even to war, there is Watt's instrumentality. The steam power of Great Britain alone is a stupendous

item to contemplate in this sense. It is estimated in a recent number of the "Quarterly Review" as *equivalent to the manual labour of* 400,000,000 *of men, or more than double the number of males supposed to inhabit the globe.* Such *Power* did Watt confer upon his nation, and in a still larger degree upon his species —power to mine, to forge, to weave, to manufacture in a myriad fashions—power to which no limits can be assigned, before which the waves and winds give way, and time and space appear to contract themselves —power for the multiplication of our species under new conditions of sustenance—which virtually gives us back the strength of buried legions, while it is pregnant with an issue incalculable for the centuries to come, — such power, which we cannot gauge, is the gift of one engine,—for generations a mere inheritance of waste and failure, but reclaimed by the momentary thought of the mind of one man.

And this man was all his life ailing, complaining, working in pain, despairing at times, and doubting his inventive faculty. This is the curious and impressive point, the problem for the "muscular" Christian, the puzzle even for the studious physiologist. Watt had scarcely the *mens sana in corpore sano* till his climacteric was past and his labour was done. There is something exquisitely venerable in his presentment by Chantrey, especially at Handsworth, where light and other conditions favour. But in that grand, grave brow, and throughout his frame, there is a touching equipoise from a faithful suggestion of his physical

infirmity. Recall Browning's description of the characteristic attitude of Napoleon :—

> " With neck outthrust, you see him now,
> Legs wide, arms lock'd behind,
> As if to balance the prone brow
> *Oppressive with its mind.*"

Such, in a sitting posture, is the notion suggested by Watt's figure. The ponderous brain seems to bow the very vertebræ which sustain it, and *Power* concedes its transitory tenure to mortality. To this impression we revert from a history so calculated to inflate our pride. Yet we should rather take Watt's life in its entirety for a type of human contrarieties, for its strength and its lassitude, its tremors and its fertility, its wail as of a sick child,—its frailty combined with its beneficent endowments.

MRS. ELLIOTT'S NARRATIVE OF THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

THIS is an extraordinary book, which demands unusual attention, and is put forward in a manner to provoke a just complaint. It purports to be a reminiscence of the first French Revolution by Mrs. or Lady Elliott, a gentlewoman of good descent, who was mixed up more or less with nearly all the notabilities of her time, who in her own person experienced its revolutionary vicissitudes, who must have been well known in English and French society, whose life was notorious, horrible, amusing, full of contrasts; and who yet, until this moment, was unknown to history, and unmentioned, as far as we can learn, with one exception only, in the private memoirs and published correspondence of her time.

Such complete oblivion of a person so remarkable is not more surprising than the coolness with which we are expected to accept her narrative, because Mr. Bentley's name appears upon the title-page. It is truly provoking that suspicions should be engendered

* "Journal of my Life during the French Revolution." By GRACE DALRYMPLE ELLIOTT. Bentley, 1859. [From the *Times* of Jan. 26 and 27, 1859.]

by his manner of giving, or rather of tossing, this narrative to the world; but such suspicions are inevitable, were the narrative true in every particular. Let the reader observe the outlines of Mrs. Elliott's extraordinary history. She is educated at a convent in France, brought home at an early age, produced suddenly at her father's table, admired, and instantly offered marriage by Sir John Elliott, a man older than her father, and whom she instantly accepts, with the ordinary disabilities and risks of such disparity. She appears in the world, is admired, flattered; painted by Cosway and Gainsborough; her pretty head is turned by compliments, and she intrigues like some of her contemporaries, is divorced also like some of them, affords the enormous compensation of £12,000 to her husband, is again removed to France, is brought back by Lord Cholmondeley, and becomes, like so many other fair and frail celebrities, the mistress, or rather the prey, of our Prince Regent. By him she has, or is reputed to have, a daughter, who becomes in time the wife of an English nobleman. She herself retires to Paris on a handsome allowance, becomes *intimate* with Philippe Égalité and other distinguished personages, mediates between Égalité and the French Court, is honoured with the confidence of Marie Antoinette, strives, as Égalité's good angel, to save him from political temptation, sweetens the tea at his conferences with Lafayette and Bailly, is with him during the attack on Versailles, and can testify to his innocence of that atrocity; goes to Brussels to try and make him Duke of Brabant; goes to Brussels a second time, presumably

on behalf of the French Court, to communicate with Louis XVIII., then Comte de Provence and an *émigré;* has communications also with the King of Sweden; brings back a letter to an officer implicated in the affair of Varennes; makes her house a rendezvous for the *Chevaliers du Poignard;* in fact, turns up with almost everybody of any note or consideration; on the occasion of the attack on the Tuileries protects some of the Swiss Guards; saves the governor of the Tuileries by concealing him in her bed; takes a pledge from the Duke of Orleans that he will not vote for the king's death, spends the night of that vote with Dumouriez and the Duc de Biron, and is then shocked to learn that the Duke's pledge is dishonoured; is arrested and examined by Vergniaud on account of a letter which she had undertaken to transmit to Charles James Fox; is intimate with Malesherbes, saves Madame de Perigord his niece, takes charge of her children; is carried to St. Pélagie, where the Duc de Biron, already imprisoned, receives her in his arms, and where Madame du Barri sits on her bed and prattles the piquant scandals of the days that are now no more; is subsequently taken before Robespierre, Barrère, and Co., and interrogated about a mysterious letter supposed to compromise the Duke of Orleans, but which turns out to be part of a correspondence with old Mr. Vernon, of Newmarket, on turf transactions; is again released, and again imprisoned in various prisons, and eventually at the Carmes, where she makes the acquaintance of General Hoche, Josephine Beauharnais, the Custines, and Santerre,

the brewer; on her way thither having even become unwillingly familiar with Samson, the executioner; is set apart for execution, together with Josephine and Madame Tallien, on the morning of the fall of Robespierre; has her locks shorn in readiness for the guillotine, and is saved by the substitution of Robespierre himself; is finally released; trims her plumage afresh, and flutters again in a new circle; *receives an offer of marriage from the Great Napoleon, which she refuses;* continues intimate with Josephine, and knows of her little slip while Napoleon was in Egypt; returns to England with Lord Malmesbury after the treaty of Amiens; is again received warmly by the Prince Regent, is caressed for her beauty, and for her history brought under the notice of steady George III., for whose private information the narrative of all that precedes is said to have been drawn up; returns to France with the Bourbons, and dies obscurely at Ville d'Avray. Yet from that time to this, we hear nothing of a person so conspicuous, so lovely and so loved, so full of reminiscences, so trusted, so suspected, so favoured, and so fated. We find no trace of her in revolutionary documents or courtly gossip; M. Louis Blanc knows her not; she has evaded, as far as we can learn, the search of the late John Wilson Croker, a cormorant for such curiosities, and who must have walked in her footprints continually; her narrative has lain concealed for two generations; it is produced when all the persons mentioned in it are no longer alive to check its averments; if we can account for this on a natural hypo-

thesis, we have no intimation how it came into Mr. Bentley's hands; yet it is now given to the public for the first time, with the coolest confidence in their credulity that we ever witnessed in the case of a literary venture; just, in fact, as if it were as certain of its reception and about as trustworthy as the *Diary of Lady Willoughby*, or the *Trial of the Amber Witch*. The writer, by the omission of dates and particulars, affords scarcely any opportunities of testing her narrative; the editor offends in the same sense, and, by withholding his name, the responsibility for such omissions is transferred directly to the publisher. The latter must bear the discredit, and a very obvious discredit it is, of issuing for public acceptance a most important work, without any of the tests or *criteria* of authenticity. It is a literary contempt of court, that it is so put forth that we should have to seek for these *aliunde;* and, but for the intervention of the critic, the public would be warranted in treating the book as spurious, in almost doubting if there was a Mrs. Elliott at all—at least, in suspecting and discrediting this version of her story as wholly or substantially a pure fabrication.

Nevertheless, the conclusion to which we tend is almost as extraordinary,—that this narrative, allowing for feminine exaggerations, is, or *may be*, substantially true.

There *was* a Mrs. Elliott who had such antecedents. Her daughter became Lady Charles Bentinck, and the baptismal name of the latter implies the affiliation deposed to by Mrs. Elliott, or her editor. She did go

to France, &c. Incidental circumstances so far corroborate her, that most of the incidents she declares to have there happened to her *may* actually have happened. We have proofs, indeed, that *some* did not, and doubts which must remain unresolved till more explicit information is forthcoming. But at all events, this is Mrs. Elliott's narrative; it *was* drawn up for George III.; it has since remained with her descendants; and it now comes from their custody. Our literary contemporaries have accepted it as trustworthy throughout; and, guarding against the presumption that we do so unreservedly, we shall treat it with the attention due to its possible importance.*

The lady in question, Mrs. Grace Dalrymple Elliott, was a woman of remarkable beauty, as the testimonies of her day, including that of her portraits,

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* These remarks drew forth the subjoined letter from Mr. Bentley, and which corroborated by some further particulars the above information :—

"MRS. ELLIOTT'S NARRATIVE.

"*To the Editor of the* TIMES.

"SIR,—I am sure you will have pleasure in publishing in your journal, in justice to me, the following statement of facts in answer to the strictures contained in your review of Mrs. Elliott's 'Journal,' which prove beyond all doubt the authenticity of the narrative, justly characterized by you as a most important and interesting work :—

"The original MS. was purchased for publication by me of Miss Bentinck, the granddaughter of Mrs. Elliott, through Mr. Levien, of the British Museum. Miss Bentinck had offered it to that national collection, but it was thought not to be of

evidence. She must, moreover, have been a woman of considerable abilities, if, as we have no reason to question, she drew up her narrative without assistance. From her peculiar position she participated in experiences of which the actors themselves are ordinarily reticent. In other words, though she was not exactly what is termed a "social evil," from her amphibious predicament, half in the world and half out of it, she might be regarded as a social excrescence or a social exfoliation; and her means of information were therefore as various as her personal position was exceptional.

We should remark, in the first place, the opportunities afforded by her earlier position. She was the youngest of three daughters of Hew Dalrymple

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sufficient extent to be entertained. Miss Bentinck kindly sent me the miniature of Mrs. Elliott by Cosway, allowed me to have the picture of Lady Charles Bentinck (Mrs. Elliott's daughter), by Sir J. Reynolds, from Lord Cholmondeley's, in Carlton-terrace, for the purpose of engraving, and the miniature of the Duke of Orleans on a snuff-box, presented to Mrs. Elliott by that prince.

"It was better, I feel, that these facts should have been stated in an advertisement to the book, and I owe you thanks that by the suggestion of a remote doubt you have given me this opportunity of establishing the authenticity of this MS., which remains in exactly the same state it was when written for His Majesty George III., and is published without addition whatever, or any other alteration than that of dividing into chapters and paragraphs.

"I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

"RICHARD BENTLEY."

"New Burlington-street, *Jan.* 27."

Esq., a barrister, of the house of Stair, who established his reputation by his connection with the celebrated Douglas and Hamilton Cause, so familar to the readers of Walpole, Boswell, and the gossips their contemporaries, as we presume, before the case came into the hands of Thurlow and Wedderburne. Her father deserted his wife, and, in consequence of their separation, she was brought up at a convent in France till she was about the age of fifteen.

At her father's house, to which she then returned, she was seen by Sir John Elliott, who was so struck by her beauty that he made her the offer of marriage, already mentioned, and which was accepted by her with the same inconsiderate haste with which it was proffered. Unfortunately, Sir John Elliott was older than her own father, and there was such a dissimilarity of tastes between them, that their marriage is said to have been productive of nothing but unhappiness.

The story of her married life may be briefly told. She went much into society; being very lovely, she was much admired, and she became entangled in an intrigue, which resulted, as we stated, in a verdict of £12,000 damages and a divorce from her husband. Thereupon she was removed by her brother to a convent in France, where she remained, until she was brought over to England by Lord Cholmondeley, under what circumstances we are not informed, but we infer from "Raikes's Diary," vol. 3, p. 83, that her then predicament was hardly equivocal. She was subsequently introduced to the Prince of Wales, who

had been struck with the beauty of her portrait, which he had accidentally seen at Houghton; for it is said that there were several portraits of her in existence, among others, by Gainsborough and Cosway (in corroboration of which we observe that Gainsborough did paint both a Mrs. Elliott and a Miss Dalrymple); and we are told, in somewhat euphuistic language, that the prince was immediately fascinated, and that "a most intimate connection succeeded." The result was the birth of a daughter, who was left in charge of Lord and Lady Cholmondeley, while the mother, after the subsidence of the prince's passion, went to Paris, where she continued to reside, as it is said, on a handsome allowance. If it was really handsome, we note the exception to the practice of that shabby Lothario. She had already in England made the acquaintance of Philippe Égalité, with whom we *also* find her intimately connected at the outbreak of the revolution.

Thus on the 12th of July, 1789, from which date her narrative commences, we find her taking the duke in her carriage to Monceau, to save him from his compromising popularity with the street insurgents, who were carrying about his bust, together with that of Necker. According to her own representations, she was his good angel, as opposed to a certain Madame de Buffon, whose politics and friends were identified with the revolution. These ladies contested the conversion of their weak admirer, as Polly and Lucy might have striven for the soul of Macheath. Our authoress entertains an aristocratic and English antipathy to the revolutionists

generally, whom she stigmatizes without measure. Lafayette is "that wretch;" Bailly is "the other man;" they were "a set of monsters," Talleyrand included, who surrounded the duke and plunged him in dishonour. Against the influence of these latter, and especially of Madame de Buffon, she strove to reclaim the perverted prince to the side of royalty. At Monceau, directly after the *émeute* just referred to, she brought him the news that they accused him of wanting to dethrone the king. "I found," she says, "Madame de Buffon with him, and as her politics and mine were very different (we are left to the inference that it was only in politics they competed), I called the duke into the garden, and we walked there till two o'clock. I entreated him on my knees to go to Versailles, and not to leave the king while Paris was in such a state of tumult;" in fact, to show the king that his (the duke's) name was used without his consent. It was too late to go at two o'clock in the morning, but the following day the duke did make his appearance at Versailles, and was received distrustfully, and harshly asked 'what he wanted,' told that the king had no need of his services, and that he might return whence he came." The writer feels certain that this impolitic treatment decided his course, for if they had treated him with consideration, and shown him more confidence, they might have withdrawn him from "the horrible creatures, Talleyrand, Mirabeau," &c., who surrounded him. But henceforth he was in their hands, as far as he could be, who was also incessantly in the arms of Madame de Buffon.

As Mrs. Elliott describes the situation :—

"I had known the Duke of Orleans for years, and he had always been good and kind to me, as indeed he was to everybody who approached him. I had a sincere friendship for him, and would have given my life to save him from dishonour. Nobody can form an idea of what I suffered on seeing him by degrees running headlong into every sort of disgrace ; for I am convinced from the bottom of my soul that he never thought or intended to go the lengths he did.

"I have the great comfort of knowing that from the first day of the horrors in Paris I always warned the duke, and told him how it would all end ; and I have most awfully to lament the little influence I possessed over him ; for I ever detested the Revolution, and those who caused it. My conduct at that time is well known to all the king's and queen's friends, and by the French princes now in England, who will do me justice, though they know the attachment I had for the Duke of Orleans, their very gentle but unfortunate cousin. Even when I saw him given up and shunned by everybody, I received him, and tried to make him sensible of his errors. He appeared sometimes as if he felt that he was wrong, and I flattered myself that he would leave it all ; but he went from me to Madame de Buffon, of whom he was very fond, but whose politics, I am sorry to say, were those of Laclos and Merlin, whom he always found at her house, where he dined with them every day. They persuaded the pliant duke that all which was going on was for the good of his country, and of course what I had said was forgotten. To my deep regret, I found he was so surrounded that he could not escape their snares, and that I did no good. He only laughed at me, saying that 'I was a proud Scotchwoman, who loved nothing but kings and princes.'"

On the day of the taking of the Bastille she was again at the duke's house, and made tea there for Lafayette and Bailly, but sweetened it, as we hinted, in vain. Again we have a garden scene with the duke, in which she entreated him to go to the king,

but he was very angry, and asked her whether "she was paid by his enemies to give him such advice?" "From that moment," she says, "I considered him entirely in the hands of his factious followers;" and from this period she herself saw him less frequently. During the course of the summer—

"The duke came twice to dine with me in the country, and I found his manner much altered. He was low-spirited, which never was his natural character. I always expressed great uneasiness to him on account of his situation, at which he laughed, and said that 'I was very foolish, and that he had no reason to be uneasy; that I was like all the aristocrats, and wanted to thwart popular opinion; that he never was angry with people on account of their opinions about the Revolution, and wished that people would leave him alone.'"

The winter she spent in Paris, and her testimony, if true, is historically important as to the alleged complicity of the duke in the attack on Versailles of the 5th of October.

M. Louis Blanc has absolved Égalité, on the ground of his weakness and incompetence, from the assumed plot in this behalf which has been laid to his charge; and it is to be observed that Mrs. Elliott strikingly corroborates the historian, and disposes of certain depositions which have been supposed to criminate him. She says emphatically:—

"I must here do justice to the Duke of Orleans. He certainly was not at Versailles on that dreadful morning, for he breakfasted with company at my house, when he was accused of being in the queen's apartments disguised. He told us then that he heard the fishwomen had gone to Versailles with some of the Fauxbourgs, and that people said they were gone to

bring the king again to Paris. He informed us that he had heard this from some of his own servants from the Palais Royal. He said he was the more surprised at this, as he had left the Palais Royal gardens at nine o'clock of the night before, and all then seemed perfectly quiet. He expressed himself as not approving of their bringing the king to Paris; 'that it must be a scheme of Lafayette's;' but added, 'I dare say that they will accuse me of it, as they lay every tumult to my account. I think myself this is a mad project, and like all that Lafayette does.' He stayed at my house till half-past one o'clock. I have no reason to suppose that he went to Versailles till late in the day, when he went to the States, as everybody knows. The unfortunate king and queen were brought to Paris that evening by Lafayette's mob.

"I have entered into this subject that I may have an opportunity of declaring that I firmly believe the Duke of Orleans was innocent of the cruel events of that day and night; and that Lafayette was the author and instigator of the treatment the august royal family then met with. If the Duke of Orleans' greatest enemies will be candid, I am sure that they must acquit him of the events of that day—a day which, in my opinion, decided the fate of the royal family, and which showed the country what dreadful events might be expected from such a set of monsters. The Duke of Orleans was even tried on this account, but the proofs were so absurd that it was dropped. And, indeed, it was clear to everybody that Lafayette and his party were the only guilty people."

This latter statement that Lafayette and his party were the *only* guilty people can hardly be accepted at this day, after the proofs which M. Louis Blanc has accumulated to compromise the Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII. The letter of Favras in the possession of Mr. Monckton Milnes, with the collateral circumstances mentioned by the historian, tend strongly to support his theory as to the intrigues of the comte, and we refer our readers to this passage in

his history. But Mrs. Elliott, though uninformed upon this point, *may* be (we regret to put it hypothetically) a trustworthy witness as to the conduct imputed to Égalité. Mrs. Elliott not only aids directly in exculpating him, but her view of his position in other respects so tallies with that sustained in M. Louis Blanc's history, that she represents him subsequently, while the royal family were at the Tuileries, as not even consulted by what was termed his faction as to their proceedings.

She mentions another visit of his to the Tuileries when he was again rebuffed, with that fatal want of tact which helped so much to destroy the royal family. When the king heard that he was in his bedchamber (the king had been recently indisposed), he said, "Let the Duke of Orleans approach my bed, and let all the curtains be opened that he may see that it is I; or a report will be raised in Paris that I have fled, and that somebody else was in the bed." "This anecdote," says Mrs. Elliott, "the duke *told me himself*, and he was much displeased with the king on that account." So far then, if we may rely upon the writer, we have a complete acquittal of the Duke of Orleans from the accusations of conspiracy so commonly brought against him.

In the spring of 1790 the writer went to Brussels, apparently in the interest of the duke, on whose behalf there was a project at that time, supported by the French Court, to make him Duke of Brabant. There she had interviews with various revolutionary celebrities, among others with the Comte de la Mark;

but she says that she soon found he was scheming with a view of becoming Duke of Brabant himself, or at least of getting the dukedom into his own family. She witnessed many terrible scenes in Brussels, attendant on the progress of the revolution there, and left, she says, because she had compromised herself by supplying provisions out of her window to the Austrian soldiers, who were lying in the park during the night's truce, without food. On her return to Paris she again saw the Duke of Orleans, who had in the mean time been in England, and on the day of the *fête* of the Federation he dined with her. He expressed much regret at leaving England, and seems to have shared the forebodings of the writer, who anticipated that he would be sacrificed. Again, she not only deplores his imprudent treatment by the Court, but reveals her own peculiar *status* as a mediator between the duke and the Tuileries. She has before mentioned that the queen had taken condescending notice of her child, and now she intimates that the queen was cognizant of her endeavours with the duke :—

"The queen had very often expressed her approbation, and indeed had sent me kind messages as to my conduct during the Revolution. She well knew the advice I always gave the Duke of Orleans; indeed, her majesty charged me once with a mission to Brussels, which showed the opinion she honoured me with, *though* she knew that I saw the duke every day. I always hoped to be of use, but alas! I did not succeed. Madame de Buffon and the duke's friends did everything they could to prevent his coming to me. They used to tell him that as I saw none but royalists and his enemies, I should get him assassinated. However, he never would give me up; and though he heard nothing but harsh truth from me, he always came to me,

and he always assured me that he believed I was sincere in thinking I gave him good advice, but that the royalists had turned my head, and would cause my ruin. I wish that he had believed in my foresight, for I often foretold him what has since happened."

It appears that Mrs. Elliott's house was much resorted to by some of the young royalist nobles, who were termed "*Les Chevaliers du Poignard*," and the duke sometimes encountered them there, to her natural confusion. Her anxiety on account of these meetings was considerable, "but as politics were never discussed, and the duke was civil and good-natured to them, nothing disagreeable happened, though the young men, as well as the duke, seemed much embarrassed." We must add our suspicion that this embarrassment was not due to their rivalry in politics only. The writer herself betrays her distraction between her personal attachment to the duke and her loyalty to the royal family, by a *naïve* admission. As a politician she infers that had the Court caused the duke and some twenty others to be arrested and *executed*, the revolution might have been repressed, and in that case, she says, "I should now dare to *regret* my poor friend the duke, who, instead of dying thus regretted, lived to be despised and execrated, and to perish on a scaffold by the hands of those he had dishonoured himself to serve. These are cruel truths for me to tell, but such they are."

As the revolution proceeded, Mrs. Elliott made another visit to Spa and Brussels, apparently serving the royalist party by her communications to and fro.

She saw at Brussels Monsieur, subsequently Louis XVIII., and she speaks of the King of Sweden as if she had some communication with *him*. On her return she charged herself with the delivery of a letter to one of the colonels who had been implicated in the escape to Varennes, and who was therefore in arrest. Henceforth she herself remained either at Paris or in the neighbourhood. She was at the demonstration at the Comédie Italienne, when the queen appeared for the last time in public, and when poor Madame Dugazon, the actress, was menanced by the Jacobins for exhibiting her sympathy with the royal misfortunes. But on the 10th of August her own experiences of the revolution became more personal and compromising.

Three or four of the unfortunate Swiss climbed over the wall into her garden, and she concealed them till nightfall, when they *would* go away, and she never heard of them more. On the evening of this day she retired to her country-house at Meudon, where she remained till "the dreadful 2nd of September." In the morning of that day a boy brought her a note from a friend, entreating her to come to Paris, and to bring a passport with her for herself and servant, and to come alone, as she might by that means be of use to an unhappy person. With this request she instantly complied, and went to Paris with the intention of returning that night, when she found that the person her friend wished her to serve was the Marquis de Chansenets, governor of the Tuileries, who had been concealed in the roof of her friend's house since the

10th of August. The manner of his escape up to this point was almost miraculous, but Mrs. Elliott's subsequent share in his preservation is one of the most thrilling stories we remember to have read anywhere. We shall not attempt to abridge it, and to extract it entire is out of the question; but it may be taken as a suggestive type of the perils and terrors of a fugitive royalist, with the sections on his track, and the guillotine in perspective. Chansenets was hidden between the mattresses of Mrs. Elliott's bed, while she herself received the municipal officers who came to search for him. The scene reaches the intensest pitch of Adelphi melodrama, and yet we see no reason to question any of its incidents, so likely are they to have occurred, *datis postulatis*. It is implied that Mrs. Elliott was a woman of great courage and tact, and it was fortunate, indeed, for Chansenets that he fell into her hands, for, through her intimacy with the Duke of Orleans, she at length facilitated his escape. The appearance of Égalité at this crisis is again highly characteristic:—

"We were considering all this when the Duke of Orleans came in. He was going to his house at Monceau, and, seeing my gates open, had asked if I was in town. He was struck at my ill looks and seeming distress, and was anxious to know the cause of it. I told him the same story I had told my servants the night before, and then related to him the very horrid visit I had had in the night, and how much alarmed I had been. He assured me that if I had nobody hid in my house there was no need to have alarmed myself so much; but if I had, I certainly was in a dangerous situation. I told him that I had not been fortunate enough to save anybody in the dreadful night; that I wished it had been in my power to do it even at the risk of my own life; that I thought the scenes of yesterday and

this night were horrible; and I hoped they would cure all the admirers of the abominable Revolution.

"The duke replied that 'they were indeed dreadful, but that in all revolutions much blood had been spilt, and that no stop could be put to it when once begun.' He told me of the horrid murder of Madame de Lamballe—of their bringing her head to the Palais Royal while he was at dinner. He seemed much shocked at her fate, and said he had done everything in his power to save her. From what I afterwards heard, I am certain that this was true, for at all times I heard him express great affection for this unfortunate princess. He stayed some time with me, was in very low spirits, said that 'revolutions ought to be of great use, and better our children, for they were very dreadful for those who witnessed and felt them.'

"I said that 'I wished he had remained in England when he was there.' He replied that 'he should have liked it, but that they would not let him stay there; that they taxed him with having left France through fear of Lafayette, and of his having attempted the king's life.' He added, that 'nothing could have kept him longer out of France when he heard such reports. By his presence he would show the world he had no fear of Lafayette; that he had always been cruelly used by the court; that when he did anything with good intentions they imputed it to a bad motive. He assured me he had always envied the life of an English country gentleman, and that though his enemies taxed him with wishing to be king, he would willingly change his lot and all his fortune for a small estate in England, and the privileges of that delightful country, which he hoped to see once more.' He asked me if 'I thought him monster enough to be going through the streets of Paris on such a day as yesterday and to-day, and not feel unhappy.'

"I then entreated him to get out of the hands of the vile people who surrounded him, and not to let wretches make use of his name to commit such horrid acts.

"He replied, 'All this seems easy to do in your drawing-room: I wish that I could find it as easy; but I am in the torrent, and must rise or fall with it. I am no longer master of myself or of my name, and you can be no judge of my situation, which

is, I assure you, not a pleasant one. Don't plague me any more; don't talk in this style to your servants, nor, indeed, to anybody else. We are all surrounded by spies, and if you get yourself into a scrape I cannot save you; so, for God's sake, keep your politics to yourself, and plague me no more on this subject—it will be of no use.'

"I was half inclined to tell him about Chansenets, but I would not do it till I heard from him whether he thought it safe, as the duke disliked him much, and thought that he had been ungrateful to him after the Revolution; for the duke had given him (Chansenets) one of his own regiments, though the queen had begged it of the duke for somebody else, and she was extremely angry about it. Indeed, no regiment of a prince of the blood had ever been given to a man of the same sort of rank as Chansenets; they were always given to the old *noblesse*. When the Revolution broke out Chansenets certainly behaved ill to the duke, and had much displeased him. I was therefore more cautious of telling him, on that account, though I knew he might with safety be trusted without the least fear of his making an ill use of the confidence."

Eventually, as we said, she interested the duke in her *protégé*, and by his means she got him to Boulogne, and thence to England. She subsequently states that while the king's trial was pending, the duke pledged himself to her in the most solemn manner, that nothing should induce him to vote, unless it should be for the king's deliverance. The decisive night she states that she passed with the Duc de Biron, Madame Laurent, and Dumouriez; and this may be true, for Biron and Dumouriez were at the time in Paris, and Dumouriez, according to his own memoirs, was keeping in the background. The first-named personage had every half-hour a list sent to him of the votes, and "We all saw with agony," says Mrs. Elliott,

"that many had voted for the king's death." At eight o'clock they learnt that the duke had entered the Convention, "which surprised us all." "I feared much," says she, "that he was going to vote for the seclusion, for I never thought of worse. However, every list was more and more alarming, till about ten o'clock the sad and fatal list arrived with the king's condemnation and the Duke of Orleans's dishonour."

"I never felt such horror for anybody in my life as I did at that moment at the duke's conduct. We were all in deep affliction and tears; even poor Biron, who, alas! was a Republican, was almost in a fit. A young man, who was the duke's aide-de-camp, tore off his coat and flung it into the fire, saying that he should blush ever to wear it again. His name was Rutaux, and he was a native of Nancy. He was a noble and very good young man, who had not emigrated out of affection for poor Biron, though his heart was always with the princes. When my carriage came I went home; but every place now seemed dreary and bloody to me. My servants all looked horror-struck. I did not dare sleep in my room alone. I desired my maid to watch with me all night, and we kept up a great light and prayed. I could not sleep. The image of the innocent king was constantly before me. I don't think that it was possible to have felt even a family calamity more than I did the king's death. Till that moment I had always flattered myself that the Duke of Orleans was misled, and saw things in a wrong light; now, however, all that illusion was over. I even threw the things he had given me which I had in my pockets and in my room out of it, not daring to stay near anything that had been his."

The writer then retired to Meudon, and she chronicles her anticipations that the king might yet be saved, and the benumbing gloom when the stroke fell.

After this she was denounced at the Jacobins, treated as a suspect, and harassed by domiciliary visits. Again she went to Paris, to endeavour to procure a passport to England, and had another remarkable interview with the Duke of Orleans, at which again, though agitated and wretched, she presided at his breakfast-table. Subsequent to this she was mixed up with the apprehension of Madame de Perigord and of the king's zealous and venerable advocate, Malesherbes. She states that Louis Philippe, then Duc de Chartes, on his emigration, wrote his father a most harsh letter, which his father never forgave till the day of his death, and that *she saw it*:—

"His son upbraided him much with the king's death; I perfectly remember the letter, for I had it two days in my possession. The duke burnt it in my room the last time in his life that he came to my house. On this occasion he came accompanied by two *gendarmes* in his coach. I was much shocked and surprised to see him in such a situation, but he laughed, saying that it was only because his son, the Duke de Chartres, had gone off with Dumouriez, and that he owed that obligation to him. The guards stayed in my antechamber. The duke asked me if I would give him a breakfast on the Sunday, when he hoped to come with less suite. I said that I would. He observed that as nothing now was certain, and that as his fate was more uncertain than that of anybody else, he did not feel at his ease about the money I possessed, which I had placed on his estates. He thought, in case of his death, he could make an arrangement for me which would secure the payment of my annuities in England; that he would arrange all the business and give me effects, which would be money to me when I could get to England. (Even in this scaramouch of the old *régime* we have still the considerate gentleman.) He assured me that I should be far from being a loser, and that if they paid his creditors after his death so much the better, for I

should then be so much the richer. I own that it gave me pain to hear him talk so, as, indeed, I expected his fall every day.

"He then went away. Madame de Perigord was in my house all this time, but she slept in my own maid's room upstairs. She and I were sitting by the fire talking about what had just passed, when my maid bounced into the room and said, '*Madame, une visite des Gardes!*' Madame de Perigord had only time to get into a closet, where we had before taken the shelves out for that purpose, when *forty men* came into my room. They stated that they came to inspect all my papers, and that I must give them my keys. It was twelve o'clock at night. I was frightened lest my friend should cough, but knew that the men could not find the closet, as it was between the two doors, and covered with paper, so that there was no keyhole, and the person who was in it could fasten the door on the inside.

"I assisted them to search my papers, and those which were English they packed up. At last they found a sealed letter directed to Charles Fox. Sir Godfrey Webster, who was then at Naples, had sent it to me by a French courier who came to Paris from Admiral Latouche Freville, who had been before Naples to make a manifesto in the name of the French nation. I knew very little of Sir Godfrey Webster, but he thought that I could get this letter sent to England. The people who made the visit to my house were ignorant men, who had heard of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, but did not know anything of their politics. They thought that I should be sent the next day to the guillotine, and they were enchanted at the discovery they had made. They told me that they had long suspected me, but that now they had found out that I was in correspondence with the enemies of the Republic, and that I should pay dearly for it. I assured them that Mr. Fox was their friend; that he was in correspondence with the Comité de Surveillance, which was then their great tribunal. They stated that they had orders to put me under arrest that night, and they put their *écharpes* over their shoulders and arrested me in the name of the *République Française*. They took all the papers they pleased, and hardly allowed me time to put a shawl over my shoulders, though it was very cold, and put the seals on my cabinets.

"It may easily be conceived what poor Madame de Perigord must have suffered during this night. She thought that they would have put the seals on my room doors; and, though my maid was to remain in my house, yet it was death to break a seal put on by them. It happened, however, that they were so pleased at getting me out of my own house, and leading me, as they thought, to the scaffold, that they left my house without seals. On the next day I heard with pleasure that Madame de Perigord got safely that night to Madame de Jarnac's."

She adds that on this occasion she was carried before Vergniaud and his colleagues, but was eventually released and almost complimented. Shortly after her return home she heard of the arrest of the duke, which shocked her excessively, "as the end was now too plain." Ten days after this, her other friend, the Duc de Biron, was sent to St. Pélagie, thence to the *Tribunal Révolutionnaire*, and again, she adds, at an interval of ten days after the Duke of Orleans, — thus suggesting that popular suspicions came punctually to maturity,—he also made his final appearance at the guillotine. But, unfortunately for this statement, if we turn to the collections of Buchez and Roux we find that the Duke of Orleans appeared before the Revolutionary Tribunal on the 6th of November, and "*le même jour*" was sent to be executed, while the Duc de Biron was not condemned and executed till the 31st of the following December. Here, then, is one of the instances in which Mrs. Elliott's statements are apparently contradicted by the facts.

In the next place M. de Malesherbes was arrested, and Madame de Perigord, his niece, came to the

writer on the eve of her flight to England, and begged her to take charge of her two children, declaring that Mrs. Elliott was *the only person in the world* to whom she would intrust them. Mrs. Elliott six weeks later was sitting hearing one of these children read, when she was again visited by the members of her section, and carried to St. Pélagie. Here she found many of her friends, whom she assumed to have already escaped out of France, and, among others, whom should she see in his intermediate predicament, and "who should come and take me in his arms, and burst into tears, but the unfortunate Duc de Biron! (as yet unexecuted). I scarcely ever was more affected in my life." In the same prison, also, she found Madame Laurent, the fourth of the party who with Dumouriez, herself, and the duke, spent the evening together, when the votes were taken for the death of the king. "*Poor* Madame du Barri" came there also, before Mrs. Elliott left, "and she used to sit on my bed for hours, telling me anecdotes of Louis XV. and his court. She talked to me much of England, and of the Prince of Wales, with whom she was enchanted," and "she regretted much ever having left England." Mrs. Elliott was afterwards told of the desperate resistance she made on the scaffold, and adds, "she was very good-natured, and during the time I lived in the same prison with her I liked her much." On how many points in Mrs. Elliott's narrative we could moralize if time allowed.

It appears that Mrs. Elliott was imprisoned on this occasion, because it was thought that she would be

found to have been an agent of the Duke of Orleans with the English. With this object she was sent for, and examined about the mysterious letter, which turned out to be the communication "from old Mr. Vernon about horses and bets, and Newmarket," &c. She says she was interrogated by Barrère, Robespierre, and Co., but, nothing having been found against her, she was a second time released. A third time she was arrested at her own desire by the Comité of Versailles, to anticipate a more dangerous arrest by her section in Paris.

She was then imprisoned for a time in the *Récollets* with Dr. Gem, an English physician, a philosopher, and an octogenarian, whom it appears she tended with womanly sympathy and menial devotion. As the Terror gained ground,—

"The little money which we had was taken from us, and our silver spoon and fork; though, strange to say, I got mine back again two years afterwards, for when the gaolers took them from us they gave us a number, and told us that our things were sent with that number to the Hôtel de Ville. When I got out of prison I was one day looking over some papers, and found my number, which was seventy-nine. My maid offered to go to the Hôtel de Ville with it, and see what they would say to her. On delivering in my number they gave her spoon and fork out of many others, together with the thimble, scissors, knives, and other articles,—at wh[illegible] much surprised."

The next acquaintance she made [illegible] Samson, the executioner, wi[illegible] to drink wine by her [illegible] colloquy, took her [illegible] sional observati[illegible]

heard successively of the deaths of the queen, of the Duke of Orleans, and of the Duc de Biron. She next appears to have provoked a deputy who visited her prison, and who thereupon got her transferred to the prison in the queen's stables. Thence, after an intermediate station, she was sent to the Carmes, where she says she had an interview with General Hoche, then under temporary arrest; but who if he was sent to the Carmes at all, seems more likely to have left it before the date indicated. In the Carmes she met also "Madame Beauharnais, now Madame Bonaparte, and Madame de Custine and her husband, who was beheaded three days after I went to the Carmes." Speaking of them and some other ladies, she says, "Before we went to bed we were all as good friends as if we had been brought up together. Indeed, at every instant we all equally expected our death warrant. They were delightful women, and bore their misfortunes with courage and good-humour." So easily did they accommodate themselves to their circumstances, that when the Marquis Beauharnais, who had long been separated from his wife, was sent unexpectedly to the same prison, though "his wife and he were both much embarrassed at the circumstance, in a few hours they were perfectly reconciled." The day of Beauharnais's entrance was, however, "a sad day for that beautiful little creature Madame de Custine," whose husband was then taken, tried, and beheaded. Mrs. Elliott never saw a scene of more misery than the parting of this young couple. She really thought that Madame de Custine would have dashed her

brains out, and she herself and Madame Beauharnais tended her for three days and nights. In six weeks, however, the beautiful little creature was so far recovered as to be able to flirt with the Marquis Beauharnais and to make Josephine very unhappy. Mrs. Elliott is "far from supposing that any improper connection was formed; but certainly Beauharnais was more in love than it was possible to describe, and the little woman seemed to have no objection to his attentions." Beauharnais appears also to have been attentive to Mrs. Elliott herself, for, drawing beautifully, he took a very good likeness of her, "which he gave poor little Custine when he left us" for the scaffold. "His poor wife was inconsolable for some time; but she was a Frenchwoman, and he had not been very attentive to her. *The other lady I never saw smile after his death.*" Mixed up with these flirtations and pangs of jealous anguish, we read also of suicides and more demonstrative horrors. The scenes thus suggested are characteristically French, but how strangely is their incongruity heightened when we are told that they were recorded for the edification of that stolid English worthy, George III. Allowing, as we must, that similar scenes sometimes occurred, are we at liberty to accept these particular statements as authentic? It so happens that among the voluminous memoirs of the Revolution, there is a narrative by a M. Coittant, who was in the Prison des Carmes at this conjuncture. The reader will find it in the "Mémoires sur les Prisons," vol. ii.; and he will see that Mesdames Custine and Beauharnais were indeed incarcerated there. But the

writer, enumerating *nos prisonnières les plus remarquables,* makes no mention of the *belle Anglaise,* Mrs. Elliott, who was so remarkable, according to herself, in her appearance and actions. It is, however, possible that she was there under another name. M. Coittant does not refer to either of the husbands of the ladies he mentions, or to the agony of their leave-takings; nor have we evidence that they were even confined in the same prison. On the contrary, as far as Custine is concerned, we have elsewhere the letter which he wrote to his wife after his trial and before his execution, in which he says, "Je ne puis te voir; et si même je le pouvais je ne le voudrais pas. *La séparation serait trop difficile.*" But the separation is not too difficult for Mrs. Elliott; or it is indeed just possible that she may have witnessed its painful preliminaries.

Mrs. Elliott's own narrative comes to a close about this point, after mentioning how she made the acquaintance of Santerre, and how he sent her some tea and sugar and a meat pie, which, indeed, *may* have happened, for Santerre was imprisoned in the Carmes about this time, and, on his release, *did* pay a friendly visit to his fellow *détenus,* which may have been accompanied or followed by the meat pie, tea, and sugar. An anonymous continuator adds that after an imprisonment of eighteen months Mrs. Elliott was again restored to liberty, and that she very narrowly escaped destruction, for with Madame Beauharnais and Madame Tallien she was ordered for execution and their locks were shorn, "on the very

day that France was delivered by Providence from the monster Robespierre." If Robespierre (we are trusting to memory) fell on the 9th Thermidor, this certainly was not the immediate cause of Josephine's enfranchisement. According to M. Coittant she was set at liberty on the 20th Thermidor, and this writer, who describes the scene with some particularity (for the prisoners gave her an ovation in consequence), makes no mention of any one who was liberated simultaneously. He makes no mention even of Madame Tallien, though he states that Josephine was released by Tallien's influence, and they rejoiced that he was about to find a balm for her sorrows; nor does he mention Mrs. Elliott: so that on this point there are again reasons for distrusting Mrs. Elliott's good faith, or, saving this, the accuracy of her recollections.

She subsequently knew the first Napoleon, and used to state that she had received an offer of marriage from him, which, however, she rejected; and we can believe that even this incident *may* have happened. Her companion prisoner, if she was her companion, supplied her place, and Mrs. Elliott used to state that she heard of the event by calling upon her on the morning of her marriage. The readers of the correspondence of Napoleon with his brother Joseph will remember that the former, while a
in Egypt, was tortured by jealousy on acco
wife's conduct. It appears that Mrs.
informed on the latter subje
intrigue with the young o
of that early scandal.

Treaty of Amiens was signed in 1801, *Lord Malmesbury* recommended Mrs. Elliott to return to England with him, and she was again received with great warmth by the Prince Regent, "and their old friendship was renewed." But Lord Cornwallis negotiated that treaty, and it does not appear from Lord Malmesbury's diary that he was even in France at all during this cessation of hostilities; yet it is not improbable that he would go to Paris, nor improbable that, if he did, Mrs. Elliott would take advantage of it to have his advice.

Mrs. Elliott remained in England till 1814, and during this interval her story was related to George III. by Sir David Dundas, and at the express request of the king this narrative was drawn up. The worth of it we have endeavoured to estimate, by testing it as closely as we could, on brief notice, in performance of a function which has been cast upon us by the slovenliness of its publisher. It *may* be true in the main; this is all we can say. It may be true in the main, yet inaccurate as to dates and details, if it was drawn up long after the events referred to. It may be true in the main, yet unconsciously false or even wilfully exaggerated in many particulars. Of the writer herself we are assured it *is* true that she returned to Paris with the Bourbons, and died quietly and almost obscurely at Ville d'Avray. "Starvation and neglect" are hinted at, and they were probably her fate, from which neither the remembrance of her beauty or courage procured her immunity. We might apply her narrative in many senses, if we had not primarily to sift its truth. As we have said, she was remarkable

even among the ministers of princely pleasures, but as an illustration of princely gratitude, her lot was as commonplace, as her story is otherwise romantic and worthy of further investigation.*

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* Subsequently to the appearance of this article, a writer in the *Saturday Review* concurring generally in this estimate of Mrs. Elliott's veracity, detected some further inaccuracies as to the condemnation of the king. As regards the circumstances under which Mrs. Elliott states she learnt the result of his trial, the writer says:—

"What account could seem more simple, truthful, and consecutive, and yet, except as a very general outline, it is demonstrably false. Mrs. Elliott says, that on Thursday morning the Duke of Orleans came to her, and treated the voting of the Convention as something in the future. The Duc de Biron informed her that the *Appel Nominal* was fixed for the Saturday. Really, the voting by *Appel Nominal* had already begun on the Wednesday evening, and had continued through the night. On Friday, she says, 'Every one seemed anxious for the termination of the trial, though few expected that it would end as it did.' The voting was over on the Thursday night, and the punishment of death pronounced on the king. The vote taken on Saturday was not whether the king should be put to death, which was already quite settled, but whether any delay should be allowed; and the vote given by the Duke of Orleans on the Saturday evening was against delay. It was not until three on Sunday morning that the result of the voting was announced, and 'death within twenty-four hours' was declared to be the result. There could not be a more striking instance of the inaccuracy of human testimony. We may be sure that on some day or other the Duke of Orleans solemnly promised Mrs. Elliott to abstain from voting; we may be sure that on some evening, and probably as she says on the Saturday evening, she was at the Duc de Biron's, and the dishonourable vote of the Duke of Orleans was there announced to her. But all the details fade into the dimmest haze. The Duc de Biron could

never have spoken on the Thursday of the *Appel Nominal* as a future thing. It was impossible to anticipate that there would be any voting at all on the Saturday; the state of mind in which the Parisians are represented to have passed the Friday is wholly imaginary; the whole party at the Duc de Biron's on Saturday evening must have known that the king was already condemned, and the final list could not have arrived for many hours after ten o'clock. These inaccuracies, startling as they are, do not diminish the general value and interest of Mrs. Elliott's narrative. We are equally interested to know that she obtained from him a sacred promise of abstention, and that she bitterly felt his dishonour. But errors so great show how much we must guard against the testimony even of an unprejudiced narrator, speaking of facts at first hand, and may give us some idea of the vast trouble which has to be undergone by an accurate and painstaking historian like Mr. Carlyle, whose patient sifting of all kind of evidence supplies us with the means of checking the statements of random though *truthful* narrators like Mrs. Elliott."

FAMILY VICISSITUDES.*

WE all know in a general sense that families rise and decline, and that by degrees a considerable substitution takes place in the upper ranks, or "crust," of society. We know that family trees, like other trees, must eventually perish, the question being only one of time. But through the labours of a genealogist, such as Sir Bernard Burke's in the book before us, and through such alone, can we form an idea of the rapid rate of their extinction. We need not revert to Domesday Book to see the harvest which Time has reaped, or the names thence obliterated. If we refer only to the Herald's visitations, we shall find, perhaps to our surprise, that few, very few, of the historic names, which held contemporary sway in a particular district, still exist in male descendants. In Herefordshire, a county peculiarly rich in ancient families, it is said that there are but two or three county gentlemen who can show a male descent from the proprietors thus recorded. Mr. E. P. Shirley, M.P.,

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* "Vicissitudes of Families, and other Essays," by Sir BERNARD BURKE, Ulster King of Arms. Longman, 1859. [From the *Times* of Sept. 28, 1859.]

has lately published a work on England at large, in which he reckons a very small number of such notables anywhere. The prime cause, no doubt, is the natural exhaustion of race, the wearing out of the family sap, to which actuaries could assign a term, if they had *data* sufficient for their averages and calculations. But there are other causes at work, of a disturbing tendency, especially in an aspiring and progressive community, which anticipate the agency of time in the work of family destruction.

Sir Bernard Burke rather gives us instances of the more remarkable results of these than a view of their operation, or an estimate of their comparative force; and if gentlemen of his profession omit to generalize, it is impossible that others should do so who have not the same materials for generalization. One important cause of family ruin he remarks, and this is one which others, before him, have dwelt upon. In the vicinity of commercial successes an old proprietary has a tendency to disappear, for a very curious reason. Commerce provides luxury, commerce induces expense, commerce prepares the ruin which commerce itself repairs. Thus the influence of a metropolitan centre like London is felt in the more rapid extinction of the families in its neighbourhood than in those at a distance. "Such who live southward," says old Fuller, "*near London* (which, for the lustre thereof, I may fitly call the sun of our nation), in the warmth of wealth, and plenty of pleasures, quickly strip and disrobe themselves of their estates and inheritance; whilst the gentry living in this north country, on the

confines of Scotland, in the wind of war" (he is referring to the fable of the wind and the sun), "daily alarmed with their blustering enemies, buckle their estates, as their armour, the closer unto them; and, since, have no less thriftly defended their patrimony in peace than formerly valiantly maintained it in war." Indeed, it has often been remarked that the more distant a county is from London, the more lasting are its old families. Few old resident families are to be found in Middlesex, Surrey, or Essex; while, in Northumberland, Cheshire, Shropshire, Devon, and Cornwall—all remote from London—many a stem planted in the days of the Plantagenets is still flourishing. In the great hive of our northern industry, on the other hand, old families have, comparatively speaking, maintained their ground, probably because commerce there has afforded them fewer facilities for their natural beneficent tendency to waste their inheritance. Sir Bernard marvels that in Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, such families as Towneley, Gerard, Blackburne, Blundell, Trafford, Fairfax, Foljambe, and Wentworth "have stood against the waves and weathers of time." He is not so surprised that so many have perished as that so many remain. And, in fact, Sir Bernard is by no means clear as to the causes of family displacement, but awaits with ourselves the appearance of some genealogical De Quetelet, who shall give us the laws, averages, and proportions of family durations and disappearances.

On the other hand, it must be allowed that Sir Bernard has produced from his repertory a variety of

examples which are most entertaining as a series of independent facts. He narrates the vicissitudes of the Royal Stuarts and the House of Albany, the fortunes of the O'Neills and the Geraldines, and of many other historic lines who are memorable for their greatness or misfortunes. For the story of the last-named family he has the assistance of the recent work of the Earl of Kildare, which, with Lord Lindsay's "Lives of the Lindsays," is prominent among the few recent examples of family archives, or, as they may be truly designated, monumental literature. Sir Bernard also sketches the fortunes of the Percys and Nevilles, and these, at the very commencement of his volume, very naturally arrest the reader by some extraordinary particulars.

Time was when the *Percys* and *Nevilles* held almost regal sway in Northumberland and Durham. "The two great princes of the north were, Northumberland at Alnwick, and Westmoreland at Raby Castle." But the list of Percys who fell fighting the battles of the *Red* Rose, exemplifies one form of the weakness which extinguished so many of our English great families, especially during the 15th century. Another string of Percys went to the scaffold, or its equivalents, for too ferocious an adherence to the unreformed religion; and when Joscelyn, eleventh Earl of Northumberland, departed this life, happily closing the male line of these inconvenient Hotspurs, in the middle of the 17th century, the broad lands and nobility of the illustrious deceased were claimed by James Percy, a Dublin trunk-maker. Whether

any sapling of the Percy stem had produced this serviceable member of society is admitted to be doubtful, but, from his persevering against the might and wealth of the most powerful Duke of Somerset, an inference of descent has been fairly made from his combativeness. The trunk-maker contended against the Duke of Somerset for fifteen years, and obtained during the contest some temporary triumphs, although Sir Bernard believes that he had no right whatsoever to the titles sought; but he was badly dealt by, and, pending the litigation, excited no little sympathy, which we are weak enough ourselves to share, even in this day. His defeat and total annihilation failed to set his pretensions finally at rest, "for it is even still believed by many that the trunk-maker was the true Percy." Certain it is that the poor claimant was remorselessly treated as criminal, for presuming to trouble the House of Lords, and daring to enter the lists with the Duke of Somerset. The punishment for claiming blood-relationship with the Percys, after the Lords' Committee had decided in a contrary sense, was, to paste the trunk-maker like one of his own trunks, with a descriptive placard bearing the words, "The false and impudent pretender to the earldom of Northumberland;" and this placard the trunk-maker was required to wear in Westminster Hall. Nevertheless, such was the aspiring quality of his blood, that it is said that his son, Sir Antony Percy, filled the office of Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1699, and did honour to the Percy who begot him *per se* or *per alium*,

—for it appears that there was even some scandalising doubt on the latter point.

The *Nevilles* were another strong breed of the combative class, and their qualifications culminated in "the Last of the Barons," the famous Earl of Warwick. A Neville was Queen of England, and a Neville mother of two of our English monarchs. Two Nevilles were consecrated Archbishops of York, and two filled the dignified office of Lord High Chancellor. Seven Nevilles were duchesses, nine Nevilles were Knights of the Garter, a Neville presided over the Commons as Speaker, and Nevilles without end parade our national records as warriors and statesmen. But the great and supreme Neville, who made and unmade kings, who "was to mediæval England what the Douglas was to Scotland," brought his race to wreck and grief on the field of Barnet. He was unquestionably a superb exemplar of baronial importance and personal prowess. To quote "The Last of the Barons," the "most renowned statesmen, the mightiest lords flocked to his hall; Middleham—not Windsor, nor Shene, nor Westminster, nor the Tower—seemed the Court of England." His annual income in land, independently of his own patrimony, might be calculated in our present money at full £300,000. "His wealth," says the novelist, "was enormous; but it was equalled by his magnificence, and rendered popular by his lavish hospitality. No less than 30,000 persons are stated to have feasted daily at the open tables with which he allured to his countless castles the strong hands and grateful hearts of a martial and unsettled population."

When this highly inconvenient personage was removed out of the way at Barnet, Middleham, with its dependencies, was allotted to Richard Duke of Glocester, in right of his wife, the Lady Anne Neville, Warwick's youngest daughter. But the race was not finally ruined till 1569, when Charles Neville, sixth Earl of Westmoreland, received at his castle of Brancepeth his neighbour the Earl of Northumberland, and there concocted the famous "Rising of the North."

> "And now the inly-working North
> Was rife to send its thousands forth,
> A potent vassalage, to fight
> In Percy's and in Neville's right."

But Neville's right proved to be as inconvenient to himself as others, for the insurrection was ill-planned and was totally unsuccessful. It resulted in complete defeat and in the utter destruction of the Nevilles of Raby. Lord Westmoreland fled to Scotland, and found protection and concealment for a long time at Fernyhurst Castle, Lord Kerr's house, in Roxburghshire, though he was all but ferreted out by one Robert Constable, whose correspondence in this business appears in the Sadler State Papers. He succeeded in effecting his escape to Flanders, but his vast inheritance was confiscated, and he suffered the extremity of poverty. Brancepeth, the stronghold of the Nevilles in war, and Raby, their festive hall in peace, passed into strangers' hands, and nothing remained for the exiled lord. He was living in the Low Countries in 1572, on a miserable pittance allowed him by the King of Spain, and so deplorable had been his previous con-

dition, that Lord Seton, writing two years before to Mary Queen of Scots, states that "the Earl of Westmoreland had neither penny nor halfpenny." Yet he survived his flight from Scotland more than thirty years; and one of his daughters, so late as 1594, sued for relief to Lord Burleigh, through Hutton, Bishop of Durham. "She is wholly reclaymed from popery," said the mediator. "Dr. Aubrey hath had her pardon drawn from the beginning of the term. If it come not quickly, I fear she will die with sorrow. It were very honourable for your good lordship to take the case of a most distressed mayden, descended, as your lordship knoweth, of great nobilitie, the House of Norfolk, the House of Westmoreland, and the House of Rutland, in memory of man, and was but a child of five years old when her unfortunate father did enter into the rebellion; and now she is a condemned person, having not one penny by year to live upon, since the death of her mother, who gave her £33. 6*s.* 8*d.* a year, part of that £300 which her Majesty did allow her. It were well that her Majesty were informed of her miserable state; she is virtuously given, humble, modest, and of verie good behaviour." Such was the last appearance of the Nevilles of Raby, reduced by sheer want of the necessaries of life to humility, modesty, and good behaviour; such was the finale of the king-makers.

But the families of the undoers of kings have also had their vicissitudes, as exemplified in the cases of the *Hampdens* and *Cromwells*. The Hampdens were contemporaneous with the Norman Giffards, and

flourished as Lords of Hampden in lineal male descent for twenty-four generations. There is a tradition that King Edward III. and the Black Prince once honoured a Hampden with a visit, and that while the prince and his host were exercising themselves in feats of chivalry, a quarrel arose, in which the prince received a blow on the face—an indignity which occasioned him and his royal father to quit the place in great wrath, and to seize on some valuable manors belonging to his host. We have never fallen in with this story before (though, for all we know, it may be familiar enough), but conjecture immediately fixes on it as the probable origin of the bloody nose said to have been given by young Cromwell to Charles the First. The sequel is said to have given rise to the following rhymes :—

> "Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe,
> Hampden did forego,
> For striking of a blow,
> And glad he did escape *so*."

The great John Hampden was the twenty-fourth hereditary lord of Great Hampden, as his sarcophagus testified, and the glories of his race reached their maximum on Chalgrove field. The Cromwells of Hinchinbrook, on the other hand, were of higher consideration previous to the Great Rebellion than after their great Oliver had protected the Commonwealth. They came originally from Wales, and bore the surname of Williams. The first who took that of Cromwell was Sir Richard Williams, and he did so as nephew of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the

"malleus monachorum," or, as old Fuller renders it, "the mauler of monasteries." He and his were much advanced by the purchases of abbey lands, for the advantageous terms of which he was indebted to the earl, his kinsman. Sir Richard also enjoyed the favour of Henry VIII., and deported himself at a tournament so much to the king's satisfaction, that the latter presented him with a diamond ring, exclaiming, "Formerly thou wast my *Dick*, but hereafter thou shalt be my *Diamond*;" and directed him henceforth to bear this ring in the fore gamb of his lion crest. Sir Richard was subsequently high sheriff, knight of the shire, one of the gentlemen of the king's privy chamber, general of the English infantry in France, and constable of Berkeley Castle. His son, Sir Henry Cromwell, designated, from his liberality and opulence, "The Golden Knight," remodelled Hinchinbrook, and received there a visit from Queen Elizabeth. One of *his* daughters was the mother of John Hampden, and one of his sons was the father of the Lord Protector. But it is remarkable that his eldest son, Sir Oliver Cromwell, was so impoverished by his exertions in the *King's cause* during the Civil War that he was obliged to sell Hinchinbrook to the Montagues, afterwards Earls of Sandwich. *His* sons suffered for their loyalty, in the form of debt and difficulties, and this, the elder branch of the Huntingdon Cromwells, expired in 1673. From the last of them, strangely enough, the Abbey of Ramsey passed by sale to the famous Colonel Titus; while, on the other hand, their cousins, the Parliamentarian branch, were obliged, for contrary

reasons, to court privacy and retirement. Richard Cromwell, who succeeded to the sovereign power, as tranquilly and unopposedly, it has been remarked, as if he had been the descendant of a long line of princes, and who actually reigned in England for seven months and twenty-eight days, was remembered by Pennant's father at the Don Saltero coffee-house at Chelsea, "a little and very neat old man, with a most placid countenance, the effect of his innocent and unambitious life." His daughters are said to have been "well-bred, well-dressed, stately women, exactly punctilious; but they seemed, especially Mistress Cromwell, to carry about them a consciousness of high rank, accompanied with a secret dread that those with whom they conversed should not observe and acknowledge it."

Oliver's posterity was prolonged more conspicuously through Henry Cromwell, his second son; but this branch also came to great pecuniary distress. "Our family," writes Henry, the Protector's grandson, to his aunt, Lady Fauconberg, "is low, and some are willing it should be kept so; yet I know we are a far ancienter family than many others; Sir Oliver Cromwell, my grandfather's uncle and godfather's estate that was, is now let for above £50,000 a year." Shortly after, so deep was the writer's distress, that he petitioned the lord-lieutenant of Ireland to give him some employment, but prayed to be excused from going over with his Excellency, as he was *in want of the necessaries of a gentleman* to appear in the viceroy's suite. One of his sons, Thomas Cromwell, carried on the business of a grocer on Snow Hill, and died in 1748. Oliver, next

in succession, was an attorney and clerk to St. Thomas's Hospital, and with this attorney, son of the grocer who died in 1821, the male line of the Lord Protector's family expired. This last Cromwell had an only daughter, Elizabeth Oliveria Cromwell, who married a Mr. Russell in 1801. Of other descendants of the Protector through Henry Cromwell, two females married—one a shoemaker at Soham, and the other, one Saunders, a butcher's son, who was a fellow-servant in the family in which she herself lived. Others were reduced to almost begging their daily bread, and gradually sank into the lowest class of society. One, after seeing her husband die in the workhouse of a little Suffolk town, died herself a pauper, leaving two daughters; and it is probable that there are yet in our lowermost ranks some "*eversæ domûs tristes reliquiæ*," some relics of the once splendid Cromwells of Hinchinbrook.

For an eminent contrast, as well as an illustration, of the changes produced by commerce, we may turn to the *Bairds* of Gartsherrie Ironworks, and their vast absorption of territorial possessions. About the end of the last century they were living in the state of small farmers in the parish of Monkland, near Glasgow, and now the sons of the farmer of Monkland are among the first men in Scotland. As ironmasters they are on a footing with the Guests and Baileys of South Wales, and they have acquired immense estates, which rank them high among the landed aristocracy. But their fortunes are suggestive of the fate of the great landed families they have displaced—the Kirkpatricks, of

Closeburne; the Anstruthers, of Anstruther; and Macdonell, of Glengarry, chieftain of Clanranald. The present baronet of the name of Kirkpatrick is lost to sight, though he exists, as is supposed, somewhere, not in the highest circles. Yet his ancestor was that Kirkpatrick who "made sicker" of the Red Comyn, and who earned the unflinching gratitude of Robert Bruce. His descendant sold the inheritance of the Kirkpatricks to the Menteaths, from whom it passed to one of the brothers Baird for upwards of £200,000; and the surviving Kirkpatrick, as we said, has passed out of sight. But the family is still illustrious in these latter days, as Sir Bernard avers, by "the complaisance of genealogists." The good and graceful Eugenie (who cares whence she was born?), Empress of the French, and Spanish Countess of Theba, claims a maternal descent from this very ancient race. When the daughter of a Scotch consul attracted the youngest son of the great family of Montijo, grandees of Spain of the first class, the *mésalliance* with a merchant's family was remedied by reference to a Scotch antiquary. Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, called by Sir Walter Scott "the Horace Walpole of Edinburgh," drew up a long and flourishing genealogical tree, in which the dagger dripping the heart's blood of the Red Comyn was conspicuous, and this pedigree was submitted to Ferdinand VII., who said, "Oh, by all means, let the young Montijo marry the daughter of Fingal." Until within the last two years, a Miss Kirkpatrick, grand-aunt of the Empress, inhabited a very small house in the third-rate Scottish county town of Dumfries, and

her Imperial Majesty has several first cousins of the name of Kirkpatrick, sons of her mother's sister, who married her cousin, holding respectable mercantile situations. One of them was not long ago settled in trade at Havre. The *Anstruthers*, of whom we also spoke above, are one of the most ancient and distinguished families of Scotland, and their present representative, Sir Windham Anstruther, is still possessed of the Carmichael estates in Lanarkshire. But, had he not inherited these, he also would have been as much the landless representative of a fallen house as the other great proprietors who have yielded to the colossal wealth of the Bairds. Macdonell of Glengarry is another of the old historic names, for which the iron kings have substituted their landed dominion. The prince of Staffordshire ironmasters, Lord Ward, purchased Glengarry some years since; and Knoydart, still more recently, came into the hands of the iron potentate of Gartsherrie. Yet the Macdonells had a remote origin of the Fingal description, and are derived from the house of Somerled, King of Inisgael, celebrated in the twelfth century as even then of a very high antiquity. Indeed, it is presumable that, like the Mac Tavishes, who were not in the Ark with Noah, the Macdonells could account for their omission by the boast, that they had a boat of their own at the date of the Deluge. Glengarry also claimed a descent from the Lords of the Isles, and disputed the chieftainship of his clan with Lord Macdonald. Since his death in 1828 his estates have been sold, and Sir Bernard seems to infer that his race is extinct. But

we are able to add the information that the present head of the clan is a settler in New Zealand, where he has acquired a considerable grazing property, and whence he hopes to return to Scotland some day a rich and prosperous man, and thus to rebuild the fortunes of his house. On the other hand, the line of *The Chisholm*, who died a year or two since, appears to have no representative left, for no heir to its splendid property of Erchless Castle has yet been found.

But for the most melancholy story of an immense collapse in our own day we must go to the sister island, to mark the fate of the "Princess of Connemara." In Connemara the Martins were lords of a principality, partly derived from an ancestor who went over with Strongbow, and partly by absorption of the lands of their feudal neighbours. Dick Martin, of the Cruelty to Animals Act, was one of their representatives, and in his time these estates contained nearly 200,000 statute acres, and extended almost uninterruptedly from the town of Oughterard to Clifden and Claggan bays, a distance of at least thirty miles. The grandfather of the last possessor could boast to George IV. that "he had an approach from his gate-house to his hall, of thirty miles length." Nor was the greater part of these extensive domains exclusively waste, rock, or moorlands; the whole is infinitely diversified with glens, lakes, rivers, and some portion of cultivated land, though far below what the soil would naturally admit of. Bays and islands innumerable make a part of its panorama, and are teeming with wild life and natural treasures. The sea affords

an abundant supply of manure for agricultural purposes, various parts are rich in blue limestone, and in the *Twelve Pin Mountains* are inexhaustible quarries of marble. Yet, immense as was the undeveloped wealth of this estate, its improvident owners had so impoverished themselves by profuse hospitality, that when Richard Martin ceased to be returned to Parliament he was fain to seek refuge from his creditors by flying to the continent, where, at Boulogne, he died on the 6th of January, 1834.

And now comes the melancholy part of the story, in the fate which overtook his only daughter, who struggled to redeem the prodigality of her ancestors. The "Princess of Connemara," as she was styled, for some time maintained a decent apppearance upon the balance that remained, after paying off the interest of the various mortgages. But she married in 1847, and shortly afterwards she and her husband united in borrowing a large sum of money from the *Law Life Assurance Company*, in order to consolidate the incumbrances upon the estate at a lower rate of interest. But this attempt to save themselves was defeated by events over which they had no control. The year of famine came, and the tenants ceased to pay any rents whatever. The mortgage instalments were unpaid in consequence, and the Law Life Assurance Company would grant no respite. The company insisted on the due performance of their bond, and that being, under the circumstances, impossible, this vast Connemara property came into the Encumbered Estates Court, and the famous old race of Martin of

Ballinahinch was sold out. The times were the worst possible for an advantageous sale; the Assurance Company bought in almost the entire estate at a sum immeasurably below its real value; and as the whole proceeds were inadequate to the liquidation of liabilities, not a single acre remained to the Princess, and she became an absolute pauper. In this total wreck of her fortune she retired to Fontaine l'Evèque, in Belgium, where for a short time she endeavoured to support herself by her pen; but so scanty were the means thus obtained, that she at length resolved to abandon Europe for America, hoping to find in the new world ampler opportunities. Some friends of the family came forward with a small subscription, and she embarked on her voyage in a sailing vessel. Although far advanced in pregnancy, she was without a medical attendant or nurse, and a premature confinement was the fatal consequence, from which she died soon after she touched the shore, or, as some will have it, before she left the boat. These particulars can now be told without wounding any person, for, with her the long line of Martins is now passed away.

Hosts of similar stories crowd upon us in these interesting pages. Urquhart of Cromarty, for example, coming a wandering beggar to his own door, and John Earl of Traquair, cousin of King James VI., "begging in the streets of Edinburgh in the year 1661." But Ireland is especially the Tadmor of vicissitudes, and as Sir Bernard observes, "What stories are more striking than the fall of the Hydes of Castle Hyde, in the famine; or the ruin of the D'Arcys of Kiltullagh

and Clifden Castle, whose representative, after the sale of his estates, took orders, and became a missionary in the very district which used to be his own. The ill-fortune attached to a particular title again, is illustrated in the well-known 'Doom of Buckingham.' We ourselves can point to Plantagenets living in humble circumstances at Kettering, and now bearing the name of Plant, possibly for the sake of brevity. In the same town there is, or was, living till very recently, the widow of a baronet, who was earning her livelihood by washing and charing. Her late husband's grandfather, Sir John Gorwich, lost his estate at the gaming-table. His son died in the parish workhouse, his grandson, the late Sir William, was a sawyer, and his great-grandson, the present Sir William, is gone to America, whence he also hopes to return, to resume the title of his forefathers. We know also that the present owner of the ancient Scottish title of Wishart is a labouring man in the province of South Australia. Even princely streams come to flow through very humble veins. Among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., King of England, entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur a butcher and a tollgatherer—the first, a Mr. Joseph Smart, of Hales Owen; the latter, a Mr. George Wilmot, keeper of the turnpike-gate at Cooper's-bank, near Dudley. Again, among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III., we discover Mr. James Stephen Penny, the late sexton at St. George's, Hanover-square! Such relics of our old families are

scattered in every quarter; yet these revolutions of the wheel, 'through sunshine, storm, and cloud,' still leave us the consolation that, in the main, we are masters of our fate."

MEMOIRS OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.*

THE second, and happily the last, volume of those memoirs on public affairs which Sir Robert Peel himself drew up for his posthumous vindication having been recently published by his executors, as enjoined by himself, we must give some account of its tenour and bearings. But we must, first of all, endeavour to translate into English the meaning conveyed with such circumlocution, in a phraseology which is too diplomatic and vaporous for common use. It is the misfortune of his readers now, as it was often that of his hearers in his lifetime, that Sir Robert Peel's conceptions, however clear, were clothed in such a nebulous mass of verbiage that we have to probe and and disengage them to get at their substance. Briefly, it is like blowing the froth from a syllabub, or squeezing the liquor out of a sponge, or draining, drop by drop, the product of a jelly-bag. For Sir Robert Peel's language was not the language of common men in their

* "Memoirs by the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P., &c.," published by the trustees of his papers, Lord MAHON (now Earl Stanhope), and the Right Hon. EDWARD CARDWELL, M.P. Vol. II. Murray, 1857. [From the *Times* of April 14 and 16, 1857.]

ordinary intercourse; it was the intricate envelope of a statesman of great importance, and of a man perhaps more nervously conscious of that importance than any other individual known to history. It was his protection, like that of the cuttle-fish, to surround himself with this species of personal distillation, as a refuge against danger, or a cloak for his timidity, and his meaning was thus diluted or diffused, and dissolved rather than expressed in parts of speech. The language of most official men in official documents is flowing and colourless; it serves as a sort of solvent to their real intentions. But Sir Robert Peel used up more of this departmental gum in communicating his ideas than any of his contemporaries. Each of his sentences is a sort of official jujube, and a mass of such jujubes compose the records of even the most confidential phases of his public life.

We must dissolve these irreverently to get at their essence, and this process we now undertake for our readers. The present volume contains two memoirs —one on the grounds of Sir Robert's assumption of the Government in 1834, and the other on his conduct with reference to the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1845-6. We commence with the former.

On the 11th of July, 1834, Lord Melbourne made to Sir R. Peel a secret communication, by the desire of the king, who, now that Lords Grey and Althorp were out, was desirous of including the chief conservatives in his new ministry. Lord Melbourne did not share the king's wishes, and regarded the proposed combination as hopeless. He thereupon expressed

himself to this effect, and elicited a similar expression from Sir Robert, which was transmitted to the king, to his majesty's disappointment. Sir Robert was acting in concert with the Duke, with whom he was however, ready to take office on their separate account, and he has added a memorandum which flows into the form of a jujube announcing the policy which he "for one" (that is, meaning 'for *both*'), would have followed.

Sir Robert, (in plain language) concluding that the pear was not ripe, left England for Italy on the 14th of October, 1834, and was surprised at Rome by receiving the king's commands to return at once, and become his prime minister. In the mean time, however, Lord Spencer had died, Lord Althorp had been called to the Upper House, and "probabilities" which the king appears promptly to have discounted, had induced his majesty to send for the Duke of Wellington. But the Duke of Wellington had taken a view of his future relations to Sir Robert, which the latter acquiesced in with less hesitation than the king himself did. The duke, that is to say, had proposed Sir Robert as his *chief*, though it is not stated whether he had any premonitions of of the usual circumlocutory class, to the effect that Sir Robert was unwilling to remain his subordinate. We refer to this because we have been distinctly informed that such was the case, and, if it were so, it is quite consistent that the duke and Sir Robert should take this matter for granted in their mutual communications. In other respects these communications

are highly characteristic. The duke's are frank and curt; he calls the king's difficulty with his ministers "a quarrel;" says "he (meaning the king) is in such a hurry to get rid of them;" that they are "sulky enough;" that Peel will find "the tories, tory lords in particular, very well disposed to go all reasonable lengths," &c.; that he (the duke) has been "astonished at their being so docile," and that in the mean time he is filling all the great offices, as it was necessary, in bailiff phrase, "to take possession." Peel, on the other hand, writes briefly and drily, but he crosses the Alps *summâ diligentiâ*, and having had, as he says, ample opportunity for considering matters "coolly" during his journey, he informs his majesty on his arrival that he "does not feel himself justified, in the present position of public affairs, in withholding any services which it may be in his power to render." But he takes at the same time a clear view of his position and its difficulties, makes a reasonable, though unsuccessful, offer of office to Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, thereupon fulfils "*the most painful duty*" of selecting his colleagues, decides in favour of a dissolution, and issues a Tamworth manifesto.

The manifesto has various important bearings. It of course, *more suo*, places in the foreground "*the heavy sacrifices*" involved in the power and distinction conferred on the writer. But the king had required his services in a crisis of great difficulty, and how could he hesitate? To assume that he was morally disqualified in consequence of the Reform Bill would be to question the good sense of the people, and to

fetter the prerogative. Moreover, his opinions and those of his colleagues might not be at variance with those of the constituencies. At all events, to secure their confidence he will frankly and explicitly declare his principles.

He is no "apostate;" he has *never* been "the defender of abuses" (his declaration on this head we shall quote and consider presently); he accepts the Reform Bill as "final and irrevocable," and is willing to act in its spirit, if its spirit implies "the maintenance of established rights," with "the correction of proved abuses and the redress of real grievances." "To apply this declaration practically," he will not oppose the inquiry into municipal corporations, and he will give to the evidence and the suggestions of the report "a full and unprejudiced consideration." These are the limits of the frankness and explicitness, for, as regards ecclesiastical questions, he has no new professions to make. He had supported Lord Althorp's proposed substitute for church-rates, and Lord John Russell's Dissenters' Marriage Bill. He had opposed the admission of Dissenters to the universities, with some qualifications as to law and medicine. He had opposed the alienation, but not the re-distribution of ecclesiastical revenues, and had already expressed himself in favour of the commutation of tithes. He had resisted a retrospective inquiry into the pension-list, but had voted for Lord Althorp's prospective restrictions.

As minister of the crown he should persist in the same course, retaining that position, however, only from "the strong impulse of public duty, the conscious-

ness of upright motives," and the firm belief that, as the choice of the king, he and his colleagues would obtain a fair trial.

On what grounds he hoped to "*secure*" the confidence of the country, when he "held no language and expressed no opinions in this address which he had not previously held while acting in opposition to the government," and how far, if such was the case, he could take credit at this moment for "a frank and explicit declaration of principle," is not unequivocally clear.

Such a declaration might fairly be taken to imply some novel announcement; yet, novelty there was none, while the benefit of its semblance was claimed by the ingenious writer. The point is not material; it is insignificant even in comparison with the questions raised by the one paragraph of the address to which we have pointed, and which contains his version of his own past history. Of this paragraph, which we subjoin, we contend that it is substantially untrue :—

"Now, I say at once that I will not accept power on the condition of declaring myself an apostate from the principles on which I have heretofore acted. At the same time, I never will admit that I have been, either before or after the Reform Bill, the defender of abuses, or the enemy of judicious reforms. I appeal with confidence, in denial of the charge, to the active part I took in the great question of the currency, in the consolidation and amendment of the criminal law, in the revisal of the whole system of trial by jury, to the opinions I have professed and uniformly acted on with regard to other branches of the jurisprudence of the country—I appeal to this as a proof that I have not been disposed to acquiesce in acknowledged evils,

either from the mere superstitious reverence for ancient usages, or from the dread of labour or responsibility in the application of a remedy."

Never the defender of abuses, nor the enemy of judicious reforms? Then Gatton, Sarum, &c., were no abuses, and the Reform Bill was *in*judicious—was, in short, an abuse in itself; though in his address he accepts it as final, and is willing to act in its spirit, as he himself indeed stated, a few months later, at the Merchant Tailors' dinner, of May 11th, 1835—"not niggardly, not merely as content with a cold assent and submission to its details, but with an honest and generous deference to its spirit, and to the authority which it established." Yet only in regarding it at this date with very different feelings, could he venture on the assertion contained in his address; still less could his former conduct be justified. Unless it had been hazardously injudicious in his eyes, what becomes of his former vehement opposition, and what is the meaning of his present statement? Unless, on the other hand, it had proved tolerably judicious, how was he justified in his adoption of its spirit now, and his *honest* deference a few months later? In any event there is a screw loose, a position unexplained, a doubt and a difficulty left to the reader. But the untruthfulness of the paragraph is more conspicuous in its reference to the amendment of the criminal law. In this respect he had been at least "disposed to acquiesce in acknowledged evils," if not to defend them. As far back as the term of his Secretaryship for Ireland, Romilly was assiduous, session after session, in arous-

ing the attention of the House to evils in which Peel then *acquiesced* without a murmur. As it has been truly said, "he never helped the cause of law reform when it was weak and needed help; he never had a strong true word to say for it during the years when it was struggling in Romilly's hands against adverse lawyer majorities."* Some years later, when Macintosh was urging the House of Commons to revise its criminal code, and while that code was still hanging hosts of people for offences now punished with three months' imprisonment,† Mr. Peel and the government were the strongest opponents of Sir James. In 1822 Mr. Peel declared the system of this country to be "the most perfect system of jurisprudence in the world." In 1823 the criminal law was "*not*," indeed, "perfect," and there were clauses in the statute-book which might possibly be altered for the better; but not till after the government had been beaten in that year on this very question, by a majority of 117 to 101, did Peel's acquiescence subside under pressure; and not till 1826-27 did he introduce those Bills for which he then claimed credit, as "having done more towards the great and important object of improving and consolidating the criminal statutes of this country than any other individual who has gone before me." The names of Romilly and Macintosh might have occurred to him then, and fourteen or fifteen years of previous

* "Westminster Review," 1843.

† See "Sir Robert Peel as a Type of Statesmanship," by Jellinger Symons, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, p. 179.

acquiescence in evils since acknowledged by himself might have checked this assertion in his Tamworth manifesto. Yet this is not the whole misstatement of his personal history.

The word "apostate" is an obvious reference to the charges made against his Irish policy, and had he never been the "defender of abuses" here? In the final surrender of Catholic emancipation, we are apt to observe with too little attention the protracted defence of Protestant ascendancy. Yet, who but he, for some fifteen years of his public life, was its chief pillar and its most efficient bulwark?

In 1812 he declined to pledge himself with regard to the Catholic question, but in 1813 he pledged himself unreservedly in "protesting *against the principle*" of Mr. Grattan's Relief Bill. From then to some still undetermined date prior to 1829 he persisted in a course, the consequence of which, according to his admission on the 5th of March, 1829, was the enormous scandal that during the interval "Ireland had hardly been governed for a single year by the ordinary laws of the realm." He had himself been secretary for Ireland from 1812 to 1818, and the character of his administration is conspicuous on the pages of the Statute Book. Besides its encouragements to the brood of vile informers, it was a rule of the bayonet, the dungeon, and the transport-ship. Its chief archives are the Arms Bills, the Police Bills, and the Insurrection Acts, which empowered the Irish magistracy, almost at their discretion, at all events without trial by jury, to transport any one who was

found out of his dwelling-house one hour before sunrise, or one hour after sunset. This cruel and coercive system he had pushed to its utmost limits. This abuse, if ever there was an abuse, he defended as long as the means of defending it existed, and he yielded emancipation when he could hold it back no longer. His conduct in conceding it is not now in question, but his previous conduct must not be forgotten here, in connection with the assertion, now solemnly adopted as the final record of his public conduct, that he never would admit that he had been the defender of abuses.

It is this very weakness of "never admitting," this timid recoil from unwelcome facts, which it behoves us to guard against in reading these *Memoirs*. Sir Robert Peel had neither the courage nor the candour to admit the changes of his opinions, and the contradictions in his conduct. It was a characteristic of his, which no one can contest, however variously they may judge of his integrity. It was injurious to his reputation, and it may have been fatal to his peace, that he was always endeavouring before the world to reconcile two opposite lines of action. God knows whether he was entirely self-deceived, but if so, the deception was so extraordinary that it may almost rank with the delusions of an unhealthy mind. But the fact was this, that he incessantly deferred to the "force of public opinion," the "force of existing circumstances," the "highly artificial and complicated state of society in which we live in a country like this;" and at the same time wanted to claim credit for

the consistency of a man who adopts certain abstract principles, and wisely or foolishly abides by their consequences. The former rule of conduct may be a principle of itself, and may fairly reconcile the conduct of a minister to the requirements of a society which is master of its destinies. It may have a high though indefinite sanction in public morality, and it may be a reasonable though a precarious and hazardous mentor. It may even be a safe guide, where it is possible to keep it free from the suggestions of self-interest or of a defective judgment. But this principle, which was Peel's invariable pole-star, he followed with his eyes shaded, with his lips sealed, with a seeming trust in his timid heart that he was taking a different direction, or that he was moving to his destined goal from superior inducements. It was thus that he falsified his position incessantly, and, whatever opinion we may hold of his personal sincerity, it was thus, as regards this paragraph in his address, that so far he assumed the government of his country upon false pretences.

It is not our intention to travel out of these *Memoirs* for a history of this government and its comparative failure. According to the party predilections of its critics it will be variously regarded, but no one will deny that Peel himself showed great ability and energy in dealing with an adverse House of Commons, or that in his adroit struggles against inevitable defeat, he laid the foundation of his subsequent return to power. He himself confines his statement to an explanation of his endeavours to reconcile Lord

Harrowby and the Bishops of Exeter and Durham to the proposed appointment of an Ecclesiastical Commission, and to a statement of the circumstances under which he retired, upon the motion of Lord John Russell.

"Among the measures which received my earliest attention the moment that the Government was formed, was the appointment of the Ecclesiastical Commission, for the purpose of instituting those inquiries and entering into those deliberations which were the necessary preliminaries to an effectual reform of such abuses in the Church establishment as most urgently required extirpation, and to a supply of the most grievous deficiencies in the ministration of religious rites and worship. My object and intentions in establishing this commission are detailed in the accompanying letter to Lord Harrowby, pressing him to become a member of the ecclesiastical commission. I purposely formed the commission of persons decidedly friendly to the establishment; I purposely excluded from the commission every person who was not regarded as a friend to the Church, placing upon the commission a large proportion (as compared with the lay members) of the highest spiritual authorities. I did this for the purpose of propitiating towards the intended reform of the Church the goodwill and confidence of the Church itself. I clearly foresaw the necessity for this, fearing that when reform —though it had been loudly demanded by many attached members of the Church—though the necessity and the practicability of it had been enforced by high clerical authorities (Dr. Burton, for instance, the Professor of Divinity at Oxford)—fearing that when reform should assume a definite shape, and be accompanied by those suggestions of practical improvement which affect the interests and expectations of individuals, and are the real test of the earnestness and sincerity of advocates of reform, it would be much less popular and palatable than when it had been dimly seen at a distance, and was merely a convenient topic for the safe display of liberal opinions and professions.

"I fully expected that the first result of a sincere and united endeavour on the part of the executive government and the

Church to work out practical improvement would be general satisfaction and confidence among all reasonable men, and the abatement of extravagant demands in favour either of violent change or of the rigorous maintenance of the existing law and practice in ecclesiastical matters. I much feared that the second result would be a prevailing and dangerous impression that, in consequence of this tranquillized state of the public mind, in consequence of having thus appeased the angry clamour for innovation by the promise of improvement, the necessity for any change whatever had passed away, and that the Church might safely be left unmolested. I was desirous, therefore, to take every security that the constitution of the commission could afford against the suspicion of an unfriendly spirit, and against the consequences of alarm, real or pretended, as to the intentions and objects of those to whom the important duties of the commission were to be intrusted. I did all that I could by private correspondence to reconcile to the appointment and to the probable recommendations of the commission those sincere friends of the Church who were most adverse to any innovation, and whose opinions had the greatest weight, from the purity of their lives and disinterestedness of their conduct, and from their high professional character and attainments. I refer particularly to my correspondence with my respected friend Dr. Van Mildert, the Bishop of Durham, and others. The objects contemplated by the appointment of the commission are set forth in the letters which I wrote to Lord Harrowby, to the Bishop of Exeter, and others."

It will be seen that he has no defence to offer against any shortcomings which may have been attributed to this Commission in consequence of the constitution which he designed for it. It is sufficient for him that its "large proportion of the highest spiritual authorities" propitiated at the time the goodwill and confidence of Churchmen, and, if objections have been made by Churchmen subsequently, in consequence of

the preponderance of its episcopal members and its alleged tenderness for episcopal interests, to these objections he does not reply in justification either of his foresight or his predilections. There is, at all events, no ground for impeaching his inconsistency here. At the same time, there is no new light thrown on the policy of his government of 1834-5. There is nothing here revealed which the public did not already know in substance; so that, with regard to this particular portion of his "Memoirs," we are at a loss to account for his personal wishes or to see the reasons for its posthumous publication.

The *second memoir* in this volume relates, as we stated, to the Repeal of the Corn-laws in '45-6. This measure has been very naturally looked upon as the principal test of Sir Robert Peel's statesmanship. It was at least a crucible in which his fame was tried, and a final ordeal of his strength and of his weakness. It is late in the day to discuss the corn-laws as a comprehensive measure of public policy. Their enactment may or may not have been wise. Their repeal was wise, just, and inevitable. Happily, the issue is no longer a vast question dividing a legislature, convulsing a nation; it subsides here into narrower limits. It has become a tradition of national history that the corn-laws were rightly and prudently repealed. It remains only a moral problem—were they rightly abrogated by Sir Robert Peel?

This problem, nevertheless, is still of some importance. An entire and complete change in his

convictions has here to be accounted for, not merely as in the cases of Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, an acquiescence in the reversal of a policy of which he had been the mainstay. And more than a change in his convictions has to be justified, for there was a corresponding contradiction in his course of action and conduct. The opinions of an individual on questions of public economy may be fairly reversed by the wants of a growing society, and his acts may correspond, without impeachment, provided he is free from counter obligations of his own acceptance or his own creation; in short, if he has not engaged away his liberty to others.

But, apart from the right which all possess originally, there is here the personal question—the case of conscience, how far such a man, if he is encumbered by pledges to great parties or great interests—if he is more deeply and responsibly engaged than any other individual in the community to a particular course, may violate those pledges to do a public service, and may sacrifice personal engagements to an abstract sense of duty. We are to consider the proper conduct for such a man, when the engagements themselves are of a public nature, when they practically involve large consequences; and we have to consider whether the necessity for their infringement was insuperable, whether the same object might not have been accomplished by other agencies; and even if we can answer these questions satisfactorily, we have to consider whether the conduct of the immolating personage was, from first to last, unexceptionably

straightforward, and whether even his motives were unequivocally pure.

We are dealing with the apology of such a person, and therefore we are not answerable for thus narrowing the issue. On the personal question Peel himself invokes the judgment of posterity. His reputation is disquieted; it "*walks*" in the guise of these *Memoirs*, and tears away its historic shroud in the agitation of its unrest. A memorable change in the policy of a whole life has to be justified, and he lays primary stress on the failure of the potato crop! This calamity, we may say, is forced into undue prominence. It is the foremost topic of his first sentence, and its history occupies at least fifty pages. Yet, how does the potato rot dispose of a question to which, at the worst, its importance was but temporary? The issue is his permanent and final abolition of the corn-laws, to maintain which he was pledged under every variety of circumstance, and his abolition of those laws, not as a matter of convenience, but as a principle on which his convictions had been entirely reversed. In 1846 he had discovered that bread protected by the corn-laws was *leavened by injustice*. In 1841, on the motion of want of confidence in the Whig Ministry, he had thrown in the testimony of his life to the contrary.

"I should like to know who has stood forward more than I have done in defence of the existing corn-laws. I should like to know whether any man, looking at these debates, can really have a doubt that my desire is to maintain a *just* and adequate protection to the agricultural interest."

Here is not only a pledge, but a protest against

suspicion, made to the country and the party of which he was the leader, and this pledge was made shortly previous to the elections of 1841,—the elections which constituted the Parliament in which he renounced Protection for ever. For his answer to the considerations raised by such equivocal conduct, even as to his personal rectitude, we have now this apology.

In the first place, the potato rot, *quantum valeat*, is, as we said, pushed into prominence, and more material circumstances are kept in the background. Peel had not pledged himself as to details, though he had pledged himself to Protection generally as a principle, and he had modified the conditions of Protection by his Corn Bill of '42. But to Protection he still unequivocally adhered, though he declined to give any guarantee as to its *amount*. Between, however, the passing of the Corn Bill in 1842 and the close of the session of 1845 "the opinions he had previously entertained on the subject of protection to agriculture had undergone a great change." Of this great change, continuously developed, he subsequently gave in 1847 a history (which he quotes here) to the electors of Tamworth; but the closing stage of this change is that at which he commences, with the letter of Mr. Parker, a potato-dealer, to Sir James Graham. Other letters of a similar kind are referred to, and through September Peel and Graham correspond on the subject of the harvest, potatoes included; they consult the weather-glass and interchange reports, and it is remarkable that, on evidence so scanty as that given up to this point, so early, that is to say, as

October 13, Peel proffers this searching question to Sir James—

"Whether there is not that well-grounded apprehension of actual scarcity that justifies or compels the adoption of *every* means of relief which the exercise of the prerogative or legislation might afford?"

A letter from Graham crosses to the same effect, but is a little more explicit:—

"Could we with propriety remit duties by order in Council when Parliament might be so easily called together? *Can these duties, once remitted by Act of Parliament, be ever again reimposed?*"

Here is the first plain anticipation of abolition total and final, and before we have learnt much of the failure of the potatoes. It is to be observed, too, how Peel answers it:—

"Interference with the due course of the laws respecting the supply of food is so momentous and *so lasting* in its consequences, that we must not act without the most accurate information. I fear the worst. *I have written to the duke also.*"

In fact, if we may speculate on the import of this oracular paragraph, it seems to say, "I take you, Graham, but we must wait to know what the Duke says." By the same post Peel writes to Lord Heytesbury, from whom he requires authentic information, in commendation of "total and absolute repeal;" and Lord Heytesbury is impressed, as becomes him, by Peel's letter, which he communicates to Sir Thomas Freemantle "most confidentially."

In the mean time Graham replies that "we shall be

driven to suspension," but he does not repeat his inference as to the consequences, for it is now unnecessary. Peel sends Dr. Playfair and Professor Lindley to Dublin to inquire and report—to blow bubbles, as it might be; and Lindley and Playfair fulfil their commission seriously. Other communications are made to him with respect to the potatoes, and Sir James Graham points a letter on the subject on the 27th of October thus :—

"The anti-corn-law pressure is about to commence, and it will be the most formidable movement in modern times. Everything depends on the skill, promptitude, and decision with which it is met."

Peel does meet it with skill and promptitude, but the decision on the other hand is not so obvious. The Cabinet meets at his house on the 31st of October, and he prepares them for his cabinet memorandum of November 1st, in which he proposes to make pecuniary advances to distressed districts, which "will compel the assembling of Parliament before Christmas," which further "compels an immediate decision on these questions :"—

"Shall we maintain unaltered—
"Shall we modify—
"Shall we suspend—the operation of the corn-laws ?"

These "three courses" are thereupon discussed by him without that ingenuous reference to the consequences contemplated as "lasting" by Sir James Graham and himself, and to which we have already adverted. Without a hint of the graver questions tele-

graphed to and fro, without any disclosure of the proposals which we infer to be ready in the event of an approving *dictum* from the duke, the innocent and benighted cabinet exhibited "serious differences of opinion," and separated to meet again so early as the 6th of November.

In the mean time other communications are made to Sir Robert on the progress of the potato-disease, and among them two letters from the Duke of Portland and Lord Kenyon, on which Sir Robert interposes no comment. Lord Kenyon proposes that a bounty shall be offered to encourage our fisheries, with premiums for dibbling wheat, and Lord Kenyon further "takes the liberty of suggesting a special public acknowledgment of our dependence on God's mercy in our present distressed state." The Duke of Portland simply proposes a public subscription, to which he himself offers £1,000. It is observable that Sir Robert neither discusses the latter proposal in his reply to the Duke of Portland, nor refers to it in his commentary, though he is almost satirical at the expense of his other correspondent, contending that "he might think it hardly consistent with reason to adopt the advice of Lord Kenyon, and offer a bounty on catching fish, or make a public acknowledgment of our dependence on God's mercy, and at the same time leave in full operation the restraints which man had imposed upon the import of provisions." The silence as regards the Duke of Portland's offer will appear more significant if we look back to the chain of reasoning in the cabinet memorandum, which was this :—

"We must decide what we will do with the corn-laws, because we must call Parliament together, and we must call Parliament together because we must make advances of public money to provide food or employ labour."

Advances of public money were the key of his position, on Sir Robert's own showing, and he was not prepared to let it slip in the spontaneous overflow of private opulence. He may have had excellent reasons for declining the proffered substitute,* but his omission to acknowledge it is nevertheless remarkable.

On the 6th of November the Cabinet came together, and Peel submitted to them certain proposals, which were a development of his former ones. An Order in Council was substantially to remit the duties on grain until a day named in the order, and Parliament, which was to be called together to sanction the order, was to be informed of his intention of submitting to it *a modification* of the existing law immediately after the recess. But the cabinet, by a very considerable majority, declined giving its assent to these proposals which were supported only by the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sidney Herbert. It was "most painful to Peel to differ from his colleagues," but he determined to retain office for the present, and "not to *recede* from the position he had taken." Of his determination not to advance we have no such

* As an element to be taken into consideration, it will, however, be found, in p. 193, that Peel's calculation on the 29th of November only amounted to *half a million*, or *a quarter of a million*, for supporting Irishmen with food.

assurance. His position had already been interpreted more clearly by others than it had been candidly and ingenuously avowed by himself; for Lord Stanley had written to him on November *the second*, declaring how widely he differed "as to the necessity for proposing to Parliament *a repeal* of the corn-laws." Peel replied to this letter on November 5th, in a sentence worthy the analysis of Pascal :—

"I must, however, observe that I have *not* proposed to the Cabinet that we should recommend to Parliament the repeal of the corn-laws, still less that we should offer our advice to the Queen that the corn-laws ought to be abandoned."

He and Graham, as we conceive, had telegraphed to each other that suspension and repeal were substantially identical; he had disclosed his design "most confidentially" to Lord Heytesbury; and Lord Stanley somehow had surprised their secret. Peel, found with lantern, centrebit, and "Jemmy," demurely affects to have no design upon the premises.

The cabinet separated on the 6th of November, with the understanding that it was to be summoned towards the latter end of the month, to consider additional information, and conclude upon its course. Peel in the interval authorized large purchases of corn in the United States on account of the government, though he would have preferred, as he says, its introduction by ordinary agencies, encouraged "by the suspension of the import duty." On the 22nd of November, Lord John Russell addressed that letter to the electors of the city of London, which "justified the conclusion that the Whig party was prepared to unite

with the Anti-Corn-Law League in demanding the total repeal of the corn-laws;" and this letter, says Peel, "could not fail to exercise a very material influence on the public mind, and on the subject-matter of our deliberations in the cabinet." Yet the assertion that Peel himself was influenced by the appearance of this letter, "in the advice which he offered to the cabinet," is stoutly disclaimed, though "he felt it to be his duty to state his opinion with regard to the consequences that ought naturally to follow the issue of such a letter." In his memorandum of November 26, he accordingly proposes to suspend the operation of the corn-law, and to "*review* the whole question of agricultural protection." Under ordinary circumstances he would advise that this "review should be undertaken by others;" "review" meaning, in the contemplation of those others, total repeal. But the emergency imposes duties, and he is willing to take the responsibility of meeting it, if his colleagues concur, and to "review" on his own account. Two or three days afterwards he sounds the duke on the propriety of an immediate suspension of the corn-law, admitting that it involves permanent "*alterations*," to take effect after the period of suspension. The same day Lord Ripon, who has interpreted "review," "alterations," "modifications," &c., as an abandonment of protection, writes a pressing letter to know what "equivalent or compensation for protection," respecting which Peel had been throwing out mysterious hints at the last meeting of the cabinet, was contemplated or possible. Peel returns the unsatisfactory

answer that suspension is or was the main question, and that "it would be very unfortunate to differ about *minor details*." Actually, Lord Ripon is put off with this, and "Ever, &c., Robert Peel." Among other communications from his colleagues, Peel, however, gets one from the Duke of Wellington the day after, which states that "his own judgment would lead him to maintain the corn-laws," but "*his only object in public life* is to support Sir Robert Peel's administration of the government for the Queen." Goulburn and Wharncliffe may now intimate that suspension comes too late for its alleged object; the former may apprehend that there will be "few dissentient voices to the charge of treachery and deception;" and the latter may express his desire to "*die* honourably;" at all events, Peel's resolution is now taken. He knows the duke's "object in life," by a letter which he must have received on December the 1st, and on December 2nd he is reading to the cabinet a memorandum which, to say the least, is tolerably explicit at length. The legerdemain, in short, has come to a close; the well-fitting mask is thrown aside, for it is now unnecessary.

How neatly and glibly he now runs down the chain of consecutive inference from his refusals to pledge himself against *altering* the corn-laws, to the preference for that "final adjustment which can only ensue from total repeal." And this preference is quite independent of the potato-rot, of which we have heard and read so much recently. "I think, *quite independently of present circumstances*, that it would be true policy gradually to relax protective duties, and that

the experience of *the last four years* is decisively in favour of that policy." The conclusion of the whole is, that he now proposes what less than a month since he disclaimed to Lord Stanley, that in one way or other "all duties on the import of grain, meal, and flour, should be abolished." The experience of four years has determined the conclusion, but till the last four days, or the last few hours, he has abstained in his innocence from acknowledging its cogency.

The cabinet was, of course, deeply moved by this proposal, and its discussions continued till the 5th of December. Though there was a period in the course of them when Peel says he hoped that some such measure might receive the assent of all his colleagues, this hope was disappointed, and Lord Stanley and the Duke of Buccleugh proposing to retire from office, and others of the cabinet giving their consent reluctantly, on the 5th of December Peel "repaired" to Osborne, and went through the "very painful" ceremony of tendering his resignation. Two or three days afterwards, "anticipating," as he says, "the difficulty which her majesty would have in forming a government," he addressed to her a letter, to be communicated to his successor, with the professed desire of facilitating his arrangements. It had not that effect, however, as the world is aware, for he thought "it would be embarrassing were he to suggest the *details* of any measure for the adjustment of the great question which presses for a settlement;" and Lord John Russell and the Marquis of Lansdowne were not prepared to take office "without *further* explanations or assurances from

Sir Robert Peel and other members of his cabinet." Sir Robert, in his letter to the Queen, professed a "general accordance" with the concluding paragraph of Lord John Russell's letter to the electors of the city of London, this paragraph being itself as general an intimation of a statesman's policy as he could confide beforehand to that distinguished, but not very select auditory. A letter signed "J. R. G. Graham," in reply to applications of Lord John for greater explicitness, we have quoted above, but we must not lose the further committal of his candid chief, contained in this highly characteristic document:—

"He (Sir Robert) was prepared some time before your letter of the 22nd of November had appeared to advise measures which, in their general outline, did not materially vary from those which that letter suggested.

"He would have thought it good policy to conciliate acquiescence in the certain attainment, at no remote period, of the main object by very liberal dealing as to pecuniary burdens, and at the same time to prevent alarm and the risk of disturbance by such provisions as caution and forbearance might suggest."

This beautiful jujube betrays its compositor without the intimation which we obtain from the editors that the original draught of these paragraphs, though signed by Sir James Graham, *is in Sir Robert Peel's handwriting.* The "sweet Roman hand" is not to be mistaken, nor the effect of this jujube on Lord John Russell's constitution. Lord John stood in need of more positive sustenance, and he was fain to put up with this illusory compound. Some further interviews took place and letters passed, but Sir Robert Peel now

protested against the communication to him of "the *outlines*" even of a plan of adjustment, and Lord John Russell concurred, for even this course would not have helped him to surmount impediments which he shortly encountered among his own supporters. Lord John Russell also required, but Peel would not give, his pledge to support immediate repeal; for "a pledge on a particular point is open to all the objections to which a pledge to a series of measures is liable." In short, no pledge in any shape or to any extent was obtainable, but Peel's facilities were like fairy gold, which turns into flint-stones and other things as valueless. Accordingly, though Lord John is ready to admit that Peel has been willing to *diminish* his difficulties, he does not admit his readiness to remove them, while he resigns his task upon other grounds. Peel in consequence again "repairs" to Windsor Castle, and is required very graciously to withdraw his resignation. He states that he desired no time for reflection, though time was offered him; his mind was made up, and on the 20th of December he returned from Windsor to London, again first minister of the crown. M. Guizot, a commentator partial to Sir Robert, has expressed his opinion on this singular episode:—

"In great conjunctures this conflict of subtle and always rather obscure manœuvres, under an outward show of perfect sincerity, is one of the weak points in representative government; and men of lofty character can alone surmount its embarrassment by simple, prompt, and bold resolutions and words. I do not find that in their negotiations at this period either Sir Robert Peel or the Whigs displayed this greatness of soul. The Whigs aimed at too much security, and Sir Robert

at too much liberty. When men talk of saving a nation, they must be ready to accept more doubtful chances and to make heavier sacrifices." *

It is remarkable that the sacrifice which Peel put foremost as a reason for refusing the pledge, which Lord John asked him for, was the detriment to his party position—in other words, "because the giving of it would impair my influence in the House of Commons;" and yet this sacrifice was afterwards exacted from him by the course which he took, without the salvo to his dignity of its free and voluntary cession. For the present, however, he was minister, and he returned to town exultingly. He felt, as he says in a letter to the Princess Lieven, written at the close of the crisis, "*like a man restored to life after his funeral service had been preached,*" and he lost no time in throwing off his grave-clothes and electrifying his colleagues.

It is observable that he had no suave arguments to throw away upon any of them, now that the Rubicon had been crossed. They met at his house in Downing-street, but there were no "three courses" there. On the contrary, "Sir Robert Peel informed them that he had not summoned them for the purpose of deliberating upon what was to be done, but for the purpose of announcing to them that he was her majesty's minister, and, whether supported or not, was firmly resolved to meet Parliament as her majesty's minister

* "Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel," by M. Guizot. Bentley Page 264.

and to propose such measures as the public exigencies required." Of one thing he was assured—had he proposed to abolish the multiplication-table, or the law of gravity, he was certain of the duke's sanction, for the duke "was of opinion that the formation of a government in which her Majesty would have confidence, was of much greater importance than the opinions of any individual on the corn-law, or on any other law." The duke took as simple a view of the question as if Lord John Russell had been the first Napoleon, and the door of the cabinet was the high-road to Brussels. His statesmanship was of a simple, obstructive order, which we miss in these days as we might miss a turnpike gate at which we once paid due and familiar tribute. The rest of the cabinet made their several "sacrifices" in imitation of their chief, and the Duke of Buccleuch consummated his in very abominable grammar. Lord Stanley alone persisted in resigning, and adhered to his resolution to *resist* the repeal of the corn-laws.

From this point there is little more of interest in the narrative. Discussions as to movers and seconders and the management of the corn-law debate, ten or eleven pages on the employment of proxies in the House of Lords, and preparations for retiring when the Irish Bill was rejected, are almost the only remaining contributions to history. The circumstances of the repeal are otherwise so recent and familar that we see no reason for reproducing them here from independent sources. But for the personal justification of Sir Robert Peel, which is now the only question, we

find at the close of the memoir, before he drops his mantle on Sir James Graham, as his *alter ego*, a statement and a letter, in both of which he professes to discuss the charges brought against him. To these it is quite indispensable that we should refer, though we shall consider them concurrently with other imputations, to which they do not so much as seem to give an answer.

In the first place, the fact of "reserve" or deception (call it by a pretty or an ugly name) is deliberately admitted. His "views with regard to the policy of maintaining the corn-law" had undergone a change, irrespective of the potato-rot, and but for this unforeseen calamity "it was his *intention*" to have apprised the Conservative party that he could no longer resist a motion for the consideration of the whole question. We assume, that is, and we may fairly assume, that he could no longer resist a motion for that total, though graduated, repeal which he approved, as he stated, for independent reasons.

One excuse for omitting to communicate with his party we may put aside, then, at once; and as it is the most weighty, we shall have lighter employment with the rest. "Explanation," he says, "could not have been given on *the precise mode* in which the duties on corn were to be dealt with, without disturbing all commercial operations connected with the corn-trade, and incurring the risk of giving to some parties an unfair advantage over others." Explanations as to the *principle* of the measure contemplated, as to the change in Peel's views from the resolution to maintain

Protection to his acquiescence in the necessity for its graduated abolition, could, however, have been given, as we may reasonably assume, without any such risk as that contemplated. But whether this assumption be right or no is quite immaterial to Peel's confutation. If these explanations were really not without risk, yet, as he admits his intention of affording them to his party at an earlier date, but for the potato-rot, he could not plead this risk as a reason for withholding them subsequently. If, on the contrary, there was no more risk in the one case than the other, the whole argument is an after-thought and a pretence. To render it really available for his justification it must be shown that the same explanation, or an explanation to the same extent, would have had different effects at two different periods. But to employ any inference from the potato-rot to this effect is simply to sustain an argument as rotten as the bad potatoes.

The *differences* in the government which led to their resignation on the 9th of December are made a further plea for maintaining this long reserve towards his party. But this plea will not apply to the interval before differences had arisen, in consequence of the communication of his views to the cabinet. He fairly contends that he could not, if he had had leisure for the purpose, have made such communications separately to a selected few. "Times are changed," he says, "since a Prime Minister, after ascertaining the sentiments of the Marquis of Hertford, and the Duke of Rutland, and the Earl of Lonsdale, could form a pretty good guess of the inclinations and probable

conduct of a whole party." But that such communications were no longer conclusive necessitated a more open dealing with his followers of the House of Commons. Nobody had enforced the obligations of party connection more rigorously than he had. He had claimed the most implicit confidence from his followers, had obliged them to rescind their votes at his bidding, and had sacrificed their self-respect in the eyes of their adversaries, to maintain his authority as their leader unquestioned. Yet he declined to requite them with the slightest consideration, on the ground that he was unable to influence them through the chiefs of the great families. This may truly have been a personal difficulty or inconvenience; but it affords no *excuse* that a whole party was kept in ignorance, and permitted to pledge themselves with unshaken confidence, in the face of a most determined opposition, to a policy which he, their leader, had secretly condemned. On the point where a justification is really required it is simply, like his other plea—not to the purpose.

Grant that it was hopeless that by communicating his altered views to his rank and file he could carry them with him, as he carried with him so many of his staff, the question still remains, to which he volunteers no answer, how could he deal so insidiously with his cabinet? His colleagues there had been *chosen by himself to participate in his counsels;* they were in constant communication with him, and many of them were his intimate friends; not only as friends had they claims to his confidence, but, as ministers, their responsibility was only inferior to his own. Their

prospects and their reputations were, nevertheless, sacrificed to the maintenance of a secret, kept a secret from a notion of duty so transcendental, that it suits a Jesuit's measure of relative obligations. The incontestable claims and duties of public life were set aside for a loose conception of public policy—a conception nevertheless so limited that it was contracted to the presumption that one individual only could carry a measure of public necessity; in short, that if conscience had compelled to open dealing, I—the indispensable—"I should have failed in carrying the repeal of the corn-laws."

Now, we have no profound deference for this everlasting pronoun, which used to drain the compositor's box and exhaust the critic's patience. But to sustain it here as the pivot of the entire argument we must hold that, without Peel, free trade in corn was impossible. Again and again on former occasions we have admitted his talents, his experience, his discernment, and his personal weight and influence with the country; but it involves too large a demand on our common sense and patience to allow that without Peel Protection was invincible. On the contrary, the total repeal of the corn-laws was inevitable. As Mr. Jelinger Symons truly remarks: "Instead of being a consummation which Sir Robert Peel could alone achieve, it was a destiny which Sir Robert Peel was powerless to avert."* As respects the corn-laws, it

* "Sir Robert Peel as a Type of Statesmanship," by Jelinger Symons, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, p. 163.

was not of the last necessity that they should be repealed at a certain date or by a particular minister; still less was it essential or desirable that this minister should have the credit of forestalling those who had laboured zealously in the cause, while he, who, as he tells us (p. 98), adopted contrary opinions, "*without much serious reflection*," was steadily resisting and decrying their efforts. It was not for the vanquished to filch the honour of the victors, or for the labourer of the eleventh hour to appropriate the harvest.

As respects his personal desires, apart from public grounds, the motives were cogent. It was so great a glory to the name of Peel, that we can understand, though we cannot justify, his determination to grasp it at any cost to himself or his supporters. It is not, indeed, absolutely clear that he estimated at its full amount the subsequent penalty. In this very memoir he says,—"I felt that the injury to the character of public men, the admitted evil of shaking confidence in their integrity and honour, would be only *temporary*." He may, then, have calculated on a speedier reparation of the detriment, to himself included, than the sequel afforded. It is observable that it was not till 1847 that he remarked that the times were changed since a Prime Minister, if he carried with him the heads of his party, could pretty well calculate on the conduct of the rest; and the distinguished biographer of Lord George Bentinck has interpreted that significant protrusion of his chin when 200 sturdy 'squires and lords of acres walked out of the House to record their votes against his Irish Bill. There were symptoms just

before his career was cut short by the melancholy accident which terminated his life, that his professed abdication of influence as a public leader was not considered altogether obligatory. "Never, since his retirement from office," says M. Guizot, referring to his attitude on the Pacifico debate, "had Sir Robert Peel spoken on foreign policy with so much development and precision." Whither the development would have led him it is vain now to conjecture. But we may infer that he would have remained the same man, that he would never have been indifferent to the realities of power, or to the charms of official position.

At the close of his apology for similar conduct on the Catholic Relief Bill, he says: "It may be that he was unconsciously influenced by motives less perfectly pure and disinterested" than those he has particularized; then, why should he not have been influenced by similar motives of "personal ambition" in his treatment of the corn-laws? That he was not a trustworthy judge of his own motives is perfectly evident from many passages of his career. We must not judge him solely by his solemn public litanies, by the asseverations of self-sacrifice sworn upon his white waistcoats, but by the acts with which they corresponded, or rather did not correspond. There is a frequent and very compromising inconsistency in this respect. For example, in moving the repeal of the corn-laws, on the 22nd of January, when such a declaration was appropriate, he protested that "to be relieved from office with perfect honour would be the

greatest favour that could be conferred upon him." But we must compare with this his declaration to the Princess Lieven, not a month before, on *resuming* office, that he felt "like a man restored to life after his funeral service had been preached." Again, in his former volume we have a contradiction as patent. When about to lose his seat for Oxford, he speaks as usual of "*the painful sacrifice*, the forfeiture of that high distinction which *he has prized much more than any other object of ambition*;" yet seven days later he writes to Bishop Lloyd on the prospect of his re-election and retention of this high distinction—"In very homely phrase I say to you (what I would not say to any one else) *I care very little about the matter*." When he was thus inconsistent himself as respects his motives, it is not too much for others to say that, at least, they were equivocal.

"If," as we ourselves said, in reviewing the first volume of these *Memoirs*, "his ambition neither distorted his views nor compromised his principles, he is exempt from blame." But who shall resolve this "if"? It is not for us to affect a knowledge of the secrets to which the most public life is an impenetrable screen. But there is one dark doubt never yet resolved, to which we should not do our duty if we suppressed a reference here. "The Canning Episode," as it has been termed, concluded amid the condoning cheers of the House of Commons, but we agree with Mr. Symons, who has analyzed its incidents, that the evidence for the defence was neither complete nor satisfactory. And we add to his observations the forgotten

passage from the famous article in the *Edinburgh Review*:—

"Mr. Peel is well aware that it is not the year 1829 which he has to explain and justify. It is not when private opinions and public conduct are coincident that a man has anything to repent of, or the country any reason to complain. Could Mr. Canning have answered to his wish, 'Were our honoured Banquo here!' that princely and forgiving eye would have beamed with even unusual brightness in welcoming the new convert to his cause. He might have shrunk at the recital of *the inward change of* 1825,—at the thought of the eventful interval and the continued resistance; above all, he must have felt the difficulty of reconciling with these communications, so long and so mysteriously concealed, the disqualification publicly pronounced on him in 1827, by reason of opinions which, it now appears, were held at that very time by at least one of his seceding colleagues."

This imputation was not only notorious at the time it was uttered, but the article which contains it is one of those included in the *Selections from the Edinburgh Review*, published in 1833. It is all but impossible that it should not have been brought to Peel's notice, yet how can we account for his protracted silence in connection with his late and imperfect vindication?

We refer to this topic as an earlier evidence of the ambiguity of even his motives. As to his conduct, regarded as a whole, his case, in our opinion, is not bettered by the publication of these *Memoirs*. A statesman may accept the policy of his opponents on rare occasions without impeachment; but this was the course of Sir Robert Peel, not once nor twice only, but at every crisis of his public life. As Mr. Macaulay complained in a memorable speech, this conduct was pursued by him "on something like a system;" and

such a system deserves neither respect nor tenderness, though it was that of the foremost statesman of our time, and though others appear likely to find his precedent convenient. It is simply a very sorry spectacle to find the most eminent passages of a life made up of long and tedious recantations, and especially of recantations which the author attempts to suppress because he does not abjure his fidelity to his party. It is a spectacle damaging to public morality, and from the consequences of which we have not yet recovered; and it must necessarily cloud the fame of its author when history comes to regard him calmly, unbiassed by the predilections of his friends and contemporaries. Admit all the benefits he was the medium of conferring —admit his talents, virtues, authority, his political life was thus remarkable—he played a great part without those elements of greatness, a comprehensive foresight and a firm purpose; he was true to no policy or party connection, though he eminently served his country more than once by his supple deference to the will of the majority; while even then he lacked the candour to avow his true position. His course was thus adorned by splendid trophies, but it was *covertly* strewn with discarded opinions—opinions adopted, perhaps, as in the case of the corn-laws, "without much serious reflection," but defended with remarkable talent and vigour, and always from an obtrusive consciousness of duty, up to the stage at which they involved him in "painful sacrifices" and pitiful shuffles, preparatory to their surrender.

DORAN'S "QUEENS OF THE HOUSE OF HANOVER."*

DR. DORAN has been poaching on the preserves of the ladies. When all the rest of the world had ceded to the impetuous fair a priority of biographical interest in queens and princesses—when, as respects those of England, Mrs. Matthew Hall had appropriated all her queens before the Conquest, Miss Mary Anne E. Green had taken in hand all her princesses, and Miss Agnes Strickland had already held inquest on her queens from the Conquest to the dynasty of Brunswick, in rushes Dr. Doran with uncavalier-like haste, and plumps himself down on the only seat left vacant by the biographical sisterhood. Heedless of the consideration that some Miss M—— or Mrs. N—— might be taking off their bonnets and gloves with the same intention, he squeezes himself on to the vacant edge of the bench and begins filibustering with his steel pens and note-book. But the cause of the ladies is sufficiently avenged if, in his hurry to

* "Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover." By Dr. DORAN. Two vols. Bentley, London, 1855. [From the *Times* of Oct. 13 and Nov. 7, 1855.]

assume their office, he has made several huge blots, and has commenced his task by pricking his own fingers.

It is not necessary to repeat the penal operation to which he has been already submitted elsewhere.* Suffice it to say that he has written the life of Sophia Dorothea of Zelle without taking into account the compromising correspondence between that princess and her lover, Count Königsmark. He has not only represented her as a much-injured, but as an *innocent* victim of domestic envy and jealousy. He has insisted on her asseverations as contradicting the fact of a guilty intercourse, of which her own letters and those of her lover leave no reasonable doubt. He has barely mentioned these letters, which have now been before the world for eight years, and the presumption is, either that he was not aware of their contents, or that he was in such a hurry to anticipate his fair competitors that he "shied" all inquiry as to their possible effect. He has consequently paid the penalty of his rashness to the uttermost, and if his fair associates had had the handling of him he could not be more scarified. It is simply the fact that at least so much of his book as contains the life of Sophia Dorothea, is now clearly shown to be eminently unreliable.

It would be going too far to say that it is utterly worthless, because Dr. Doran has some qualifications which, with more care, would make his works useful.

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* In an article in *Fraser's Magazine*, by the late John Mitchell Kemble.

He has a literary eye for leading points, and he gathers together the collateral incidents of the facts he mentions, in a way to interest the general reader, whom he strives to attract. For example, in speaking of Königsmark, it may be said he goes out of his way, while mentioning that he was placed at Foubert's riding academy in the Haymarket by his brother Charles John, to state the circumstances of the murder of Thynne in Cockspur Street about the same time by the agents of the latter, to describe the singular incidents of their trial, and the result to those concerned, including the little girl, then the innocent occasion of assassination, afterwards the "damn'd Duchess of Somerset," who prevented Swift's becoming a bishop. These circumstances, it may be said, were not unknown, but it was desirable to group them in such a way that by means of their relationship they should take hold of the memory; and this kind of office Dr. Doran performs, while others bury the fruits of a more accurate research, without condescending to illustrate them for the benefit of the public. Such merit as Dr. Doran's may be small, but it has its uses; and his good stories are employed in this way instinctively, notwithstanding his alleged flippancy. We cannot regard the effort to amuse as criminal; but can admit, in consequence, an increased attractiveness even in the subject of his most unhappy performance—the still more unhappy fortunes of the Princess of Zelle.

Her story has, indeed, the main element of a drama —unity of interest, comprehending a guilty intrigue and its tragical *denouement*. The marriage of state

policy in which the heart had no share, the union with a contemptible debauchee and the rebellion of nature against the *system* which made the mistress the associate of the wife, sufficiently supply the motive; the lover, the assignation, the surprise, the murder, and the long captivity constitute the dramatic action. There was a "skeleton," not in metaphor, in the Palace of Hanover which must have played a part in the superstitious dreams of its possessor; and there was a prisoner at Ahlden about whom, for other reasons than her criminality, silence was convenient. The prisoner might have sat upon the English throne, but for causes which the Duchess of Kendal could remorsefully connect with the black raven she petted at Isleworth, under the impression that in this ill-omened guise she was visited by the spirit of her deceased king and paramour. The prisoner, on the other hand, was putting the alternative which has so misled Dr. Doran—"If I am guilty, I am unworthy of the prince; if I am innocent, he is unworthy of me." But the two hypotheses might well be reconciled, and she be esteemed guilty and he unworthy, on the fairest rendering of the evidence against both.

Here is the account of the way in which her marriage was procured by the Electress Sophia, and which, though it may have come from herself, may not be on that account the less true:—

"It had suddenly come to the knowledge of the electress that Augustus of Wölfenbuttel had made his re-appearance at the court of Zelle. Coupling the knowledge of this fact with the remembrance that Sophia Dorothea was now sixteen years of

age, and that at such a period her marriage had been fixed, the mother of George Louis addressed herself at once to the task of putting her son in the place of the favoured lover. She ordered out the heavy coach and heavier Mecklenburg horses by which German potentates were wont to travel stately and leisurely by post some two centuries ago. It was night when she left Hanover; and although she had not further to travel than an ordinary train could now accomplish in an hour, it was broad daylight before this match-making and match-breaking lady reached the portals of the ducal palace of Zelle.

"There was something delightfully primitive in the method of her proceeding. She did not despise state, except on occasions when serious business was on hand. The present was such an occasion, and she therefore waited for no usher to marshal her way and announce her coming to the duke. She descended from her ponderous coach, pushed aside the sleepy sentinel, who appeared disposed to question her, ere he made way, and entering the hall of the mansion, loudly demanded of the few servants who came hurrying to meet her to be conducted to the duke. It was intimated to her that he was then dressing, and that his highness would soon be in a condition to descend and wait upon her.

"Too impatient to tarry, and too eager to care for ceremony, she mounted the stairs, bade a groom of the chamber point out to her the door of the duke's room, and, her order having been obeyed, she forthwith pushed open the door, entered the apartment, and discovered the dismayed duke in the most *négligé* of *déshabilles*. She neither made apology nor would receive any; but, intimating that she came on business, at once asked, 'Where is your wife?' The flurried Duke of Zelle pointed through an open door to a capacious bed in the adjacent room, wherein lay the wondering duchess, lost in eider-down and deep amazement.

"The 'old Sophia' could have wished, it would seem, that she had been further off. She was not quite rude enough to close the door, and so cut off all communication and listening; but, remembering that the Duchess of Zelle was but very indifferently acquainted with German, she ceased to speak in the language then common to the German courts—French, and

immediately addressed the duke in hard, Teutonic phrase, which was utterly unintelligible to the vexed and suspecting duchess.

"It was another group for an artist desirous to illustrate the byways of history. Half undressed, the duke occupied a chair close to his toilet-table, while the astute wife of Ernest Augustus, seated near him, unfolded a narrative to which he listened with every moment an increase of complacency and conviction. The Duchess Eleanor, from her bed in the adjoining room, could see the actors, but could not comprehend the dialogue. But, if the narrative was unintelligible to her, she could understand the drift of the argument; and, as the names of her daughter and lover were being constantly pronounced with that of George Louis, the poor lady continued to lie helpless beneath much alarm and her silk counterpane.

"The case was forcibly put by the mother of George, &c.,"

one of its features being that, in the event of his marrying Sophia Dorothea, it was not improbable she would be Queen of Great Britain. This, with other considerations, having weight with the Duke of Zelle, it resulted that the electress returned to Hanover with reason to be satisfied with her morning's performance.

Of the marriage which took place subsequently, there can be little doubt that the troubling causes were Mademoiselle von der Schulenburg, the mistress of George, afterwards Duchess of Kendal and "*Mistress* of the Horse," and the Countess von Platen, the mistress of his father. The latter lady was indisputably the most mischievous, and it is of her that Dr. Doran relates the story that she was in the habit of taking milk baths, and, by way of utilizing her extravagance, presenting the milk to the poor. The Prince Maximilian got into trouble for detecting her use of rouge by "flicking" it with pea-water, a test of

adulterated beauty which is new to us, whatever it may be to Dr. Hassall and his coadjutors. But her enmity had more lasting consequences in the case of Sophia, of whom it is said, from the day of the issuing of the order which confined her to the castle of Ahlden,—

"She was never allowed to walk, even in the garden of the castle, without a guard. She never rode out, or drove through the neighbouring woods, without a strong escort. Even parts of the castle were prohibited from being intruded upon by her; and so much severity was shown in this respect, that when on one occasion a fire broke out in the edifice, to escape from which she must have traversed a gallery which she was forbidden to pass, she stood short of the proscribed limit, her jewel-box in her arms, and herself in almost speechless terror, but refusing to advance beyond the prohibited line until permission reached her from the proper authority."

Her son, our George II., once made an effort to see his mother, by riding over to her while hunting, but as he was at that time only Prince, he was pursued and prevented, and it does not appear that he repeated the attempt. She died in the lifetime of George I., and her death was notified in the *Gazette* as that of a "Duchess of Ahlden." So completely had she been kept in the background, that probably not half of its readers knew that this name represented the presumptive Queen of England.

With her successor, the consort of her son, Caroline Wilhelmina Dorothea of Anspach, Dr. Doran has been more fortunate in having all uncertainties cleared up by the communicative memoirs of Lord Hervey. He could not easily err as to his facts, and his comments

and illustrations are therefore to the purpose. His estimate of the queen is interesting, and, in the main, just. She had abilities of a high order, and she so employed them that England was governed and guided through a season of peril with adroitness and consistency. Her means, or rather those of Walpole, *her* minister, were not the most worthy, but they were probably the best that would have been effective in an age of general selfishness and mutual repulsion. As for her cross-grained and petty-minded consort, her management of him and his interests was admirable—a management which guided without galling him, and the tact of which he appreciated after her death. She was less judicious with her son Frederick, whom she allowed to exasperate her to a degree which was unnatural, and almost unparalleled. But her sagacity in other respects was the salvation of the House of Hanover, and well might her royal widower observe, on comparing *his* experiences with her portrait before him, that "*he* never saw the woman worthy to buckle her shoe."

Dr. Doran has brought together with amusing effect remarkable instances of his great unpopularity. He hated England, and England despised him. He would willingly have consigned her to Tophet if he could thereby have got to Hanover, and when once at Hanover, it was with the greatest reluctance and after long delays that he was induced to come back. The people marked their sense of his preference in various ways. On one occasion a sorry horse, with a saddle and pillion behind it, was sent to wander through the

streets, with an inscription on his forehead, which begged that nobody would stop him, as he was "the king's Hanoverian equipage, going to fetch his majesty and his —— to England." At another time a placard in the following terms was affixed even to the walls of St. James's Palace:—"Lost or strayed, out of this house, a man, who has left a wife and six children on the parish. Whoever will give any tidings of him to the churchwardens of St. James's parish, so as he may be got again, shall receive *four shillings and sixpence* reward. N.B.—This reward will not be increased, nobody judging him to deserve a crown." Soon after, when he was detained at Helvoetsluys by a storm, his subjects serenely laid wagers on the contingency that he had already embarked and gone to the bottom. Caroline endeavoured to comfort herself by reading "Rollin's Ancient History," but she was nevertheless tearfully anxious. When the king's letter reached her, informing her of his safety after a mad attempt to cross, it imputed his own indiscretion to the admiral. "But the admiral," says Dr. Doran, "drawing upon Lord Hervey, was entirely blameless."

"The king had deliberately misrepresented the circumstances. It was the royal impatience that had caused all the subsequent peril. The sovereign, weary of waiting for a wind, declared that if the admiral would not sail, he would go over in a packet-boat. Sir Charles maintained he could not. 'Be the weather what it may,' said the king, 'I am not afraid.' 'I am,' was the laconic remark of the seaman. George remarked that he wanted to see a storm, and would sooner be twelve hours in one than be shut up for twenty-four hours more at Helvoetsluys. 'Twelve hours in a storm,' cried Sir Charles; 'four hours would do your business for you.' The admiral would not sail till the wind was

fair; and he remarked to the king that, although his majesty could compel him to go, 'I,' said Sir Charles, 'can make you come back again.' The storm which arose after they *did* set sail was most terrific in character, and the escape of the voyagers was of the narrowest. The run back to the Dutch coast was not effected without difficulty. On landing, Sir Charles observed, 'Sir, you wished to see a storm; how does your majesty like it?' 'So well,' said the king, 'that I never wish to see another.' The admiral remarked in one of his private letters, giving a description of the event, 'that his majesty was at present as *tame* as any about him,'—'an epithet,' says Lord Hervey, 'that his majesty, had he known it, would, I fancy, have liked, next to the storm, the least of anything that happened to him.'

"'How is the wind for the king?' was the popular query at the time of this voyage, and the popular answer was, 'Like the nation—against him.' And when men who disliked him because of *his* vices or of *their* political hopes remarked that the Sovereign had been saved from drowning, they generally added the comment that 'it was God's mercy, and a thousand pities!'"

In these particulars, but still more in the grosser details of court life at the same period, how great is the contrast to our own time which a book like this indicates. We must contemplate our rulers in their private relations to realize this completely. On the other hand, what a tendency there is to repeat the aspects of public affairs; what a correspondence in some, though not in all, of their leading particulars. In the case of Queen Caroline, it was her own wish, and not that of an officious minister, to enclose St. James's Park. We all know the old story. Its lesson is as true now as it was then. When she had matured her plans, and consulted a nobleman connected with the

Board of Woods and Forests as to what the carrying-out of such plan might cost, "Madam," said the witty and right-seeing functionary, "such a plan *might* cost three crowns."

In that reign, also, there was a negotiation to marry an English princess to a Prince Frederick of Prussia, for the houses of Hanover and Brandenburg had then a close connection through the children of Sophia Dorothea, the one King of England and the other Queen of Prussia. The object of the marriage sought was to bind Prussia and England by still closer ties. But it did not suit the Frederick William of that day to identify himself with English interests, and the match was broken off. It was broken off, indeed, with some singular consequences. "The two kings reviled each other as coarsely as any two dragoons in their respective services." The quarrel was nursed until it was proposed to be settled, not by diplomacy, but by a *duel* between the two monarchs. The territory of Hilderheim was actually selected as the spot in which they were to meet for deadly combat. His English majesty was to proceed thither from Hanover; Frederick William was to make his way from Saltzdal, near Brunswick; and they would undoubtedly have crossed weapons but for the strong common sense of a Prussian diplomatist, named Borck. His Prussian majesty, he suggested, might not be able to keep the appointment, as he was at present "far from well;" in the mean time he had better defer the matter for a fortnight; and, as Borck's advice was followed, they did not fight after all.

A marriage was also proposed on the part of Louis XV. with the Princess Anne, and the proposal was entertained favourably till it occurred to some one, that if the princess became Queen of France, she would be expected to conform to the French religion. "This," it was urged, "could not be thought of by a family which was a reigning family only in virtue of its pre-eminent Protestantism." And rather than suffer this dereliction of principle the princess was ultimately consigned to the Prince of Orange, though he was the ugliest prince of his age, and the Orange connection had not been advantageous to English fathers-in-law. Under these circumstances the Commons cordially entertained the question of dowry. They came to a resolution to sell lands in the island of St. Christopher to the amount of 80,000*l.*, and to make over that sum for the purpose, in addition to any sacrifice which the king might be willing to make of his own income. The match, however, was tolerably popular, though the place allotted to the Irish peers in one of the nuptial processions involved the usual incident of "an insult to Ireland." To one person only, the Duchess of Marlborough, it was odious, because it subjected her to personal inconvenience. She was at that time residing at Marlborough House, and not on good terms with her "neighbour George," as she superciliously designated him. The entrance to her house from Pall Mall was then, as it still is, crooked and inconvenient; for Sir Robert Walpole, "out of spite," it is said, had secured the houses and ground she intended to have purchased to improve it. She was thus subjected

to a temporary though inconvenient blockade while the preparations for the wedding were going forward. "Among other preparations, a boarded gallery, through which the nuptial procession was to pass, was built up close against the duchess's windows, completely darkening her rooms. As the boards remained there pending the postponement of the ceremony, the duchess used to look at them with the remark, "I wish the princess would oblige me by taking away her *orange-chest* !" To complete this series of suggested coincidences the great theatrical success of the year was the revival of *Henry VIII.* at Drury Lane, on which the management expended so much in getting up its pageantry that it had what was even then termed "an unusual run."

In returning to Dr. Doran we observe that he has been near to the solution of a grave question, but that he has contrived to miss it. The pretensions of royalty were variously affected by the French Revolution, but they were restricted more remarkably in the domestic sphere to which Dr. Doran exclusively invites attention. The annals of the four Georges show in many respects the bearings of that great revulsion, but the annals of their four queens show it mainly in one. In the domestic circle a recognition of the domestic right of the wedded wife, of her title to an undisputed place and pre-eminence in the royal household, was obtained by the same agencies which convulsed nations and changed dynasties, and which taught an absolute king and an absolute rabble the decent limits of their respective power. It was

remarkable that their influence should penetrate to the royal bedchamber; but so it was: and the last George was execrated for claiming a licence which the first two enjoyed with impunity,—for arrangements which they even made in the ordinary course, and with the apparent concurrence of the queen and the people.

It is curious to observe how the value of moral principles of indisputable cogency has varied in public estimation; and it is important towards forming a just estimate of some whom otherwise we may censure too indiscriminately. Dr. Doran lays about him without distinction of persons, which is doubtless laudable; but also without allowing for conventional usages, which is not only careless, but which tends to mislead. The House of Brunswick, like most other houses anterior to the Revolution, derived its court morality with its court language from France,—a morality which was also enforced by court preachers, allowing that "all men—that is, *almost* all men—must die," and that one man was almost too exalted to do wrong. Under such a dispensation the royal mistress had become a recognized part of the royal household; custom had given a prescriptive right to caprice, and the object of a monarch's preference had become an institution of state. The queen of the closet, or concubine-in-chief, was held almost as indispensable to the royal station, as a grand equerry or a groom of the stole. There was one Duke of Orleans who, we know, considered that he would suffer in public estimation if he had not a "favourite;" and kings fell into the way of selecting

these officials as a matter of choice, or as a matter of routine, which they might find agreeable or otherwise, but which never or rarely disturbed their royal consciences.

If the first Hanoverian kings were no exception to this rule, the people they came to govern were almost as accommodating. They imposed, where they could, a limitation of their own, and objected if the lady in question was a papist. They reviled on this account "Madam Carwell," while they offered no obstruction to Nell Gwyn from the moment she announced herself as "the *Protestant*" functionary. Nelly was impudent; but she fairly appealed to a principle floating in the public mind of the day,—a principle which, according to Mr. Macaulay (vol. ii. p. 72), induced the pious Rochester to patronize Catherine Sedley, because she was the *Protestant* mistress of James II. This principle became subsequently a sort of unwritten clause of the Act of Settlement, and as such it was reverently respected by George I. It is commonly said that he came over to England "with *all* his mistresses;" but this is incorrect. The two Protestant ladies who became Duchess of Kendal and Countess of Darlington he brought with him, of course; but a more important mistress of the royal house, the Countess von Platen, because she was a papist, was left behind. The courtiers received the ladies with little respect, not because they were profligate, but because they were ugly. Lord Chesterfield says the king "had *nothing* bad in him as a man," though he remarks his preference for women "who had little principle and

much fat." His lordship forgets that the more obese functionary, whom Mr. Carlyle designates a "cataract of fluid tallow," was counterbalanced in the king's esteem by the "lean human nail-rod." The populace objected to both the fat and lean favourite, because they were foreigners, to whom they ascribed unusual rapacity. When one of them exclaimed in broken English, "Worthy folks, we come here for all your goods." "Yes," replied the first citizen, "and for all our chattels too." But beyond this observation of a somewhat sordid tenour, the first citizen made no sign that everything was not perfectly *en règle*. As leader of the popular chorus, and a class representative, he vented no expression of disgust or abhorrence.

We must penetrate to the closet of the first Queen Caroline to see how this arrangement was accepted by queen consorts. It is one of the most curious studies in history to observe her deference to the sovereign upon this point. The latter, after jingling his guineas before Miss Bellenden, but without effect, took notice of one of the queen's bedchamber women, and conferred upon her the vacant portfolio. Mrs. Howard, as the lady was named, was not thereby disabled from attendance on her royal mistress. Though her other function was known, she was taken to and fro from St. James's to Richmond to dress the queen's head. The queen even delighted, it is said, in subjecting her to such servile offices, though always apologizing to "*her good Howard.*" That she was not retained in her position by the king from any insuperable passion, and certainly not from polite

considerateness, is shown by the following circumstance, mentioned by Walpole :—"It happened more than once that the king, coming into the room while the queen was dressing, has snatched off the handkerchief, and, turning rudely to Mrs. Howard, has cried, 'Because you have an ugly neck yourself, you hide the queen's.'" On the other hand, the queen, though with her rival continually at her elbow, declined to assist Mrs. Howard's husband to recover his disreputable spouse. She even condescended to receive the thanks of Mrs. Howard herself on that occasion, though she demurred to a suggestion by which they were accompanied :—

"Caroline proceeded to call Lord Trevor 'an old fool' for coming to her with thanks from Mrs. Howard, and suggestions that the queen should give £1,200 a year to the husband for the consent of the latter to his wife's being retained in the queen's household. Caroline replied to this suggestion with as high a tone as she could have used when addressing herself to Mr. Howard, but with a coarseness of spirit and sentiment which hardly became a Queen, although they do not appear to have been considered unbecoming in a queen at that time. 'I thought,' said Caroline, 'I thought I had done full enough, and that it was a little too much not only to keep the king's *guenipes* (trollops) under my roof, but to pay them too. I pleaded poverty to my good Lord Trevor, and said *I would do anything to keep so good a servant as Mrs. Howard about me*, but that for the £1,200 a year, I really could not afford it.' The king used to make presents to the queen of fine Hanoverian horses, not that *she* might be gratified, but that he might, when he wanted them, have horses maintained out of her purse. So he gave her a bedchamber woman in Mrs. Howard; but Caroline would not have her on the same terms as the horses, and the £1,200 a year were probably paid—not by the king, after all, but by the people."

On a later occasion the queen described to Lord Hervey a farewell interview she had had with the same lady, who had been created Countess of Suffolk, and who was about to retire from her public vocation :—

"The ex-mistress took a sentimental view of her position, and lamented to the wife that she, the mistress, was no longer so kindly treated as formerly by the husband. 'I told her,' said the queen, 'in reply, that she and I were not of an age to think of these sort of things in such a romantic way, and said, "My good Lady Suffolk, you are the best servant in the world, and, as I should be most extremely sorry to lose you, pray take a week to consider of this business, and give me your word not to read any romances in that time, and then I dare say you will lay aside all thoughts of doing what, believe me, you will repent, and what I am very sure I shall be very sorry for!"' It was at one of these conversations with Lord Hervey that the queen told him that Lady Suffolk 'had had £2,000 a-year constantly from the king while he was prince, and £3,200 ever since he was king; besides several little dabs of money both before and since he came to the crown.'"

When the king was about to fill up the vacant post by a young married German lady, named Walmoden, he wrote minutely on her qualifications to the queen, whose affection he bespoke for the interesting candidate.

The queen, on the other hand, encouraged and advised him with a most accommodating unction. The tears did, however, spring into her eyes when, some time later, he proposed to bring the same lady to England. But she did as she was requested, and consulted with Walpole on the suspicions which the king entertained of the fair one's trustworthiness. She

even discussed with him the mode of inducting her into her official position :—

"She conversed calmly with Walpole on the best means of carrying it out. But the minister put no trust in her assertions until such a letter as he had recommended had actually been despatched by her to the king. She rallied Walpole on his doubts of her, but praised him for his abominable counsel. It was this commendation which alarmed him. He could believe in her reproof; but he affirmed that he was always afraid when Caroline 'daubed.' However, he was now obliged to believe, for the Queen spoke calmly of the coming of her rival, allotted rooms for her reception, devised plans and projects for rendering her comfortable, and even expressed her willingness to take her into her own service! Walpole opposed this, but she cited the case of Lady Suffolk. Upon which the minister observed, with infinite moral discrimination, that there was a difference between the king making a mistress of the queen's servant, and making a queen's servant of his mistress. The people might reasonably look upon the first as *a very natural condition of things*, while the popular virtue might feel itself outraged at the second. Caroline said nothing, but wrote certainly the most singular letter that ever wife wrote to a husband. It was replied to by a letter also the most singular that ever husband addressed to a wife.* The king's epistle was full of admiration at his consort's amiable conduct, and of descriptions of her rival's bodily and mental features. He extolled the virtues of his wife, and then expressed a wish—the wretched, little, debauched hypocrite—that he could be as virtuous as she! 'But,' wrote he, in very elegant French, in which dirty passion was hidden beneath very refined sentiment, 'But you know my passions, my dear Caroline; you know my weakness; there is nothing in my heart hidden from you; and would to God,' exclaimed the mendacious, blaspheming libertine, 'would to God that you could correct me with the same facility with which you apprehend me.

* Copies of the original letters, in French, will be found in Lord Hervey's admirable volume.

Would to God that I could imitate you as well as I admire you, and that I could learn of you all the virtues which you make me see, feel, and love.'"

This mutual appreciation and harmonious feeling subsisted to the end of the chapter. When the queen was on her deathbed—

"The parting scene with the king was one of mingled dignity and farce, touching incident and crapulousness. Caroline took from her finger a ruby ring, and put it on a finger of the king. She tenderly declared that whatever greatness or happiness had fallen to her share, she had owed it all to him; adding, with something very like profanity and general unseemliness, that naked she had come to him, and naked she would depart from him; for that all she had was his, and she had so disposed of her own that he should be her heir. The singular man to whom she thus addressed herself acted singularly; and, for that matter, so also did his dying consort. Among her last recommendations made on this day was one enjoining him to marry. The king, overcome, or seemingly overcome, at the idea of being a widower, burst into a flood of tears. The queen renewed her injunctions that after her decease he should take a second wife. He sobbed aloud, but amid his sobbing he suggested an opinion —that he thought that rather than take another wife he would maintain a mistress or two. '*Eh, mon Dieu,*' exclaimed Caroline, 'the one does not prevent the other! *Cela n'empêche pas!*'"

As a last illustration of this sense of conjugal duties and these deathbed consolations, it has yet to be added that the king was tenderly attached to his consort. A story is told of his lying sleepless at early morn regarding her portrait with tears in his eyes, and declaring he "never saw the woman worthy to buckle her shoe." In the same spirit he assured his children and friends on her decease that "she was

the only woman in the world who suited him for a wife, and that *if she had not been his wife*, he would rather have had her for his mistress than any other woman he had ever seen or heard of." On the other hand, the wife who so readily acquiesced in the incompatibility of the two functions was accounted a religious woman. The depth of her spiritual convictions was repeatedly discussed, and her frame of mind in her last moments pronounced by the Primate to be "most heavenly." Such were the views which our ancestors and their respectable rulers concurrently entertained of the privileges of high state in conjunction with the obligations of conjugal life.

How wide is the interval between that day and this! *Nous avons changé tout cela;* and, saving the Revolution, we owe the change mediately to the example of George III. The court of him and his consort was cleanly and decorous beyond all constitutional precedent. Queen Charlotte, says Dr. Doran, in a phrase which would have become the court milliner, had the "*good taste*" to be practically religious; and the king, we may add, had the good manners and simple fancy to be content with his wife. Many pictures of their "interior," the best of which are Miss Burney's, are contained in these volumes. The family and homely manners of the *Bourgeois Souverain* may occasionally excite a smile, but they had a salutary influence upon our national habits, and they unquestionably procured for him the national esteem. The most incongruous element, at

first sight, is the rigid etiquette and the ceremonial restraints which simultaneously prevailed. In Queen Charlotte's time no one ventured to knock at the door of a royal apartment, but they gave an intimation of their presence by shaking its handle. It was not etiquette to pass the door, if open, of a room in which there was anybody royal. The Duke of York used to attend his mother's toilet, but his presence prevented the dresser leaving the room when her task was done—that is, if he happened to stand between her and the door—for "to cross the duke would have been a terrible breach of good manners." When the king's eldest daughter was married "she had a right to be attired in a dress of white and silver," but if she was about to marry a widower, she must wear "white and gold." And so on. In pleasing contrast to this, the boyish effervescence of one who was at that time comparatively harmless is recorded by Miss Burney :—

"At near one o'clock in the morning, while the wardrobe-woman was pinning up the queen's hair, there was a sudden rap-tap at the dressing-room door. Extremely surprised, I looked at the queen, to see what should be done; she did not speak. I had never heard such a sound before, for at the royal doors there is always a particular kind of scratch used, instead of tapping. I heard it, however, again, and the queen called out, 'What is that?' I was really startled, not conceiving who could take so strange a liberty as to come to the queen's apartments without the announcing of a page; and no page, I was very sure, would make such a noise. Again the sound was repeated, and more smartly. I grew quite alarmed, imagining some serious evil at hand, either regarding the king or some of the princesses. The queen, however, bade me open the door. I

did; and what was my surprise to see there a large man, in an immense wrapping great-coat, buttoned up round his chin, so that he was almost hid between cape and hat. I stood quite motionless for a moment; but he, as if also surprised, drew back. I felt quite sick with sudden terror—I really thought some ruffian had broken into the house, or a madman. 'Who is it?' cried the queen. 'I do not know, ma'am,' I answered. 'Who is it?' she called aloud, and then, taking off his hat, entered the Prince of Wales. The queen laughed very much, and so did I too, happy in this unexpected explanation. He told her eagerly, he only came to inform her there were the most beautiful northern lights to be seen that could possibly be imagined, and begged her to come to the gallery windows."

But the player of this boyish prank lived to flutter his relatives in less innocent ways. It was reserved for him to test the change which opinion had undergone with respect to the conjugal relations of princes, and by his vices to incur an obloquy which followed him to the grave. The story of Caroline of Brunswick is the last of the four contained in these volumes, and it is the sequel of the others. Old court morality was then revived as an outlet for turbid passions, and to the scandal of the purer sentiments which had grown up in the interim. Dragged from beneath the tomb inscribed with the decorous virtues of George III., it was perceived to be at once loathsome and cadaverous. Paraded for a season in the face of day, it was a spectacle of funereal import to kings and princes, but that happier sights came after which have effaced its recollection.

The two main actors in the hazardous revival were truly qualified for their parts, and history can spare neither of them. Miss Burney has noticed the ten-

dencies of the Prince with a pretty *naïveté* which says something in her own behalf. She describes him as staring at her when she was in attendance upon the queen, not haughtily or impertinently, but in an "extremely curious manner." In the same way a cat might stare at a bird, or Don Juan, to take Dr. Doran's image, might have stared at Zerlina. Little Burney would have been a piquant morsel for that princely maw, but she fluttered past it uncaught, and soon other prey succeeded. Poor *Perdita* Robinson, for example, who was wooed and won in evil hour, and presented with a bond for £20,000, to be paid on his coming of age; but when that period arrived—it happened in a few months—*Florizel* would not pay the money, and had grown weary of the lady. Mrs. Crouch and Mrs. Fitzherbert next reigned simultaneously; in fact, the latter lady was protected by a left-handed marriage, and, being the Prince's wife, she could not, on George II.'s principle, be exclusively his mistress. Then came the supremacy of Lady Jersey, and by this time, with the help of other dissipation, such a load of debt, which he was too selfish to meet by economy, that, as the price of his freedom, he surrendered himself to a bride who met him half-way on the road to their common and complete infamy.

Caroline of Brunswick is too much of a heroine in Dr. Doran's pages, and is treated much too tenderly. A self-willed, loose, hysterical slattern, without definite principles or sense of self-respect, must have been in jeopardy anywhere, but with the Prince she was doomed. The prelude of her espousals was the old

German courtly programme over again. Brought up as a "Christian unattached," as the custom was in those nurseries of royal consorts, where Catholics and Protestants sought their brides alternately, she appears to have owed to her father's mistress, rather than to her own mother, her general education. To do that lady justice, she was the better preceptress of the two, and, though mistress, she attempted to correct the coarseness of the maternal example. Madame de Hertzfeldt (so the favourite was called) was shocked at the Queen's "indelicate stories," and she inculcated a more ladylike deportment. As she declared to Lord Malmesbury, she "spoke as to an old friend. She was attached heart and soul to the duke. She had devoted herself to, and lost herself for him. She had the *welfare of his family* at heart." This may be truth; probably it *was* truth with a singular aspect; but here was an introduction to life for the future Queen of England!

The Prince accepted a young lady who had been thus educated, without even seeing her. He would have taken almost any one as a condition for the payment of his debts; but his choice, it is said, was thus determined by Lady Jersey. Again it is the old story; just as Madame von Platen selected a wife and a mistress for George I., George IV.'s mistress selected for him a woman who, as the event proved, was unqualified to be either wife or mistress. Lord Malmesbury went over to fetch a bride as he would have gone to buy a horse in a horse fair; but (justice to Lord Malmesbury) he was evidently superior to his

office. His tact and candour on his delicate mission are among the most exemplary traits of diplomacy. His narrative is a masterpiece; while his sedulous endeavours to fit the bride for her appointed station are her heaviest condemnation. Caroline had the advantage of listening to a wise monitor under the most favourable circumstances, but she neglected his instructions. She had her good chances, but she flung them away, and went wilfully on her course of hopeless degradation.

She neglected even the obvious womanly duty of regard for her personal cleanliness. The suggestions of Lord Malmesbury, made with the utmost delicacy through the lips of another woman, were forgotten at the critical moment. Every one knows the story of the Prince's shudder of disgust and his brutal exclamation, "Harris, get me a glass of brandy." As a pendant, he himself was drunk when he was married, and required support to go through the ceremony. Together with his bride he took Lady Jersey to Windsor, and, to complete the mischief, Caroline took the latter into her confidence. Disgust, misunderstanding, weariness followed, and the first stage of the business was attained by a separation.

Then came through many years that lengthened scandal with which all Europe was conversant, and those infamous processes of which Dr. Doran, with a laudible reticence, has spared us some of the details. The "delicate investigation," the Milan commission, the revels of party hatred over scraps of disputed slander, the impetuous breaking-down of the barriers

of decency and self-respect, the rovings of the Queen and her coarse riot under the eyes of foreign spies in distant lands, with the brutal rancour of her princely spouse and its shameful issue, are notorious. If these circumstances have faded from remembrance while some of the actors are yet living—if they appear to us now less recent than they are, it is because they were out of date at the time of their transaction; they belonged properly to other manners and to another century, and in this age they were simply a disgraceful anachronism.

Dr. Doran has taken from the "Diary of the Court of George IV." the following description of the abandonment of the Bill of Pains and Penalties :—

"The ministers had carried their bill, but even their withdrawing of it would not prove her guiltless. 'I shall never forget,' says one present, 'what was my emotion when it was announced to me that the Bill of Pains and Penalties was to be abandoned. I was walking towards the west end of the long corridor of the House of Lords, wrapt in reverie, when one of the doorkeepers touched me on the shoulder, and told me the news. I turned instantly to go back into the house, when I met the Queen coming out alone from her waiting-room, preceded by an usher. She had been there unknown to me. I stopped involuntarily. I could not, indeed, proceed, for she had a *dazed* look, more tragical than consternation; she passed me. The usher pushed open the folding-doors of the great staircase; she began to descend, and I followed instinctively two or three steps behind her. She was evidently all shuddering, and she took hold of the banisters, pausing for a moment. Oh, that sudden clutch with which she caught the railing! Never say again to me that any actor can feel like a principal. It was a visible manifestation of unspeakable grief—an echoing of the voice of the soul. Four or five persons came in from below before she reached the bottom of the stairs. I think Alderman Wood was

one of them, but I was in indescribable confusion. . . . I rushed past, and out into the hastily-assembling crowd. . . . I knew not where I was; but in a moment a shouting in the balcony above, on which a number of gentlemen from the interior of the house were gathering, roused me. The multitude then began to cheer; but at first there was a kind of stupor. The sympathy, however, soon became general, and, winged by the voice, soon spread up the street. Every one, instantly, between Charing-cross and Whitehall, turned and came rushing down, filling Old and New Palace yards, as if a deluge was unsluiced.'"

The people who, perhaps, had barely heard of Sophia of Zelle felt that the time was gone by for a repetition of her history.

MEADOWS'S CHINESE EMPIRE.*

ACCORDING to our loose barbarian notions the Chinese empire is an overgrown anomaly, and, therefore, there is a *primâ facie* propriety in its illustration on a voluminous scale. The bulky octavo before us is only a portion of the work which its author eventually contemplates, and which will probably attain its completion when we are gathered to our fathers. Moreover, this octavo corresponds with its subject in a variety of characteristics which are not usually compatible, and which we shall not attempt fully to specify. It is studious and accurate, like the products of Chinese penmanship; it is quaintly luminous, like a Chinese lantern; it is as destitute of proportion and perspective as a Chinese picture, and it is quite as involved as a Chinese puzzle. Thus, for example, after reading the preface, we are directed to an essay at the

* "The Chinese and their Rebellions, viewed in Connection with their National Philosophy, Ethics, Legislation, and Administration." To which is added, "An Essay on Civilization and its present State in the East and West." By THOMAS TAYLOR MEADOWS, Chinese Interpreter in Her Majesty's Civil Service. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1856.

end of the volume; we are thence required to proceed to a paulo-ante-penultimate chapter, then to return to the beginning, and make the rest of our running as we may. Finally, if we understand the book rightly after this complicated process, we find its purport is to recommend Chinese principles of government, and to induce us to emulate Chinese processes, until, barbarians as we are, we shall have ascended in the scale of civilization to the standard of the celestial empire, which has stood the test of forty centuries.

Let the barbarians, meaning the British, henceforth perform the kotow, with their faces in the direction of Pekin, for their interpreter has come to the flowery land, and has there been enlightened as to the inferiority of his countrymen. We will speak of this miracle presently; in the mean time we may state that this book is the work of a learned, conscientious, and observant person, and if it were not really important in many respects we should not be thus calling attention to it. It is the most curious book we have met with for a long time, and if it were not so cumbrous in its mode of treatment, as well as in bulk, it would be widely read for the information it contains. To put its merits briefly, Mr. Meadows appears to know China more thoroughly and comprehensively than any of his predecessors. He can correct the errors of Huc and of Dr. Gutzlaff repeatedly, can take Mr. Collie to task for ignorance of the meaning of "woo wang," and demonstrate that Messieurs Abel Remusat and Panthier are quite at sea in their interpretation of "ching." On the philosophy, the history, the insti-

tutions, and the manners of the Chinese people, in short, he does not hesitate to challenge many of the received impressions; and, on the strength of what he terms a "factual" experience of eleven years, enlightened, we may add, by an inquiring and original cast of mind, to lay claim to a fuller knowledge of his subject than any of his predecessors in the same field; and we are bound to add that, as far as we can judge, his superior pretensions in this respect are fairly substantiated.

It may perhaps be owing to the very fulness of his knowledge that it is not able to flow from him with sufficient freedom and facility. Like the dwarf Kvasi, of the Scandinavian mythology, he is overpowered by a plethora, because no one can be found to relieve him by sufficient question and examination. His German antecedents, to which he adverts, are obvious enough in the lofty scaffolding from which he takes his descent into particulars. Like the Pomeranians who disputed the dues of their pastor, and whose memorial commenced with the condition of their parish before the introduction of Christianity, Mr. Meadows has a taste for remote generalizations, which he probably owes to the curriculum of a German university. He commenced his study even of Chinese at the university of Munich, about a year before the treaty was signed by which the "five ports" were opened and the island of Hongkong was ceded to Great Britain. With the intention of seeking a place under our government in China, and with the qualifications thus obtained, he proceeded to that country, where he arrived in time to

take the post of interpreter in the Canton consulate from the day that trade was opened there under the new system. There he has been, as we infer, ever since, with but little interruption, even the interruption including a mission to Loo-Choo, whither he was sent by Sir G. Bonham; and thus he has enjoyed the opportunities he describes, to project the various works he enumerates in his preface. The description of the Chinese people "*rigorously based on the principle of proceeding from the general to the special*" has not yet appeared, and unconsciously the practical duties of the English official have modified, if they have not interrupted, the process. In the struggle with his German envelopments Mr. Meadows has given us rather his special movements and experiences, with a view of the Chinese rebellion, and it is only incidentally that he here introduces the systematized views of the *magnum opus* he first projected, or that he discloses his conception of that great third work "On the union of the British Empire and the improvement of the British Executive," which he derives from Chinese examples, and holds over us *in terrorem*. The first and last of these subjects do, however, predominate so irresistibly in his reflections, and they are so closely connected together, according to his theory, that they crop out continually in the volume before us, and constitute its distinctive claim to our attention.

It is to be observed that in Mr. Meadows's case these views are not of late growth, nor of recent encouragement. He states that so far back as nine years ago he prepared a small work, which was pub-

lished under the title of "Desultory Notes on China," and that in his desultory mood he commended Chinese example to our imitation. In the forty-sixth page of his long preface, he announces his continued deference to the "great practical lesson of 4,000 years' standing — the Chinese empire." By imitating its expedients it is possible, he conceives, to constitute and perpetuate in Britain *and its colonies* "a great united and homogeneous people." We may defy the inroads of time and the impediments of space, and obtain guarantees for our duration and unity, at the simple cost of learning wisdom from the mandarins, of whom Mr. Meadows is the unfee'd interpreter. Whereupon, we come to the practical point—what is it that the mandarins, in their condescension, will teach us? The value of their experience, or, in other words, the cogency of an experiment crowned with this notable success of 4,000 years, is insisted on by Mr. Meadows with that rough indifference to Western vanity which, we presume, is acquired by an association with Chinese functionaries. He thrusts the celestial model in the teeth of questioning barbarians thus :—

"The Chinese nation, with a written history extending as far back as that of any other which the world has known, is the only one that has throughout retained its nationality, and has never been ousted from the land where it first appeared. And that it has, between civil wars like the present—wars necessary for the production of beneficial changes, whether administerial or dynastic—enjoyed long periods of a safety to life and property even now scarcely exceeded in the most civilized countries in the West, is a truth as well known from authentic history

as it may be inferred from the fact that its numbers now equal one-half of the rest of the human race, while its industrial products penetrate into every region of the earth. It is surprising what a large number of Occidentals can manage *not* to see the sufficiently plain inference that results so long-enduring and so vast must be owing to the social and political life of the Chinese being founded on great and eternal truths. The enlightened and candid-minded reader cannot know so well as I do, with my dolorous experience of the existing prejudice and stolidity on the subject, how necessary it is to insist on the above, and insist on it, and insist on it, and insist on it again. There is one class of the stolid that requires especial mention, as it has unfortunately some modifying effect on our habits of thought. The grand characteristic of the man of this class lies in his greeting everything that he never heard of, or never saw before, either with solemn brays of reprobation or broad grins of derision. Many very sensible persons stand in awe alike of his brays and his grins, while the force of sympathy alone leads others into a thoughtless braying and grinning with him. It is therefore necessary that I should warn my readers against his influence when I have to point out some things hitherto but little, if at all, heard of or perceived. Even to the stolid man himself I may, however, make it dimly comprehensible that in some branches of the social science it is just possible that the Chinese may be in advance of the West, in spite of their shaving their heads and wearing tails—ay, and, dreadful thought! shoes with white soles to them. The stolid man has either seen or heard a good deal of the art of printing, and of the mariner's compass. He has also seen or heard of gunpowder, though he certainly never would have invented it. Now, these things were known and used by the Chinese centuries before they were known in the West. May it not, then, be possible that a race, whose intellect enabled it to discover these great instruments of civilization long before we did, may also have been able long ago to discover in the region of morality and politics —a region which it has always preferred to that of physical science — certain important truths, *toward which we are but beginning to grope our way!*"

The fundamental truth which, in the opinion of Chinese thinkers, has had the greatest influence on their whole moral and political system, is, that *man is endowed at his birth with a nature which is perfectly good.* In "groping our way" to this we are not likely to have much assistance from our friends the theologians. Not even the candles of St. Barnabas were lighted for this purpose, while the opposition luminaries marshal us quite in a contrary direction. In default of their co-operation, Mr. Meadows refers us to the common sense of mankind, and to "Mencius, the originator of the doctrine." This contradiction to the Christian scheme commends itself to Mr. Meadows simply as the disciple of Mencius, and not by any means as the repudiator of Christian tenets, for he holds that very learned and good men in the West would be perfectly able to reconcile the seeming oppugnancy. At all events, the fundamental belief in China, from which the virtues of its people are in their own eyes mainly deducible, is, that the nature of man is good at the bottom. Have we not, says Mr. Meadows, ideas of publicity and justice as of distinct things, and does not the Chinese, in his moral superiority, render them both by the one word "kung?" In effect, he (the Chinaman) means to say, that wherever the natures of a great number of human beings are brought to bear upon any matter of business, the result must be justice. "The whole Chinese nation thus spontaneously testifies to the existence of a close radical connection between the two things which we understand by justice and

publicity." In short, if we want to get an unlimited impression of the Chinese belief in their own virtues, we infer that we have simply to read through their *limited* vocabulary.

On the theory that man's nature is good, it is nevertheless true that the Chinese believe the practicability of morality to depend. Thus we are told it is altogether a mistake to infer that it is the force of the parental institution which accounts for their unequalled duration. The world is at fault in attributing this result to the careful observance of "the commandment with promise." This commandment is obeyed in China to an extreme and questionable limit, but it is contended that the promise has either been misinterpreted, and that it does not refer to *national* prolongation, or that the Chinese in a national sense have so restricted the scope of the commandment, that on this account the performance of the promise can never be due to *them*. The family is patriarchal in its principle, but the government is not so. The analogy between the family and the state does not hold good on Chinese principles. In China sons never have the right to resist the cruelties of the most tyrannical father; but, by one of the oldest and most deeply-rooted of the national doctrines, the people have the right to depose and put to death a tyrannical emperor. "And this very departure from the strictest patriarchality is one of the causes of the stability of the nation; it is thereby permitted to free itself from tyrannical government, which, if prolonged, would cause its destruction."

The unequalled duration and constant increase of the Chinese people are thereupon asserted by Mr. Meadows to be owing solely to *three doctrines*, derived from the moral goodness theory, together with an *Institution* by means of which the efficient performance of the work, prescribed by two of these doctrines, is attained, and by which a living practical belief in all three is maintained in the mind of the nation. The doctrines are :—

1. *That the nation must be governed by moral agency, in preference to physical force.*

2. *That the services of the wisest and ablest men in the nation are indispensable to its good government.*

3. *That the people have a right to depose a Sovereign who, either from active wickedness or vicious indolence, gives cause to oppressive and tyrannical rule.*

The clamp of the whole is the *Institution*, which has been gradually perfecting itself up to the latest times, of "*A system of public service competitive examinations.*" Thus, through a series of moral beliefs and maxims, as through so many vestibules, we reach the palladium of the Celestial Empire, of which Mr. Meadows is so desirous to induce us to take a copy.

The system above mentioned, with its wide ramifications and elaborate arrangements, is described in Mr. Meadows's work at considerable length, and if we may judge from the numbers of the examined and the frequency of the process, the flowery land, to use a phrase of Sidney Smith's, must be "sorely vexed by question and answer." As to the value of this system to the Chinese, Mr. Meadows intimates that it prac-

tically enables them to dispense with public instruction. Though Government schools have existed upwards of 4,000 years, and though they exist to this day, the people find they can educate themselves better than the government can educate them, on account of the stimulus of examinations in prospect. The solution of the education difficulty is thus accomplished, but this is quite a secondary matter when question and answer are the everlasting linchpins of the Chinese policy. Mr. Meadows maintains that

"In every case the institution of public service examinations, which have long been strictly competitive, is *the* cause of the continued duration of the Chinese nation; it is that which preserves the other causes and gives efficacy to their operation. By it all parents throughout the country who can compass the means are induced to impart to their sons an intimate knowledge of the literature which contains the three doctrines above cited, together with many others conducive to a high mental cultivation. By it all the ability of the country is enlisted on the side of that government which takes care to preserve it in purity. By it, with its impartiality, the poorest man in the country is constrained to say that if his lot in life is a low one, it is so in virtue of the 'will of Heaven,' and that no unjust barriers created by his fellow-men prevent him from elevating himself. In consequence of its neglect or corruption, if prolonged, the able men of the country are spurred by their natural and honourable ambition to the overthrow of the, in their eyes and in the eyes of the nation, guilty rulers. A new dynasty is then established, which consolidates its power by restoring the institution in integrity and purity; and all the legislative and executive powers are again placed in the hands of the Heen nang, the Wise and Able, who—the ablest men being always the best—rule the country, not only with great soundness of judgment, but with much of that 'righteousness and benevolence' which is dictated as well by their own moral nature as by the old and venerated rules of national polity. Then follows

one of those long periods which are marked in Chinese history by the reign of justice, peace, content, cheerful industry, and general prosperity, and a glorious succession of which has made the Chinese people, not only the oldest, but so vastly the largest of all the nations."

In accordance with this picture, if China be compared with Russia, the Russian autocracy is a despotism *pur et simple*, maintained by physical force, while the Chinese despotism is purely an autocracy "existing in virtue of the cheerful acquiescence of the people." As to practical freedom, we are told to mark the following:—The Chinaman can sell and hold landed property with a facility, certainty, and security which is absolute perfection, compared with the nature of English dealings of the same kind. He can traverse his country throughout its 2,000 miles of length unquestioned by any official, and in doing so can follow whatever occupation he pleases. In open defiance of an obsolete law, he can quit his country, and re-enter it without passport or other hindrance. Lastly, from the paucity of the military and police establishments, numbers of large villages (some of which may be called towns) exist in every district, the inhabitants of which scarcely ever see an official agent, except when the tax-gatherers apply for the annual land-tax. The mention of tax-gatherers is, of course, suggestive of legal process, with summary judgment and forcible execution. But the Occidental barbarians who make such inferences take a paltry measure of the efficacy of moral agencies. Imagine a Chinese tax-collector confiding in the moral sensibilities of the

meanest Chinese ratepayer, asking the magistrate to give him (the collector) a bambooing, and then, with a species of penal instrument round his neck, taking his stand in the highway, and pointing to this instrument and to the wheals upon his person, while he appeals to the good feeling of the rustics, in exclaiming—"See what we have to suffer because you delay paying us what we are bound to hand in." Yet this spectacle, so worthy of Utopia, is described by Mr. Meadows (*see* his page 28, that on this point there may be no mistake) as of *frequent* occurrence in certain parts of China. Here, then, is a consequence of competitive examinations beyond the most poetic imaginations of a Chadwick, and a model of official procedure for the future mandarins of England.

While this Arcadian system is guaranteed solely by *fair* competitive examinations, the question arises, by what are these latter guaranteed in their turn? The nature of the Chinese candidates may be radically good, but the manifestation of confidence in their goodness is thus qualified:—"When the candidates enter the examination-hall they are *searched* for books or scraps of writing that might assist them in writing their essays." The Chinese shoes, as we know, from the Chinese Exhibition, have thick soles, and holes are contrived in the latter to hold little books, which are specially printed in very small type. One of these in Mr. Meadows's possession contains in five pages a condensed history of the old feudal institutions of China. Such volumes Mr. Meadows anticipates, without repining, we shall have in England in due

time. On such pemmican, instead of blue-books or the statutes at large, we are to sustain *in æternum* the British Constitution.

It is true that in some respects, with even this machinery, China does not quite come up to our notion of a civilized country. But Mr. Meadows is prepared for this objection from the first, for he takes our notion to pieces in an elaborate essay, and, like Mr. Hobbs, after picking our ordinary locks, proposes to substitute one of his own. Guizot does not satisfy him, nor Mill either; but he proffers for our choice this superior definition, that "*Civilization is the aggregate substitution by man of efficient moral and intellectual agencies, for the physical, in his struggle with animate and inanimate nature.*" With this arbitrary and somewhat intricate instrument he of course does pretty much as he pleases. Nor is it material to consider his abstract standard, which appears, as far as we have been able to test it, to leave out of sight religion and art. Its virtue is doubtless that, like the balance-sheet of a British bank, it is found to accommodate itself to the desired conclusion. Accordingly,—

"The reader will perceive from my definition of civilization that the Chinese civilization has from the earliest ages been the highest in *kind*, whatever it may have been in *degree*, or in the extent to which it has been practically attained. It is mental more than material. It has always taught distinctly in words and in books that man should struggle with man by moral and intellectual agencies rather than by physical—should gain him by subduing his heart and his head rather than his body. Hence the frequent and liberal use on the part of all authorities, from the emperor to the lowest mandarin, of moral and argumentative proclamations; another of the peculiar features of

Chinese political life ridiculed by Occidental ignorance. Even those mandarins who are least disposed by their individual natures to persuasive and peaceful measures, are compelled by national opinion to issue proclamations, the text of which is the stereotyped formula,—'Puh jin puh keaou urh choo'—'I cannot bear to withhold instruction and yet to destroy!' or, 'Destruction without instruction is insufferable!' In this feature of their mental civilization the Chinese are practically more Christian than the Christians of the West."

In another part of his book Mr. Meadows abandons these disparaging generalizations to compare us in the concrete, the following being his selected examples:—

"The one is a young countryman but recently arrived from England. He is clothed in shining boots, glossy hat, and the finest broadcloth, and is provided with a first-rate watch and many other conveniences of the civilized Occident, with the use of which he is well acquainted. On the other hand, the extent of his knowledge can be best characterized by saying that he possesses 'the three R's,' with a very limited personal experience of human life; and he is in consequence apt to admire as able in substance and excellent in manner everything written that contains long words and involved sentences.

"The second specimen is a Chinese clerk under me in the consulate, whose tendency to liberal expectoration I have corrected, but whose pay is so low that I have not the heart to insist on English cleanliness in clothing. When he first came to me, a double-bladed penknife was a curious engine to him, and he is still almost unable to let himself out of my office by turning the handle of that mysterious machine, the English door-lock. But he is a shrewd observer of character, and is well acquainted with some thousand years of history and many sound principles of sociology. It has been my and his dolorous fate, as translator and copyist, to labour together over a long correspondence, which on the one side—it would be a betrayal of official secrets to hint what side—commenced in fierce bluster and now ends in purest weakness. As he finishes copying the last epistle of the series, he points to it with his Chinese writing

brush, and gives demure utterance to seven syllables, 'Hoo tow, shay wei; chay she wei—Tiger's head, snake's tail; this is the tail.'

"Now, to both of these very different men I could not do otherwise than apply the term 'civilized;' yet traits of barbarism were palpable in both. Which was really the most civilized?"

We can guess how Mr. Meadows would answer his own question, and we may allow him this latitude if we acquiesce in his arbitrary definition and his arbitrary choice of examples by which to illustrate it. To come to the practical scope of his volume, Mr. Meadows has not only become a mandarin himself, but he is so solicitous that we should imitate him, that he lays before us a complete plan, the details of which might startle, if anything could startle, Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan. By this plan it appears that we are not to have even an Under-Secretary of State who has not passed through Mr. Meadows's series of examinations. The latter are to include physical as well as mental tests, though in *running* and in *lifting and throwing weights* it will be sufficient if the candidates pass a *sufficing* instead of a competitive test before their examiners. The examinations in *seeing* and *hearing* are, on the other hand, to be competitive, and we are left to infer, from a passage in p. 611, that Mr. Meadows would not be entirely satisfied unless he could institute a comparison of *noses*.

With all his apparatus of examination tests, of some of which we yet want information, there is, however, one little impediment to their sufficiency of which we

are surprised that a mandarin should take cognizance. No artifice that Mr. Meadows can devise can exclude the candidates of *apathetic* character. In fact, they can only be detected by experience, and by the manifestation of their nature in the conduct of the business to which they are, in consequence of their graduation, appointed. As a concession, probably, to Occidental weakness, Mr. Meadows wishes to separate from these torpid natures, the active spirits who will advance and improve their species. The *critical*, *originative*, and *self-reliant* graduates are to be winnowed by some subsequent, but unexplained process, from the merely *acceptive*, *imitative*, and *dependent*. They are to be allowed "to effect beneficial *changes*, to effect *progress* in harmony with the system, for otherwise they will inevitably originate changes in disharmony with it—*i.e.*, they will attack the defective system or existing order itself."

Thus, then, it will be seen that it is obviously unfair to try Mr. Meadows by our European notions, for he is simply an inconsistent interpreter of Chinese principles. The Chinese philosophy of life and government will scarcely bear such impetuous handling. Having made a cautious step from Confucius to Mencius, it rested exhausted and silent for thirteen centuries. Choo-he or Choo-tsze in the twelfth century of our era propped it up for another half-stride, and it took the position in which we find it at this day. By such tortoise paces does Chinese philosophy advance, raising itself on its fins once in a thousand years, overhanging the point of its equilibrium for a moment, and then

subsiding placidly in the mud. The geological transformations of the earth's surface afford a fair parallel to Chinese advancement. Coal is made quicker than Chinese ethics, and continents grow while its philosophers sleep. On this stable system a neo or philo-Chinese from the West, a barbarian of the barbarians, ventures improvements. Instigated by the rebellion of the Tae-pings, of which he is here the worthy historian, he has the audacity to couple China with "change," and mandarins with "progress," and to give a reckless shock to the solid globe which, in the opinion of the best-informed Orientals, has rested supinely on the back of the tortoise from a date long antecedent to its supposed creation. But what was to be expected from a mandarin who pares his nails, who cuts the hair at the back of his head, who carries in his pocket a superfluous nose-napkin, and who walks to a Joss-house in large shoes to do reverence to strange gods?

To the condemnation thus implied we must again add as a set-off that Mr. Meadows has thoroughly studied the Chinese system, that he has told us more of its bearings than we ever knew before, and that he has largely corrected the errors of his predecessors.

LORD COCKBURN'S MEMORIALS OF HIS TIME.*

THE "time" of Lord Cockburn was a very remarkable time, and it occurred to him, as he himself states, several years ago, that it was to be regretted that no private account should be preserved of the distinguished men or important events that had marked the progress of Scotland, or at least of Edinburgh, during his day. He had never made a single note with a view to such a record; but about 1821 he began to recollect and inquire. Such is the account which in 1840 he gives of the origin of his "Memorials," of which his executors, as we understand, have published that *portion* only which was written between 1821 and the close of 1830, omitting also from this the characters of certain eminent men, such as Henry Erskine and the first Lord Melville, and the details of some remarkable events, such as the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*, &c., which have been already given to the world in "Lord Cockburn's Life of Lord Jeffrey;" and on the acceptableness of this publication we can at

* "Memorials of his Time." By HENRY COCKBURN. Edinburgh. Black, 1856. [From the *Times* of Aug. 26, 1856.]

least say this,—his executors have given us, with all its curtailments, one of the few books of the season which have any real substance or originality in their pretensions.

The *Edinburgh Review*, with its associations, which we put aside, is, in virtue of some of its preliminaries, part of our national story. It was the banner of a class movement, and what it accomplished we have heard abundantly from Lord Cockburn himself, and from others, who, like Sidney Smith, had a larger share in the exertions by which it was set on foot. Apart, however, from the *Review*, there remains a collateral progress and memorable transition in Scottish society; and there was concurrently a literary, scientific, and legal nucleus in the northern capital which had unusual vitality, which displayed marked characteristics, and of which the recollections are exceedingly curious, and deserving this record. For any one who immediately, or at second hand, was acquainted with the celebrities of Lord Cockburn's pages, we can well imagine his "Memorials" will have a personal attractiveness which can only extend to ourselves in a secondary degree. Even we, however, are impressed with the distinctive attributes of the class of men whose memory he preserves, and can admire the manly virtues and robust intercourse of worthies whose heads and stomachs, on Lord Cockburn's showing, must have been equally above the average of the present generation.

If we ascribe to Lord Cockburn's friendship some enhancement of their importance, and allow for some

natural exaggeration of their public merits, there remains sufficient evidence of the existence in his particular circle of a society of remarkable force, earnestness, and vivacity. Postponing for the present their public achievements, we find that they supped and soaked with the same energy and hardihood with which they discussed metaphysical and political problems. Their naturally dry and polemical spirits were so copiously lubricated at friendly festivals, that their tastes were tinged with the rich hues of copious claret, and their virtues have a strong aroma, derived from whisky-toddy. They may be aptly described in the language which Grammont applied to Lord Taaffe and the Duke of Richmond, as being "particularly attached, to each other, and still more to wine;" and this inclination, which we ascribe to their "caller air," may or may not be a commendable trait in the eyes of posterity, but there can be no doubt that it tended to heighten their salient qualities, and to combine some unctuous graces with their angular developments. Like hedgehogs, they displayed their full proportions when wetted, and the consciousness of this circumstance necessarily required Lord Cockburn to make a prominent display of their convivial habits in conjunction with their public pretensions.

There appears also to have been among them an unusual proportion of persons whom we should describe as "characters" and "eccentrics"—men whose peculiar bearing and habits were in no ways softened by the facilities for assimilation which we enjoy in these days. The Edinburgh of Lord Cockburn's earlier

recollections was not the modernized cosmopolitan city it has become. It was more secluded and inaccessible, while it also contained a number of old places, usages, and institutions which foster local prepossessions, but which have since disappeared. Lord Cockburn, in the passage we are about to quote, remarks on the decided influence also exercised by the long war in keeping society in its ancient grooves, while it simultaneously intensified and developed all its vigorous peculiarities. He is speaking of the first few years of this century when he says—

"The society of Edinburgh has never been better, or, indeed, so good, since I knew it, as it was about this time. It continued in a state of high animation till 1815, or perhaps till 1820. Its brilliancy was owing to a variety of peculiar circumstances which only operated during this period. The principal of these were—the survivance of several of the eminent men of the preceding age, and of curious old habits which the modern flood had not yet obliterated; the rise of a powerful community of young men of ability; the exclusion of the British from the continent, which made this place, both for education and for residence, a favourite resort of strangers; the war which maintained a constant excitement of military preparation and of military idleness; the blaze of that popular literature which made this the second city in the empire for learning and science; and the extent and the ease with which literature and society embellished each other, without rivalry and without pedantry. The first abstraction from this composition was by the deaths of our interesting old. Then London drew away several of our best young. There was a gap in the production of fresh excellence. Peace in 1815 opened the long-closed flood-gates, and gave to the continent most of the strangers we used to get. A new race of peace-formed native youths came on the stage, but with little literature, and a comfortless intensity of political zeal; so that by about the year 1820 the old thing was much

worn out, and there was no new thing of the same piece to continue or replace it. Much undoubtedly remained to make Edinburgh still, to those who knew how to use it, a city of Goshen, and to set us above all other British cities, except one, and in some things, above even that one. But the exact old thing was not."

There is no doubt as to the central figure in any man's recollections, and for this reason we begin with Lord Cockburn himself, though he modestly strives to keep his own person in the background. His portrait at the age of forty gives us a pleasing impression of a clear and intelligent spirit, but we may doubt whether Lord Cockburn had ever the opportunity of bringing into play all his varied capacities, while we know that his success and preferment in public life came late. He was the son of a gentleman who eventually became a baron of the exchequer; and he was born in 1779, though he is unable to say where. He went at the age of eight years to the High School of Edinburgh, of which Dr. Adam, of the "Roman Antiquities," was then the head, and of which he had anything but grateful reminiscences. The latter is accounted for when we learn that, out of his four years' attendance, there were probably not ten days in which he was not flogged *at least once*, that he never got a single prize, and once sat *boobie* at the annual public examination. Dr. Adam is described as a laborious and tolerant teacher, and as absorbed in his vocation, as was singularly illustrated by his well-known dying words, "It is getting dark, boys; we must put off the rest till to-morrow;" but Dr. Adam's subordinates,

as young Cockburn's cuticle testified, were ruthless and indiscriminate, and kept him in a state of stupid terror. He and some of his schoolmates commemorated their final liberation from the hated tyranny by erecting a pillar, and depositing in a crevice a tin box filled with coins, which he himself had to rescue twenty years later when endangered by contiguous excavators. Brougham and Francis Horner were at the High School at the same time as himself, and Horner was *dux*. Of Brougham Lord Cockburn tells the following anecdote :—

"Brougham was not in the class with me. Before getting to the rector's class he had been under Luke Fraser, who, in his two immediately preceding courses of four years each, had the good fortune to have Francis Jeffrey and Walter Scott as his pupils. Brougham made his first public explosion while at Fraser's class. He dared to differ from Fraser, a hot but good-natured old fellow, on some small bit of Latinity. The master, like other men in power, maintained his own infallibility, punished the rebel, and flattered himself that the affair was over. But Brougham reappeared next day, loaded with books, returned to the charge before the whole class, and compelled honest Luke to acknowledge that he had been wrong. This made Brougham famous throughout the whole school. I remember, as well as if it had been yesterday, having had him pointed out to me as 'the fellow who had beat the master.' It was then that I first saw him."

It is remarkable, however, that this story, told with so much circumstantiality, is denied, as we are informed, by Lord Brougham himself; and we can only account for this by assuming that the circumstance occurred on the part of some other boy, and that Brougham, then prominent, was by mistake made its

hero. This suggests the necessity of cautiously receiving such stories when they are founded on hearsay testimony, or on recollections of a very early date.

We are not, however, aware of any other instances in which Lord Cockburn's recollections are so inaccurate as in this. He was sent, as he states, to the College of Edinburgh, in 1793, and there he ripened quickly under Dalzel and Dugald Stewart. Dalzel, who was author of the "Collectanea Græca," &c., used to agree with those who say that it is partly owing to its Presbyterianism that Scotland is less classical than Episcopal England. Sidney Smith asserted that he had overheard the professor muttering one dark night in the streets to himself, "If it had not been for that confounded solemn league and covenant we should have made as good longs and shorts as they." From Finlayson's lectures on logic Cockburn was promoted to the moral philosophy class of Dugald Stewart, whose personal qualifications and influence over the mind of the writer are set forth to our southern ears in terms somewhat hyperbolical.

"He lectured standing, from notes which, with their successive additions, must, I suppose, at last have been nearly as full as his spoken words. His lecturing manner was professorial, but gentlemanlike; calm and expository, but rising into greatness, or softening into tenderness, whenever his subject required it. A slight asthmatic affection made him often clear his throat; and such was my admiration of the whole exhibition that Macvey Napier told him, not long ago, that I had said there was eloquence in his very spitting. 'Then,' said he, 'I am glad there was at least one thing in which I had no competitor.' There are some, and those good judges, who have

depreciated his lectures, on account of what they call vagueness; by which they mean the absence of strict, and, particularly, of metaphysical reasoning, which, they think, made his course evaporate in fruitless general declamation. The real import of this criticism is, that it was not prelections on the philosophy of morals that the critics desired. His generality and his indulgence in moral themes, which are what these hard-headed censors complain of, constituted the very charm of his course. A stronger infusion of dry matter, especially metaphysical, would have extinguished its magic. The breadth and simplicity of his views might, not unnaturally, have made him appear superficial to those who did not understand him. But he who either in the business of life or in the prosecution of philosophy, had occasion to recur to principles, always found that, either for study or for practice, Stewart's doctrines were his surest guide. To me his lectures were like the opening of the heavens. I felt that I had a soul. His noble views, unfolded in glorious sentences, elevated me into a higher world. I was as much excited and charmed as any man of cultivated taste would be, who, after being ignorant of their existence, was admitted to all the glories of Milton, and Cicero, and Shakespeare. They changed my whole nature. In short, Dugald Stewart was one of the greatest of didactic orators. Had he lived in ancient times his memory would have descended to us as that of one of the finest of the old eloquent sages. But his lot was better cast. Flourishing in an age which requires all the dignity of morals to counteract the tendencies of physical pursuits and political convulsion, he has exalted the character of his country and his generation. No intelligent pupil of his ever ceased to respect philosophy, or was ever false to his principles, without feeling the crime aggravated by the recollection of the morality that Stewart had taught him."

The teaching of Finlayson and Stewart formed a fitting prelude to the academical and speculative societies in which Cockburn took part. At this stage he recals some of the amusements of his early days, which are indexes of the flight of time

and the change in our manners. At the dancing-rooms in George Square, so rigid was the etiquette that

"No couple could dance unless each party was provided with a ticket prescribing the precise place in the precise dance. If there was no ticket, the gentleman or the lady was dealt with as an intruder, and turned out of the dance. If the ticket had marked upon it—say for a country dance, the figures 3.5, this meant that the holder was to place himself in the third dance, and fifth from the top; and if he was anywhere else he was set right or excluded; and the partner's ticket must correspond. Woe on the poor girl who, with ticket 2.7, was found opposite a youth marked 5.9! It was flirting without a licence, and looked very ill, and would probably be reported by the ticket director of that dance to the mother. Of course, parties or parents who wished to secure dancing for themselves or those they had charge of, provided themselves with correct and corresponding vouchers before the ball day arrived. This could only be accomplished through a director, and the election of a pope sometimes required less jobbing. When parties chose to take their chance they might do so; but still, though only obtained in the room, the written permission was necessary: and such a thing as a compact to dance by a couple without official authority would have been an outrage that could scarcely be contemplated. Tea was sipped in siderooms, and he was a careless beau who did not present his partner with an orange at the end of each dance; and the oranges and the tea, like everything else, were under exact and positive regulations."

The dinner regulations were still more rigorous and oppressive. The dinner hour, after a series of innovations, and protests, and disputes, over each half-hour's advance, ranged eventually at five or six. In the procession to the dining-room all the ladies first went off by themselves in a regular row, according to the ordinary rules of precedence. Then the gentle-

men followed in a corresponding file, and when they also reached the dining-room they found the ladies lingering about the backs of the chairs till they could learn their fate by the gentlemen's selection of partners. What followed is stated at some length, but it is exceedingly curious as an evidence of the social revolution accomplished in the last half-century :—

"Healths and toasts were special torments—oppressions which cannot now be conceived. Every glass during dinner required to be dedicated to the health of some one. It was thought sottish and rude to take wine without this, as if, forsooth! there was nobody present worth drinking with. I was present, about 1803, when the late Duke of Buccleuch took a glass of sherry by himself at the table of Charles Hope, then Lord Advocate, and this was noticed afterwards as a piece of ducal contempt. And the person asked to take wine was not invited by anything so slovenly as a look combined with a putting of the hand upon the bottle, as is practised by near neighbours now. It was a much more serious affair. For one thing, the wine was very rarely on the table. It had to be called for, and, in order to let the servant know to whom he was to carry it, the caller was obliged to specify his partner aloud. All this required some premeditation and courage. Hence timid men never ventured on so bold a step at all, but were glad to escape by only drinking when they were invited. As this ceremony was a mark of respect, the landlord, or any other person who thought himself the great man, was generally graciously pleased to perform it to every one present; but he and others were always at liberty to abridge the severity of the duty by performing it by platoons. They took a brace, or two brace, of ladies, or of gentlemen, or of both, and got them all engaged at once, and proclaiming to the sideboard—'A glass of sherry for Miss Dundas, Mrs. Murray, and Miss Hope, and a glass of port for Mr. Hume, and one for me,' he slew them by coveys. And all the parties to the contract were

bound to acknowledge each other distinctly. No nods, or grins, or indifference, but a direct look at the object, the audible uttering of the very words,—'Your good health,' accompanied by a respectful inclination of the head, a gentle attraction of the right hand towards the heart, and a gratified smile. And after all these detached pieces of attention during the feast were over, no sooner was the table cleared, and the after-dinner glasses set down, than it became necessary for each person, following the landlord, to drink the health of every other person present individually. Thus, where there were ten people, there were ninety healths drunk. This ceremony was often slurred over by the bashful, who were allowed merely to look the benediction, but usage compelled them to look it distinctly, and to each individual. To do this well required some grace, and consequently, it was best done by the polite, ruffled, and frilled gentlemen of the olden time.

"This prandial nuisance was horrible. But it was nothing to what followed, for after dinner, and before the ladies retired, there generally began what were called 'rounds' of toasts, when each gentleman named an absent lady, and each lady an absent gentleman, separately; or one person was required to give an absent lady, and another person was required to match a gentleman with that lady, and the pair named were toasted, generally with allusions and jokes about the fitness of the union; and, worst of all, there were 'sentiments.' These were short, epigrammatic sentences, expressive of moral feelings and virtues, and were thought refined and elegant productions. A faint conception of their nauseousness may be formed from the following examples, every one of which I have heard given a thousand times, and which, indeed, I only recollect from their being favourites. The glasses being filled, a person was asked for his or for her sentiment, when this, or something similar, was committed,—'May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflections of the morning;' or, 'May the friends of our youth be the companions of our old age;' or 'Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds;' 'May the honest heart never feel distress;' 'May the hand of charity wipe the tear from the eye of sorrow;' 'May never worse be among us.' There were stores of similar reflections, and for all kinds of parties, from the elegant and romantic

to the political, the municipal, the ecclesiastic, and the drunken. Many of the thoughts and sayings survive still, and may occasionally be heard at a club or a tavern. But even there they are out of vogue as established parts of the entertainment, and in some scenes nothing can be very offensive. But the proper sentiment was a high and pure production—a moral motto, and was meant to dignify and grace private society. Hence, even after an easier age began to sneer at the display, the correct course was to receive the sentiment, if not with real admiration, at least with decorous respect. Mercifully, there was a large known public stock of the odious commodity, so that nobody who could screw up his nerves to pronounce the words, had any occasion to strain his invention. The conceited, the ready, or the reckless, hackneyed in the art, had a knack of making new sentiments applicable to the passing accidents with great ease. But it was a dreadful oppression on the timid or the awkward. They used to shudder, ladies particularly, for nobody was spared when their turn in the round approached. Many a struggle and blush did it cost; but this seemed only to excite the tyranny of the masters of the craft, and compliance could never be avoided except by more torture than yielding. There can scarcely be a better example of the emetical nature of the stuff that was swallowed, than the sentiment elaborated by the poor dominie at Arndilly. He was called upon, in his turn, before a large party, and having nothing to guide him in an exercise to which he was new, except what he saw was liked, after much writhing and groaning, he came out with, 'The reflection of the moon in the cawm bozom of the lake.' It is difficult for those who have been born under a more natural system to comprehend how a sensible man, a respectable matron, a worthy old maid, and especially a girl, could be expected to go into company only on such conditions.

"But a new generation gradually laughed the sentiments away, so that at last one could only be got as a curiosity from some old-fashioned practitioner. They survived longer in male parties, especially of a wild character. Yet Scott, in presiding even at the grave annual dinners of the Bannatyne Club, always insisted on rounds of ladies and gentlemen, and of authors and printers, poets and kings, in regular pairs. Of course, in that

toasting and loyal age, the king was never forgotten, even though the company consisted only of the host and his wife and children."

After these elaborate dinners, Lord Cockburn nevertheless does not forget the suppers, which were the favourite Edinburgh repast, and which he feelingly deplores as "now fading into paltry wine-and-water." Early dinners originally begat suppers, but the divines and metaphysicians of Lord Cockburn's circle, with Rabelaisian facility of digestion, after the dinners had grown late retained the suppers still. Lord Cockburn says all that can be said in their favour, quotes the Attic examples of Lords Hermand and Monboddo, and dwells with especially tender unction upon the Sunday suppers of his friend Sir Henry Moncrieff:—

"This most admirable and somewhat old-fashioned gentleman was one of those who always dined between sermons, probably without touching wine. He then walked back—look at him—from his small house in the east end of Queen Street to his church, with his bands, his little cocked hat, his tall cane, and his cardinal air; preached, if it was his turn, a sensible practical sermon; walked home in the same style; took tea about five, spent some hours in his study; at nine had family worship, at which he was delighted to see the friends of any of his sons; after which the whole party sat down to the roasted hens, the goblets of wine, and his powerful talk. Here was a mode of alluring young men into the paths of pious pleasantness."

Lord Cockburn is particularly anxious to distinguish between this "pious pleasantness" and religious indifference, which so often neglects its liquor. Yet of Principal Robertson, whom, with other worthies of the older generation, Lord Cockburn

describes, we hear, among other traits, that, though somewhat lax in his doctrine, "he struck us boys, even from the side-table, as being evidently fond of a good dinner, at which he sat with his chin near his plate, intent upon the real business of the occasion." Of Lord Hermand, of whom the writer speaks as "an established wonder and delight," we are told, not only that he was fond of the pleasures, and not least the liquid ones, of the table, but that "he had acted in more of the severest scenes of old Scotch drinking than any man at last living." Moreover, "he had a serious respect for drinking—indeed, a high moral approbation, and a serious compassion for the poor wretches who could not indulge in it, with due contempt of those who could, but did not." The cordiality inspired by claret and punch was felt by him as so congenial to all right thinking that "he was confident he could convert the pope, if he could only get him to sup with him." "And certainly," adds Lord Cockburn, "his Holiness would have been hard to persuade if he could have withstood Hermand about the middle of his second tumbler." An illustration of the severity with which in his judicial capacity he was inclined to visit any offence against boon companionship is afforded by his strong charge against a prisoner who, when intoxicated, had stabbed his companion. The other judges were for letting him off easily; but Hermand, who felt that discredit had been brought on the cause of drinking, had no sympathy with the tenderness of his temperate brethren, and was vehement for transportation.

"We are told," said he, "that there was no malice, and that the prisoner was in liquor. In liquor! *Why, he was drunk!* And *yet* he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night; and yet he stabbed him, after drinking a *whole* bottle of rum with him! Good God, my Laards, if he will do this when he is drunk, what will he not do when he's sober!"

Lord Cockburn, who records these examples with appreciative humour and a sympathetic feeling, seeing that he confesses to have belonged himself not exactly to the most severely abstemious set in Edinburgh, couples Lord Hermand with another worthy, still more congenial, inasmuch as he was a stanch consistent Whig. Again we must leave him to tell his own story:

"The Whigs had only one opportunity of making a Scotch judge, and they made Charles Hay, a man famous for law, paunch, whist, claret, and worth. His judicial title was Newton, but in private life he was chiefly known as 'The Mighty.' He was a bulky man, with short legs, twinkling eyes, and a large purple visage; no speaker, but an excellent legal writer and adviser; deep and accurate in his law, in which he had had extensive employment. Honest, warmhearted, and considerate, he was always true to his principles and his friends. But these and other good qualities were all apt to be lost sight of in people's admiration of his drinking. His daily and flowing cups raised him far above the evil days of sobriety on which he had fallen, and made him worthy of having quaffed with the Scandinavian heroes. But there was no noise in his libations, no boisterousness, no wrangling, not even disputation. The kindly stillness of his ordinary manner, instead of being disturbed, was deepened by potation, and a cask so well seasoned was not liable to be inflamed by anything so feeble as intoxication. His delight was to sit smiling, quiet, and listening, saying little, but that little always sensible, for he used to hold that conversation, at least when it was of the sort that excites admiration, spoiled

good company ; sated apparently with enjoyment, and only disturbed when he observed some unfortunate creature at table not taking as many or as full bumpers as himself.

" He was the modern king of the Ante-Manum Club—a jovial institution which contained, and helped to kill, most of the eminent topers of Edinburgh for about sixty years preceding the year 1818, when the degenerate temperance of the age at last destroyed it. When the Mighty died, the members dined, and did not fail to drown their sorrow in solemn mourning, each drinking a full glass to the memory of their departed chief, and bowing reverently to his portrait, which they had hung up in the tavern which had long been his field of fame. Jeffrey, Moncrief, Keay, Murray, I, and some other of the younger and less worthy spirits, joined this once famous association,* a few years before it expired, merely to have a glimpse of the last age. It was curious, but to us dull. Few of them had heads for talk, and none of us for much wine. We had to get the established jokes and other humours explained ; and they were not quite at ease under our intrusion. There were no High Jinks, or sprightly sayings or songs, but a good deal of kindly personal bantering, laughing at nothing or at very little, and steady quiet draughts of claret. But I believe there was a great deal of wild animation in the youth of the club, when its pulse was quicker. Hermand's star blazed in this hemisphere for at least half a century, when the meetings were every Friday for about six or seven months yearly. He used very often to go direct from the club to the court on the Saturday mornings. When some of us degenerate youths were once protesting against more wine, he exclaimed mournfully, 'What shall we come to at last? I believe I shall be left alone on the face of the earth—drinking claret!' "

From these worthies we proceed to Judge Newton—a man of deep potations and great bulk, and who was

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* It was called the Ante-Manum (as I have understood) because the original rule was that the bill should be paid beforehand.

slumberous in society and in court, though not to the prejudice of the queen's lieges :—

"His management of this judicial inconvenience was very curious. In court his head generally rested either on his heaving chest, or on his hands crossed on the bench, while, after getting a grip of the case, his eyes were locked in genuine sleep. Yet, from practice and a remarkably quick ear and intellect, nobody could say anything worth hearing without his instantly raising his huge eyelid, and keeping it open, and directing his powerful, knowing eye like a mortar at the speaker till he got what was necessary, after which, when the babbling began, down sank the eyelid again till lighted up by the next shot. The only way to waken him was to say something good, and this never failed; accordingly, no judge ever knew his cases better."

In short, to conclude on this aspect of Lord Cockburn's *Memorials*, it appears to be the sum of his experience that good liquor tends to clear a man's intellect, and that the source of virtue, as agrees John Falstaff, is to "forswear thin potations."

There is a further characteristic of Lord Cockburn which influenced him more largely, but which seems scarcely to accord with his convivial sympathies. That love of old port wine, which has been described as a modification of the sentiment of attachment to Church and Queen, was by no means to his liking. Though he was born and bred among the Tories, he was a stanch and determined Whig. He was more, far more, than we mean by a Whig in these days, for it is obvious that he participated in their early isolation and disgusts, and put forth the crude fruits which grew out of that sharp culture. But there is no denying at this day that he had reason for his rigorous politics,

and that he has amply set forth the grounds of the attitude which he and his friends assumed and consistently maintained. His *Memorials* are thus in the main a vindication of his party, and his reminiscences are employed to put their case in the most favourable light at the bar of posterity.

That their grievances were many and substantial is now made amply evident. From certain circumstances peculiar to Scotland they were, in fact, more substantial than we in England were aware of. When Lord Cockburn, in 1800, entered the Faculty of Advocates, and "with a feeling of nothingness paced the Outer House," the passions and apprehensions excited by the French Revolution had converted the island into a camp, and its public opinion had, as it were, the cogency of martial law to suppress disaffection and stifle all complaint. Yet the heaviest causes of complaint existed in the northern kingdom, where one party not only engrossed all the official rank and influence of the country, but had their adversaries absolutely at their mercy. Institutions there were, in fact, none, in any popular sense. There was no popular representation; all town-councils elected themselves; persons were sent to the court as jurymen very nearly according to the discretion of the sheriff of their county; and after they got there those who were to try the prosecution were picked for that duty by the presiding judge, unchecked by any peremptory challenge. "In other words," says Lord Cockburn, "we had no free political institutions whatever." There were few newspapers, nor was the absence of a free

public press compensated by any freedom of public speech.

"Public political meetings could not arise, for the elements did not exist. I doubt if there was one during the twenty-five years that succeeded the year 1795. Nothing was viewed with such horror as any political congregation not friendly to existing power. No one could have taken a part in the business without making up his mind to be a doomed man. No prudence could protect against the falsehood or inaccuracy of spies, and a first conviction of sedition by a judge-picked jury was followed by fourteen years' transportation. As a body to be deferred to, no public existed."

"The community," says Lord Cockburn, "consisted of a people that was prostrate, a few brave but powerless individuals, and an overwhelming *faction*," &c. It will, perhaps, ever be a question whether the people and the faction were not at this moment identical; but, at all events, there can be no doubt that the position of the sincere Whigs was most unfair and irksome. Lord Cockburn states some remarkable facts in illustration of this. At their dinner on Fox's birthday, where the party was most select, rarely exceeding a dozen or two of the most discreet and eminent among them, they were rarely allowed to assemble without sheriff's officers being sent to take down the names of those who entered. A *written test* was presented to the young Whig lawyers, and their refusal to subscribe it almost excluded them from practice. Henry Erskine, the brightest ornament of the profession, for presiding at a meeting to petition against the war, was turned out of his office of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. The Sedition Trials of

1793 and 1794 recalled for a parallel "the days of Lauderdale and Dalzel;" and personal bitterness penetrated everywhere, spreading a gangrene throughout society.

Lord Cockburn fairly asks, "If Dugald Stewart was for several years not cordially received in the city he adorned, what must have been the position of an ordinary man, who held liberal opinions in the country or in a small town, open to all the contumely and obstruction that local insolence could practise, and unsupported by any associate cherishing kindred thoughts?" The Whig barristers, of whom Cockburn himself was one, were not only, as we said, excluded from practice, but were separated into a sect of their own, and "there was a particular place at the north end of the Outer House, which was the known haunt of these doomed youths." This Sepharvaim included Jeffrey, Brougham, Cranstoun, Horner, &c.; and from the temper in which they were generally proscribed, Jeffrey was not allowed to report the proceedings of his own court. His consequent leisure proved to be retributive, for it was one of the proximate causes of the first appearance of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Apart from these professional cadets, there was nowhere any sign of independence. The citizens were mute and submissive. The town-council of Edinburgh might have been sitting in Venice. Like other bodies of the same class, it may be said that "no variety of opinion disturbed its unanimity, for the pleasure of Dundas was the sole rule for every one of them."

Any semblance of dissidence was summarily suppressed.

"Certain of the support of the proconsul, whom they no more thought of thwarting than of thwarting Providence, timidity was not one of their vices. About the year 1799 a solitary schism amazed the public, by disclosing the incredible fact that the town-council might contain a member who had an opinion of his own. A councillor named Smith electrified the city by a pamphlet, showing that the burgh was bankrupt. Time has put it beyond all doubt that he was right; and fortunate would it have been for the city and its creditors if this had been acknowledged at the time, instead of being aggravated by years of subsequent extravagance and concealment. But his rebellion drove Mr. Smith out of the place."

A good example of the arbitrary manner in which public officers dealt with the people, is afforded in the case of a Mr. Laing, a clerk of the same town-council, who, it is implied, transported persons at his absolute discretion, though a less serious interpretation has been since put upon his conduct.

"For example, about the year 1795, six or eight baker lads, of good character and respectable, though humble, parentage, being a little jolly one night, were making a noise in the street. This displeased Mr. Laing, who had a notion that nobody could be drunk with safety to the public except himself; so he had the lads apprehended; and, as they did not appear in the morning, their friends became alarmed, and applied to Mr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Jardine, a zealous partisan of government, who took an interest in the family of one of them. Mr. Jardine told me that next morning he inquired about them, when Laing told him that he need give himself no trouble, because 'they are all beyond Inchkeith by this time.' And so they were. He had sent them on board a tender lying in Leith roads, which he knew was to sail that morning. This was done by his own authority, without a conviction, or a charge, or an offence."

Lord Cockburn, describing the first moving of the waters which gradually upheaved this oppressive *régime*, recalls a remark of the quiet and observant Playfair, that it seemed to him that the whole cause of independence in Scotland hung upon the characters and the exertions of about half a dozen young men in the Parliament-house. To what an extent Scotland, and incidently the British empire, were indebted to these, Lord Cockburn goes on to record. How slow and painful were the steps, how long-deferred was the fruition of a change such as the times required! The reform commenced in 1800 with the removal of an obvious evil in the system of the town infirmary, by the appointment, for the first time, in opposition to the managers, of a resident medical officer. The establishment of the Commercial Bank helped to further the growing impulse to the better administration and control of their own affairs by the citizens. The gradual introduction and operation of redeeming agencies went on to illustrate "by the example of a single place the general principles which regulate the improvement of the world." And change succeeded change, success alternated with defeat, until the national excitement of 1830 gave Lord Cockburn's friends, in a comprehensive sense, a most conclusive victory.

In dwelling on their long depression and ultimate elevation we have perhaps somewhat lost sight of Lord Cockburn himself; but it is really owing to the modesty of which we have spoken, and which induces him to merge his own case in theirs, and to interest

us in the personal fortunes and performances of others. Nevertheless, we ought not to omit one circumstance which redounds greatly to the credit of Lord Cockburn's consistency. So true was he to his party principles, that when, in 1806, he was unexpectedly made Advocate-Depute by the Tories, owing to his father's political connection with that party, he objected to take the office, on the ground that his opinions were not those of the Government, and was only induced to do so after consulting with his friends and obtaining an understanding that no political obligation was implied; and when, four years afterwards, he was dismissed on the ground that he had voted against the Lord Advocate at a meeting of the Faculty, he declares, and we believe him, that he "never felt more relieved than on getting rid of a connection which had all along been more than half compulsory, and never comfortable." His deprivation on this occasion was properly compensated by a party equivalent, when, in the ultimate division of spoil by the victors, he was enabled to say, "I close this page by saying that Jeffrey has been made Lord-Advocate and I Solicitor-General under the Ministry of Earl Grey," at which point, with a sort of dramatic *aplomb*, the "Memorials" for the present come to a termination.

Whether we shall ever see any more of them we are not informed. Probably, as they get nearer our own time they less abound in curious portraits, while their interest must necessarily flag after the battle was won. There can be no doubt that in the main they afford us already a very vigorous contribution to the

history of our time. It would be easy enough, if we desired, to question many of their bearings and conclusions, while certain grounds of objection will be obvious to the most casual reader,—what scant justice they render to the Scotts, Lockharts, &c., the celebrities of the party to whom Lord Cockburn was opposed; how completely all reasonable ground for the political conduct of his opponents is ignored; and how absorbed Lord Cockburn is, almost exclusively, by the talents, graces, and merits of his own sect and party circle. We don't attempt to urge these points, for disparagement is not a fitting reception for a book which contains otherwise so much that was unknown, and which is both true and important in a lasting sense. It does, as we said, in the main render its party justice on grounds which few, nowadays, would dispute, and independently of some traces of long-past asperities, it bears unimpeachable testimony to the progress to which we are all indebted, and must all assent. We have seen of late no more useful work for fixing our landmarks in a certain direction, showing what grievances it was weakness to retain, and what remedial measures it was worse folly to resist. So far we can praise it freely, without scruple or abatement.

We might, before concluding, select from its pages many another passage quaintly illustrative of old habits and customs. We would especially direct readers to the remarkable statements on pp. 77, 78, respecting the absolute slavery of the Scottish colliers up to the close of the last century. We observe, also, that Lord Cockburn unintentionally corroborates Mr.

Macaulay in the latter's view of the meaning of the Highlanders' attachment to the Stuarts, in virtue of a story which Lord Cockburn had from Henry Mackenzie :—

"I suspect there was a good deal of prosaic truth in the account which a Highland gentleman, who had marched all the way to Derby with the Pretender, gave him of that romantic adventure. Mackenzie asked him whether he did not always think the idea of dethroning the house of Hanover absurd. 'Na, sir! I ne'er thocht aboot it. I just ay thocht hoo pleasant it wad be to see Donald riflin' Lon'on."

We will conclude with a couple of portraits of old Scotch ladies, whom Lord Cockburn depicts with admirable graphic talent and humour :—

"There sits a clergyman's widow, the mother of the first Sir David Dundas, the introducer of our German system of military manœuvres, and at one time commander-in-chief of the British army. We used to go to her house in Bunker's-hill,* when boys, on Sundays between the morning and afternoon sermons, where we were cherished with Scotch broth and cakes, and many a joke from the old lady. Age had made her incapable of walking even across the room; so, clad in a plain black silk gown and a pure muslin cap, she sat half encircled by a high-backed black leather chair, reading, with silver spectacles stuck on her thin nose, and interspersing her studies, and her days, with much laughter, and not a little sarcasm. What a spirit! There was more fun and sense round that chair than in the theatre or the church. I remember one of her granddaughters stumbling, in the course of reading the newspapers to her, on a paragraph which stated that a lady's reputation had suffered from some indiscreet talk on the part of the Prince of Wales.

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* See "Traditions of Edinburgh," by Robert Chambers, vol. i. p. 69.—ED.

Up she of fourscore sat, and said, with an indignant shake of her shrivelled fist and a keen voice,—'The dawmed villain! does he kiss and tell!'"

Here is the graceful pendant :—

"Except Mrs. Siddons in some of her displays of magnificent royalty, nobody could sit down like the lady of Inverleith. She would sail, like a ship from Tarshish, gorgeous in velvet or rustling in silk, and done up in all the accompaniments of fan, earrings, and finger-rings, falling sleeves, scent-bottle, embroidered bag, hoop, and train—all superb, yet all in purest taste; and, managing all this seemingly heavy rigging with as much ease as a full-blown swan does its plumage, she would take possession of the centre of a large sofa, and at the same moment, without the slightest visible exertion, would cover the whole of it with her bravery, the graceful folds seeming to lay themselves over it like summer waves. The descent from her carriage, too, where she sat like a nautilus in its shell, was a display which no one in these days could accomplish or even fancy. The mulberry-coloured coach, spacious but apparently not too large for what it carried—though she alone was in it; the handsome, jolly coachman, and his splendid hammercloth loaded with lace; the two respectful liveried footmen, one on each side of the richly-carpeted step; these were lost sight of amid the slow majesty with which the lady came down, and touched the earth. She presided, in this imperial style, over her son's excellent dinners, with great sense and spirit, to the very last day almost of a prolonged life."

MRS. FITZHERBERT.*

THE farce of "Wife and no Wife, or a Trip to the Continent," was a very fertile subject for the caricaturists of the Regency. The collectors of Gilrays will not fail to remember the representation of the alleged ceremony in a continental chapel. The Prince, supported by Charles James Fox, gives his hand (if we remember rightly, his left hand) to the bride, while a Romanist priest and a row of Jesuit choristers contribute their aid to the morganatic procedure. Another caricature represents Mrs. Fitzherbert as a guardian angel, directing the aspirations of the Princess Charlotte to certain knick-knacks of a Romish origin. Scourges, thumbscrews, relics, rosaries, and other such sweetmeats, are accessory to the illumination of the youthful princess, who is soaring upwards in the arms of her matronly directress. A third caricature represents "Dido Forsaken," with Fox, Sheridan, and the rest, pushing off in their boat, and disclaiming all acquaintance with the deserted matron, while a blast

* "Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert; with an account of her Marriage with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, afterwards King George IV." By the Hon. CHARLES LANGDALE. London, Bentley, 1856. [From the *Times* of March 26, 1856.]

from the mouths of Pitt and Rolle is blowing her crown and sovereign paraphernalia to the winds. Such were the popular versions of a story which even then was regarded in a light not unfavourable to its heroine, who, notwithstanding her unpopular creed, was treated with commiseration, and considered to have been, at all events, more sinned against than sinning.

At length, her genuine story is made completely public by a relative and a member of her own church, in vindication of her character from certain recent disparagements. The Hon. Charles Langdale received from his brother, Lord Stourton, certain confidential communications which the latter had received from Mrs. Fitzherbert, together with the trust which Lord Stourton had accepted on behalf of her reputation, and to which she had herself referred in the following language :—"I trust, whenever it shall please God to remove me from this world, my conduct and character (in your hands) will not disgrace my family and friends." In fulfilment of this duty, and in obedience to a presumed necessity which we shall presently mention, Mr. Langdale first made an unsuccessful appeal to the executor of Lord Albemarle, who, by the death of his brother, Lord Stourton, had exclusive control over certain documents deposited in Coutts's bank; and having failed to obtain the disclosure of this documentary evidence, which had been preserved for Mrs. Fitzherbert's vindication, he has printed the narrative which Lord Stourton drew up from her own communications on the subject of her connection with the Prince, and from which the public will draw one more

inference discreditable to the latter, while its judgment will be corroborated in favour of the victim of his selfishness.

We may have cause, indeed, to regret that this narrative is confined to the circumstances of Mrs. Fitzherbert's connection with his royal highness; for, unquestionably, in the position which she occupied, and with the opportunities she possessed, she could have thrown light upon some other matters of wider importance. It was her own boast to Lord Stourton that "she could have given the best private and public history of all the transactions of the country, from the close of the American War down to the death of the Duke of York, either from her communications with the duke, or her own connections with the opposite party, through the Prince and his friends." Of this, or rather, of many documents which would have illustrated this account, we presume we have been deprived by the wholesale destruction of her papers, with the exception only of those which were essential to her own vindication, and which still remain in their repository at Coutts's. These latter appear, from the list given on page 87, to be only the formal evidence of the material statements in the narrative of Lord Stourton, which comprises, besides, some amusing anecdotes, and which, as far as it goes, is doubtless more entertaining.

Mrs. Fitzherbert was the daughter of a Walter Smythe, of Brambridge, in the county of Hants. She was born in July, 1756, and married in July, 1775, to Edward Weld, Esq., of Lulworth Castle, in Dorset-

shire, who died in the course of the same year. She was next married to Thomas Fitzherbert, Esq., of Swinnerton, in Staffordshire, but he also only survived their union three years, leaving her a second time a widow before she had reached the age of twenty-five. She had now an independent income of nearly £2,000 a year, and she was residing on Richmond Hill when she became the object of the Prince's attentions.

We are told from Lord Stourton that it was at this conjuncture that her beauty was celebrated in a popular song, in which allusion was thus made to the addresses of the heir apparent :—

> "I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
> Sweet lass of Richmond Hill."

But this is a mistake; for the representatives of the true "Lass" have come forward to vindicate her better title to the compliment. Mrs. Fitzherbert, the *lass* who had been twice a wife, was well aware of the dangers attending these royal adulations, and evinced the greatest reluctance to meet the Prince's eager advances. Recourse was had at length to a singular attempt, which would be received with incredulity if it was not known to have tallied with the ordinary practices of the royal Mantalini.

"For some time her resistance had been availing, but she was about to meet with a species of attack so unprecedented and alarming, as to shake her resolution, and to force her to take that first step, which afterwards led by slow (but on the part of the Prince successful) advances to that union which he so ardently desired, and to obtain which he was ready to risk such personal sacrifices. Keit, the surgeon, Lord Onslow, Lord

Southampton, and Mr. Edward Bouverie, arrived at her house in the utmost consternation, informing her, that the life of the Prince was in imminent danger—that he had stabbed himself—and that only her immediate presence would save him. She resisted, in the most peremptory manner, all their importunities, saying that nothing should induce her to enter Carlton House. She was afterwards brought to share in the alarm, but still, fearful of some stratagem derogatory to her reputation, insisted upon some lady of high character accompanying her, as an indispensable condition; the Duchess of Devonshire was selected. They four drove from Park Street to Devonshire House, and took her along with them. She found the Prince pale and covered with blood. The sight so overpowered her faculties that she was deprived almost of all consciousness. The Prince told her, that nothing would induce him to live unless she promised to become his wife, and permitted him to put a ring round her finger. I believe a ring from the hand of the Duchess of Devonshire was used upon the occasion, and not one of his own. Mrs. Fitzherbert being asked by me, whether she did not believe that some trick had been practised, and that it was not really the blood of his royal highness, answered in the negative; and said, she had frequently seen the scar, and that some brandy-and-water was near his bedside when she was called to him on the day he wounded himself."

The lady attributed more cogency to the evidence of the brandy-and-water than we should be disposed to accord to it ourselves, but she was nevertheless far from satisfied. On their return to Devonshire House, a deposition of what had occurred was drawn up and signed by each of the party, and the following day Mrs. Fitzherbert sent a protest to Lord Southampton, not accounting herself to have been a free agent in the transaction. She then retired to Aix la Chapelle, and subsequently to Holland, where she met with the greatest civilities from the Stadtholder and his

family, with one of whom, the Princess of Orange, at that time the object of negotiation as the intended bride of the Prince, Mrs. Fitzherbert's relations occasioned her considerable embarrassment. She contended, however, that she was not in this respect the hypocrite she might have appeared afterwards, for at this time she was sincerely desirous to break off her own engagement, and, in fact, for another year was endeavouring (to use her own phrase) to "fight off" the union. Couriers after couriers, it is added, passed through France, carrying to her in France and Switzerland, whither she went from Holland, the letters and propositions of the Prince. Their numbers even excited the suspicions of the French Government, and at different times three of them were thrown into prison. Lord Stourton had seen a letter of thirty-seven pages, written at this time by the Prince, in which he stated that his father would connive at their union. At length Mrs. Fitzherbert was induced to return to England and to agree to become his wife, though knowing she could have no legal claim to this title, on certain conditions which satisfied her own conscience.

Immediately after her return she was married to the Prince in the drawing-room of her own house by a Protestant clergyman. Lord Holland has made the inference to her discredit that she dispensed with a Roman Catholic priest, as considering the ceremony immaterial; but against this construction Mr. Langdale protests, and apparently with good reason. According to the doctrine of the Roman Catholic

church, a Roman Catholic priest is not essential to complete the *sacrament* of marriage, nor is his presence necessary as a *witness* to the contract, except under a decree of the Council of Trent, which had not at that time been introduced into England. Mrs. Fitzherbert, as an educated Romanist, was of course aware of the doctrine of her church with respect to matrimony, and contented herself with a ceremony which was perfectly valid in the eyes of its authorities; nor does there appear the slightest foundation for the imputation conveyed in Lord Holland's memoirs that she considered such a ceremony as "nonsense," or that marriage *in any form* was altogether indifferent to her.

The witnesses to her marriage, says Lord Stourton, were her uncle, Harry Errington, and her brother, Jack Smythe, along with the Protestant clergyman who officiated. Mr. Raikes, whose journal we recently noticed, is therefore in error when he states that Admiral Keppel was one of them. "The certificate of the marriage is extant in the handwriting of the Prince, and with his signature and that of Mary Fitzherbert;" and this is the second on the list of documents deposited at Coutts's. The witnesses' names were added; but, at the earnest request of the parties, in a time of danger, they were afterwards cut out by Mrs. Fitzherbert herself, with her own scissors, to save them from the peril of the law. If Mrs. Fitzherbert afterwards regretted this, a letter of the Prince on her return to him, a letter of the officiating clergyman, and another document in which the Prince

repeatedly terms her his wife, are still preserved as equivalents to the missing evidence.

The first disparagement of this ill-fated union arose out of the well-known and emphatic denial of Fox in the House of Commons that such a marriage had ever taken place. "His royal Highness," he even asserted, "had authorized him to declare that, as a peer of Parliament, he was ready in the other house, to submit to any the most pointed questions, or to afford his Majesty or his Majesty's Ministers the fullest assurances of the utter falsehood of the statement in question, which never had, and which common sense must see never could have, happened. In reply to Mr. Rolle, whether what Mr. Fox had said was to be understood as spoken from direct authority, Mr. Fox replied "that he had direct authority." This, however, has been disputed, and was canvassed not long since in the "Quarterly Review;" but the denial, to whomsoever we may assign the responsibility, was one of the most unmitigated falsehoods on record. Mrs. Fitzherbert did not disguise her resentment at this public degradation of her character. She would not speak to Fox. She was disposed even to break off her connection with the Prince, and was only deterred from doing so by repeated assurances that Fox had not the authority he claimed to have had. "The Prince sent for Mr. Grey," said Lord Holland in his memoirs, "and, after much preamble and pacing in a hurried manner about the room, exclaimed—'Charles,' (he always so called Mr. Fox) 'certainly went too far last night.'" He owned

that a ceremony had taken place, and wished Grey to rectify the mistake, but the latter declined an office in which he would have to question Fox's veracity. "Well, then," said the Prince, "Sheridan must say something;" and Sheridan, accordingly, did deprecate the pursuing of the subject any further, out of deference to Mrs. Fitzherbert herself, whom he characterized in generally flattering terms. This was clearly an inadequate reparation, but Mrs. Fitzherbert had the consolation of finding herself supported on this occasion by the public. "At no period of her life were their visits so numerous at her house as on the day which followed Mr. Fox's memorable speech; and, to use her own expression, the knocker of her door was never still during the whole day." But her resentment against Fox was never fully appeased. When subsequently, during his administration, he made some overtures to her, in order to recover her goodwill, she refused them, though the attainment of the rank of duchess was to have been the final fruit of their reconciliation. "On naming this circumstance to me," said Lord Stourton, "she observed that she did not wish to be another Duchess of Kendal."

"Her first separation from the Prince was preceded by no quarrel or even coolness, and came upon her quite unexpectedly. She received, when sitting down to dinner at the table of William the Fourth, then Duke of Clarence, the first intimation of the loss of her ascendancy over the affections of the Prince, having only the preceding day received a note from his royal Highness written in his usual strain of friendship, and speaking of their appointed engagement to dine at the house of the Duke of Clarence. The Prince's letter was written from Brighton,

where he had met Lady Jersey. From that time she never saw the Prince, and this interruption of their intimacy was followed by his marriage with Queen Caroline; brought about, as Mrs. Fitzherbert conceived, under the twofold influence of the pressure of his debts on the mind of the Prince, and a wish on the part of Lady Jersey to enlarge the royal establishment, in which she was to have an important situation.

"Upon her speaking to me of this union (confiding in her own desire that I should disguise from her nothing that I might conceive to be of doubtful character as affecting her conduct to the Prince), I told her I had been informed that some proposals had been made to her immediately preceding the marriage of the Prince, of which her uncle, Mr. Errington, had been the channel, offering some terms upon which his royal Highness was disposed to give up the match. She told me there was no truth whatever in the report; that a day or two preceding the marriage he had been seen passing rapidly on horseback before her house at Marble Hill, but that his motive for doing so was unknown to her; and that afterwards, when they were reconciled, she cautiously abstained from alluding to such topics; as the greatest interruptions to their happiness, at that period, were his bitter and passionate regrets and self-accusations for his conduct, which she always met by saying, 'We must look to the present and the future, and not think of the past.'"

Her friends, including all the royal dukes, and even the King and Queen, still countenanced her, though abandoned by her husband. She had made it her constant rule to have no secrets of which the royal family were not informed by frequent messages, and consequently experienced a facility in meeting the embarrassing changes which occurred in her position. When she had concluded that her engagement with the Prince was broken off for ever by his marriage with Queen Caroline, the wretched consequences of this union soon brought about its renewal. Again she

was placed in difficulties by the same earnest and desperate pursuit to which she had been formerly exposed, and members of the royal family, possibly in dread of a worse alternative, were solicitous to procure her reconciliation with the Prince. Under these circumstances, she referred her "case of conscience" to Rome, and the brief which she received enjoined a reunion (possibly because Rome was not an impartial adviser); but she resisted all the importunities of the Prince to meet him clandestinely, and gave a public breakfast at her own house on the day on which he rejoined her.

"She told me she hardly knew how she could summon resolution to pass that severe ordeal, but she thanked God she had the courage to do so. The next eight years were, she said, the happiest of her connection with the Prince. She used to say that they were extremely poor, but as merry as crickets; and as a proof of their poverty, she told me that once, on their returning to Brighton from London, they mustered their common means, and they could not raise £5 between them. Upon this, or some such occasion, she related to me, that an old and faithful servant endeavoured to force them to accept £60, which he said he had accumulated in the service of the best of masters and mistresses. She added, however, that even this period, the happiest of their lives, was much embittered by the numerous political difficulties which frequently surrounded the Prince, and she particularly alluded to what has been termed 'the delicate investigation,' in which Queen Caroline and his royal highness had been concerned.

"Sometimes family jealousies, as in the case of the Duke of York, in the Prince's letter to the King, were subjects of great anxiety, in which she always endeavoured to heal any differences which occurred. Indeed, she said that the two princes were very much attached to each other, though the Prince of Wales was frequently jealous of the superior attentions the Duke

of York received from their royal father, but through life the Duke had always acted 'beautifully,' to use her own expression.

"Upon one occasion, not long before his death, in alluding to the delicate connection existing between his brother and Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the political consequences it might involve, he said, 'Thank God, he never could wish to raise any claim in contravention of the rights of his brother.' It was, however, only in the latter part of his life that he had seen the mutilated document which I have termed the certificate of the marriage.

Subsequently a cause of final rupture arose out of the connection which the Prince had formed with Lady Hertford, with whom Mrs. Fitzherbert had been herself intimately acquainted, and whose interference she claimed to prevent her being deprived of the guardianship of Miss Seymour, her adopted daughter. The exertions of the Prince in this behalf led him, as we are told, into those confidential relations with Lady Hertford which he was prone to entertain with any lady who could influence his vanity or gratify his passions.

"Lady Hertford, anxious for the preservation of her own reputation, which she was not willing to compromise with the public even when she ruled the Prince with the most absolute sway, exposed Mrs. Fitzherbert at this time to very severe trials, which at last almost, as she said, ruined her health and destroyed her nerves. Attentions were required from her towards Lady Hertford herself, even when most aware of her superior influence over the Prince, and these attentions were extorted by the menace of taking away her child. To diminish her apparent influence in public as well as private was now the object. When at Brighton, the Prince, who had passed part of his mornings with Mrs. Fitzherbert on friendly terms at her own house, did not even notice her in the slightest manner at the Pavilion on the same evenings, and she afterwards under-

stood that such attentions would have been reported to her rival.

"She was frequently on the point of that separation which afterwards took place, but was prevented by the influence of the royal family from carrying her resolution into effect. Upon one occasion, after the death of Queen Caroline, upon the Prince informing her that he was determined to marry again, she only replied, 'Very well, sir;' but upon his leaving her, she ordered horses with a resolution to abandon the country, and was only prevented from doing so, that day, by the interposition of a common friend, the same, I believe, if my memory does not fail me, who was afterwards the bearer of the last tribute of her affection and conjugal duty to the king, to which I shall hereafter have to refer.

"A dinner, however, given to Louis XVIII., brought matters at last to a conclusion; and, satisfied of a systematic intention to degrade her before the public, she then at last obtained the reluctant assent of some of the members of the royal family to her determination of finally closing her connection with the Prince, to whom, in furtherance of this decision, she never afterwards opened the doors of her house. Upon all former occasions, to avoid etiquette in circumstances of such delicacy as regarded her own situation with reference to the Prince, it had been customary to sit at table without regard to rank. Upon the present occasion this plan was to be altered, and Mrs. Fitzherbert was informed through her friends at court, that at the royal table the individuals invited were to sit according to their rank.

"When assured of this novel arrangement, she asked the Prince, who had invited her with the rest of his company, where she was to sit. He said, 'You know, madam, you have no place.' 'None, sir,' she replied, 'but such as you choose to give me.' Upon this she informed the royal family that she would not go. The Duke of York and others endeavoured to alter the preconcerted arrangement, but the Prince was inflexible; and, aware of the peculiar circumstances of her case, and the distressing nature of her general situation, they no longer hesitated to agree with her that no advantage was to be obtained by further

postponement of her own anxious desire to close her connection with the Prince, and to retire once more into private life. She told me she often looked back with wonder that she had not sunk under the trials of those two years.

"Having come to this resolution, she was obliged, on the very evening, or on that which followed the royal dinner, to attend an assembly at Devonshire House, which was the last evening she saw the Prince previously to their final separation. The Duchess of Devonshire, taking her by the arm, said to her, 'You must come and see the Duke in his own room, as he is suffering from a fit of the gout, but he will be glad to see an old friend.' In passing through the rooms she saw the Prince and Lady Hertford in a *tête-à-tête* conversation, and nearly fainted under all the impressions which then rushed upon her mind, but, taking a glass of water, she recovered and passed on."

Thus terminated her connection with the Prince, with the exception that shortly before his demise she wrote to him a letter, offering her services, which, it is said, he received with eagerness, though he did not, or possibly could not, reply to it. She was informed by the Duke of Wellington that he more than once expressed his anxiety that a particular picture should be hung round his neck and deposited with him in the grave; and it seemed to be the opinion of the Duke that this was a portrait of herself, which was afterwards not to be found on the king's decease. Dr. Carr, the Bishop of Chichester, as Mr. Langdale afterwards states, corroborated this opinion, having seen the portrait attached to the body of the King in his coffin.

Here was some evidence of attachment, if not of remorse for the sacrifice he had made of an amiable

woman—in the first place to his interests, and finally to his passions.

"Soon after his death she left town for Brighton. There she a second time received the kindest messages from William IV.; but, upon his inquiry why she did not come to see him, she stated the peculiar difficulties of her situation, and a wish if it was not asking too much from his condescension, that he would graciously honour her with a personal communication at her own house, previously to her visit to the Pavilion.

"The King kindly complied with her request without delay, and she told him that she could not, in her present circumstances, avail herself of the honour of waiting upon his majesty, without asking his permission to place her papers before him, and requesting his advice upon them. Upon her placing in his hands the documents which have been preserved in justification of her character, and especially the certificate of her marriage, and another interesting and most affecting paper, this amiable sovereign was moved to tears by their perusal, and expressed his surprise at so much forbearance with such documents in her possession, and under the pressure of such long and severe trials. He asked her what amends he could make her, and offered to make her a duchess. She replied that she did not wish for any rank; that she had borne through life the name of Mrs. Fitzherbert; that she had never disgraced it, and did not wish to change it; that, therefore, she hoped his Majesty would accept her unfeigned gratitude for his gracious proposal, but that he would permit her to retain her present name.

"'Well, then,' said he, 'I shall insist upon your wearing my livery,' and ended by authorizing her to put on weeds for his royal brother. He added, 'I must, however, soon see you at the Pavilion;' and I believe he proposed the following Sunday, a day on which his family were more retired, for seeing her at dinner, and spending the evening at the Pavilion. 'I shall introduce you myself to my family,' said he, 'but you must send me word of your arrival.'

"At the appointed hour, upon her reaching the Pavilion, the condescending monarch came himself and handed her out of her

carriage, and introduced her to his family, one after the other, as one of themselves. He ever after treated her in the same gracious manner, and on one occasion, upon her return from Paris, made her a present of some jewels, which he said he had some time, but would not send them to her abroad, as he wished to give them to her himself on her return to England. He afterwards entered, as I shall proceed to relate, into conversation on matters relating to her dearest interests, and to sanction the custody of such papers as were thought most available in support of her honour and fair reputation with posterity.

"Mrs. Fitzherbert told me that the first day when, in compliance with the commands of the king, she went to the Pavilion and was presented by him to the queen and royal family, she was herself much surprised at the great composure with which she was able to sustain a trial of fortitude which appeared so alarming at a distance; but she believed the excitement had sustained her. It was not so the next dinner at which she was present in the same family circle; and the many reflections which then oppressed her mind very nearly overpowered her. Afterwards she frequently attended the king's small Sunday parties at Brighton, and then, as upon all other occasions, she was received with uniform kindness and consideration."

There is a letter of hers, dated December 7, 1833, in which she describes to Lord Stourton the kindness she also received from the family of Louis Philippe, and the intimate terms upon which they received her. William IV. concurred in the arrangement made between her and the executors of his predecessor, by which a correspondence was destroyed, including, we presume, that royal love-letter of thirty-seven pages, which must have been such a model of a lover's perjuries. To the Duke of York and the Queen she was indebted for a mortgage of £6,000 a year on the palace of Brighton, until which she had no legal title to a

shilling if she survived the prince. In fact, at one period she had debts upon her own jointures incurred principally on his account; and apparently, instead of his taking care of her interests, he was as ready to sponge upon her fortune as to damage her character and abuse her affections.

For him there is no excuse, when we consider her story as a whole, though it does appear that at times he was desirous to uphold her in the position which he had urgently induced her to assume. In addition to the circumstances mentioned by Mr. Langdale, we must not forget that his rupture with Brummell has been attributed to the impudence of the latter in summoning, with marked emphasis, the carriage of *Mistress* Fitzherbert. No blame, however, attaches to the King's executors; on the contrary, it is admitted that they acted with good feeling and consideration. Lord Albemarle writes to inform Lord Stourton that

"Yesterday, the Duke of Wellington, Mrs. Fitzherbert, and myself, were busily engaged in burning all the letters on either side, with the exception of those which Mrs. Fitzherbert chose to keep. It would be unjust to the Duke of Wellington if I did not say that his conduct was gentlemanly and friendly to Mrs. Fitzherbert in every respect, and I know that she is perfectly satisfied."

Subsequently the duke himself, in 1841, on explaining to Lord Stourton his objections to the reopening of the packet at Coutts's, concludes his letter as follows:

"Under these circumstances, and having acted conscientiously and upon honour throughout the affairs detailed in this letter, I cannot but consider it my duty to protest, and I do protest most solemnly, against the measure proposed by your

lordship, that of breaking the seals affixed to the packet of letters belonging to the late Mrs. Fitzherbert, deposited at Messrs. Coutts', the bankers, under the several seals of the Earl of Albemarle, your lordship, and myself.

"I have the honour to be, my lord,
"Your lordship's most faithful and
"Obedient humble servant,
"WELLINGTON."

"The Lord Stourton, Allerton Park."

Whether or not Mr. Keppel, the executor of Lord Albemarle, has acted with propriety in refusing, so late as 1855, to produce these papers, we have no occasion to inquire, as he has fortified himself with the opinions of the Duke of Bedford and of the executors of Mrs. Fitzherbert herself. As, in fact, they must be inferior in interest to Lord Stourton's narrative, and, their nature being known, are scarcely required to give it authenticity, the public, on the one hand, loses little by this refusal, while any error of judgment to which it is attributable is of more importance to these gentlemen than to the memory of Mrs. Fitzherbert. Her reputation is now sufficiently vindicated by Lord Stourton and Mr. Langdale—her relatives and co-religionists—nor will it be affected henceforth by the repetition of the scandalizing statements which have given them so much umbrage. Her memoirs will now be a fitting corroboration of the fact ingeniously symbolized on her monument by Mrs. Lionel Dawson Damer, originally the Miss Seymour confided to her guardianship.

"The inscription is as follows:—'In a vault near this spot are deposited the remains of Maria Fitzherbert. She was born

on the 26th of July, 1756, and expired at Brighton on the 29th of March, 1837. One to whom she was more than a parent, has placed this monument to her revered and beloved memory, as a humble tribute of her gratitude and affection.'

"The hand of the figure had the singular addition of three rings on the fingers, thus bearing the evidence of the affectionate lady who erected it to the triple marriage of her departed friend."

A fair fame will be henceforth associated with the fair face which has become dust, and Mrs. Fitzherbert, absolved from the suspicion of frailty, will be remembered for her worth and the wrongs which she suffered.

THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES OF ENGLAND.*

If a foreigner were asked by what special characteristic he would identify an Englishman in foreign parts, he would doubtless commence by some fancied peculiarity which accorded least with his own predilections. John Bull would be described as scornful or eccentric, as giving himself airs or other people trouble, as flushed with roast beef or fuddled with "*rhum*," or as clad in all kinds of outlandish garments; but the respondent would inevitably conclude his description with, "*Il porte dans sa main un petit livre rouge.*" The Englishman *en voyage* must himself admit that in this last particular his portrait is accurate, and that Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street, has really succeeded in

* "A Handbook for Travellers in Devon and Cornwall." John Murray. "Handbook for Wilts, Dorset, and Somerset." John Murray. "Handbook for Surrey, Hants, and the Isle of Wight." John Murray. "Handbook for Kent and Sussex." John Murray. "A Guide to the Coast of Kent," by Mackenzie Walcott, M.A. Stanford. "A Guide to the Coast of Sussex," by Mackenzie Walcott, M.A. Stanford. "A Guide to the Coasts of Hants and Dorset," by Mackenzie Walcott, M.A. Stanford. "A Guide to the Coasts of Devon and Cornwall," by Mackenzie Walcott, M.A. Stanford. [From the *Times* of Sept. 22, 1859.]

identifying his countrymen all the world over. Into every nook which an Englishman can penetrate he carries this distinctive red parallelogram; he is presented with this accompaniment in farces and caricatures; he is depicted for the convenience of this patch of red colour in the foreground of many a foreign landscape, and he accepts this recognized badge of his nationality; he is willing, in short, to be marked and labelled, for the sake of his trust in this red convenience. He has the best of all reasons for his seeming sacrifice; he trusts to his "Murray" as he would trust to his razor, because it is in the main English and reliable; and for his history, hotels, exchanges, scenery, for the clue to his route and his comfort by the way, the red Handbook is his "guide, philosopher, and friend."

But directly he touches his native soil he is, or rather was obliged, until very recently, to dispense with this familiar and invaluable help. When—

> "Home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
> From wandering on some foreign strand,"

the red Handbook has been deposited at the bottom of his carpet-bag as *functus officio*, together with his passport. It was quite as desirable a companion if he travelled out of his ordinary beat in his native country as he had found it abroad; but we presume it required a long elaboration to adapt the red Handbook to our English soil. At length, however, the publisher's plans have come fairly into play, and his Handbooks now comprise our southern counties, including the entire coast-line from Dover to the Land's End.

There are now four of these volumes explanatory of our inducements and conveniences for home travel: one for Kent and Sussex; another for Surrey, Hants, and the Isle of Wight; a third for Wilts, Dorset, and Somerset; a fourth for Devon and Cornwall. This series is, no doubt, intended to proceed until it maps out and includes the entire island; but in the mean time this very considerable instalment deserves, and is doubtless receiving, a general welcome, for it supplies a long-felt want, and supplies it satisfactorily.

Englishmen are, in truth, reminded for the first time, in a clear, brief, and available form, of the inducements they have to spend their holidays at home, where they will not encounter the preludes of sea-sickness and the *douane*, the bore of passports, and the paternal interference of the police, and where they will find everything *en règle* if they conduct themselves in their ordinary manner. If only they overlook some inferiority in hotels, in which respect we may naturally look for improvement, and will forego the novelty of foreign faces, costumes, and manners, there is scarcely an attraction abroad, short of Swiss mountains and Italian skies, which they will not find in the belt of country now included in Mr. Murray's rubric. In the first place, its extended coast-line comprises a greater variety of scenery than the traveller will probably find elsewhere in the world, while its population retains traces of elements almost as varied, and which are as interesting as anything in ethnology or history. Look closely into the relics of its successive occupants down to the rural and civic opulence which crowns

them in our day with results such as the whole earth elsewhere cannot exhibit—with scenes of teeming fertility and gardenlike beauty; of mansions and cottages, worth a continent of dilapidated chateaux and gaunt summer barracks, and the spectacle or immense variety of spectacle surpasses the contents of any other district of equal size anywhere. For history, traditions, edifices, wealth accumulated in beautiful objects, for the varied sources and appliances of this wealth, for the prosperity which crowns our toil and corroborates our freedom, this girdle of our southern counties is simply unequalled upon earth.

Glance, in the first place, at *Kent*, which, as pleasant old Fuller says, "differeth not more from other shires than from itself, such is the variety thereof," and we mark at once its three districts and how aptly they compare together. There is what is called the "backbone of Kent," the district of "health without wealth," embracing the higher parts of the downs, and stretching across the country; there is that of "wealth without health," including parts of the Weald, Romney-marsh, and the marshes of the Medway and Swale—rich in pasturage, fertile in ague; there is, thirdly, the district in which "health and wealth are reconciled to live together," covering by far the greater part of the county, but best and richest in the valley of the Medway from Maidstone to Tunbridge, and in parts of the county about Canterbury. Each of these districts combines to justify the encomium pronounced on "famous Kent" in the "Polyolbion" of Michael Drayton; and yet, in comparison with its varied scenic

beauties and productions, its cherries, its hops, its chalk cliffs, its fertile weald, and its blossoming uplands, it is "a county in which the memory and the imagination see far more than the eye." The position of Kent made it the scene of three successive landings —those of Cæsar, Augustine, and Hengist cum Horsâ, which are landmarks in history, for a prolonged history is derived from each of them. Our Roman municipalities, our Church organization, and our Saxon freedom came in by way of Kent; and its shores from the banks of the Thames round by the *entourage* of its Cinque Ports abound with traces of the successive waves whose crests swept shoreward here. Here are the *débris* of the Roman potteries, and the Richborough, Reculver, and Lymne, which the Roman built as fortresses against the Baltic youth. Within the last few years, even, Mr. Rolfe, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Roach Smith have been ransacking its soil with remarkable success in the acquisition of Saxon relics. Camps and earthworks of unknown antiquity also abound here; while a great mediæval centre, the shrine of Beckett, brought European pilgrims innumerable to scatter their wealth on Kentish soil. Kent is naturally rich in church architecture, from Rochester to Hythe and Folkestone, and from Canterbury and Chartham to its western boundary. It has a fair proportion also of old castles in the approved predicament of ruin; while Knowle, Cobham, Penshurst, and the Belvidere, with their galleries, with Gore-place, Chilham, Hever, Leeds, &c., speak for its ancient domestic architecture. For its modern,

where can we go that the eye will not rest on some mansion or villa enclosed by lawns and shrubberies, with all the comforts and complete appliances of a velvety civilization?

Passing into *Sussex*, no longer pre-eminent for its villanous roads, and the Forest-ridge and Southdowns will be found to have each their peculiar beauty. On its shore the British Baiæ is a queenly concentration of the attractions of a chain of towns which draw our population southward to allay their summer fever in the waters of the English Channel. Look round Europe for its like, and, exclusive of the Mediterranean, of Naples, and Genoa the superb, its equal will not be found. Let the tourist also ride or walk inward along the unenclosed summits of the Sussex downs, and he will be struck with the great beauty of their outlines and the graceful undulations which, fold after fold, pass away into the extreme distance—"lines of beauty, unequalled, except in some island group of the Pacific." "Though I have now travelled them for upwards of thirty years," writes Gilbert White to Barrington (letter 17), "yet I still investigate that chain of *majestic mountains* with fresh admiration year by year, and I think I see new beauties every time I traverse it. . . . Mr. Ray," he continues, "used to visit a family just at the foot of these hills, and was so ravished with the prospect from Plumpton-plain, near Lewes, that he mentions those scapes in his 'Wisdom of God in the Works of Creation' with the utmost satisfaction, and thinks them equal to anything he had seen in the finest parts of Europe."

The eastern half of these downs, from Beechy-head to beyond Lewes, is more bare and treeless, yet perhaps finer in form; while as we advance westward the "shaws" and "holts," as the little woods are called, become more and more frequent, nestling in the sheltered coombes and struggling upward over the hill sides. Their ash, hazel, and oak, coloured by early autumn, contrasted with the close turf, and checkered with passing cloudlets, are the appropriated domain of Copley Fielding, whose pencil sweeps over them with the recklessness of free rangership. Shepherds also wander over them in every part, realizing Landseer's picture of "Peace," and supplanting entirely the smugglers of former times, whose rope-marks are still visible on their chalky cliffs. The bustards, like the smugglers, have disappeared from this down district, but the tourist will still see the T-shaped traps for the wheatear, the English ortolan, which is found here from March to September; while the views from the downs over the weald, or over the sea, are ever beautiful, including the habitations which cluster at their foot, all built of flint or boulders, and of which "a barn, a stable, a circular pigeon-house, centuries old, with all its denizens, direct descendants of the old manorial pigeons which lived here in the days of the Plantagenets" (if we may credit Mark Antony Lower), and an antique gable or two peer out suggestively among the lofty elms.

Nor is Sussex, the kingdom of the South Saxons, wanting in traditions of high antiquity. It is the scene of our fourth and last great invasion, if we

except Torbay, and of one of the great decisive battles of the world. It also disputes with Kent the landing-place of Julius Cæsar, and in the scene of De Montfort's victory at Lewes, it boasts a landmark of English liberty, the necessary supplement to its conquest at Hastings. It has Roman remains at Goodwood, Chichester, Pevensey, Bognor, and Bignor; the last the most important of the villa class in Britain. It has more unaltered examples of early English architecture than any other English county; while Chichester, Mayfield, Parham, and the monuments in St. Thomas's, Winchelsea, are some out of many of its later attractions for the archæologist. Its Petworth and Arundel are caskets of existing treasures in respect of pictures and books; but imagination alone can recall the vanished industry of which it was once the chief hive and centre. Imagination will, however, revert to the time when Sussex was a busy smelting-ground of English iron, though its last furnaces went out a century since at Farnhurst and Ashburnham. The Sussex iron was a choice product, and Sussex was the Merthyr or Dudley of England, so long as the great Andreds wood of the Saxons fed its fiery forges. As its forests were successively reduced to charcoal, Drayton of the *Polyolbion* sang a plaint on behalf of its Dryads, but great was the compensation and "no wise inferior to the Swedish metal," nor was the manufacture disdained by Pelhams, Sidneys, and Howards, still less by those of lesser descent, who were enriched by the process, and elevated *carbone et forcipibus* to the rank of gentry. Our first cannon

were made in this county, and the Sussex churches and manor-houses were fitted up from its furnaces; while, strange as it sounds to our ears, it produced the gates and balustrades which still enclose the St. Paul's of Sir Christopher Wren.

From Sussex we pass to *Surrey*, which, as Fuller says, "is not improperly compared to a cynamon tree, whose bark is far better than the body thereof; for the skirts and borders bounding the shire are rich and fruitful, whilst the ground in the inward parts thereof is very hungry and barren, though by reason of the clear air and clean wayes, full of many gentile habitations." Yet its "hungry and barren land" is picturesque in the extreme—witness Box-hill and the Hogsback; while for "gentile habitations," thanks to the vicinity of the metropolis, it has scarcely an equal. Its "Star and Garter" on Richmond-hill redeems the shortcomings of our English inns, and good inns on a smaller scale abound throughout the county. Then, Surrey is noted for its herb-gardens, its Dorking breed of poultry, its Reigates and Guildfords and pleasant villages without number. It has also its great historic site at Runnemede, while it witnessed the first and last risings of the Royalists during the civil war. Both took place at Kingston-on-Thames, and both were unsuccessful—that of Lord Digby in 1642, and of the Villierses in 1648; for Lord Digby fled from the first, and Lord Francis Villiers was killed in the second, in the manner portrayed with such admirable skill, and so recently, in the shopwindows of Mr. Hancock.

From Surrey into *Hampshire*, and another style of scenery opens on us, especially in the region of the New Forest and the shores of the Solent. Fuller, always discriminative in his observations, declares "that Hampshire is a happy countrey in the foure elements, if culinary *fire* in courtesie may pass for one, with plenty of the best wood for the fuel thereof; most pure and piercing the *ayre* of this shyre; and none in England hath more plenty of clear and fresh rivulets of troutful *water*, not to speak of the friendly sea, conveniently distanced from London. As for the *earth*, it is both fair and fruitful, and may pass for an expedient betwixt pleasure and profit, where by mutual consent they are moderately accommodated." This moderate accommodation of profit to the pleasure of the Hants agriculturists is no abatement to the enjoyment of the unconcerned tourist. He will find profitable as well as pleasant objects to reward his inquisitiveness in the hollows of Hampshire, whether he is curious as to the works of men or the phenomena of nature. The sites of Roman cities, such as *Venta Belgarum*, now Winchester, with its vast cathedral, and which was also the capital of Wessex, and the chief place where "the king wore his crown," until the reign of Edward the Confessor; with Silchester, Porchester, Bramdean, and Bittern, show plentiful traces of their former Roman occupants. The New Forest recalls the Red King, and Basinghouse and Carisbrooke Castle the ill-fortunes of a monarch as perverse in his generation. St. Cross, our finest English example of transition Norman; Thruxton, with

its monuments and brasses; Christchurch, with its Norman nave and perpendicular choir; the ruins of Netley and Beaulieu, and many an ecclesiastical and domestic structure, speak for the richness of Hampshire in mediæval remains; while its mediæval repute for ponies, honey, and bacon, is sustained to this hour, to the profit of the native and the pleasure of the wayfarer. Here, also, is that one of our chief English arsenals which has converted many an oak of the New Forest into national bulwarks; and when the tourist has taken note of the resources or "Perils of Portsmouth," he may cross to that favoured island, of which Drayton says—

> "Of all the Southern Isles which holds the highest place,
> And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's grace"—

that "beautiful island" of Wight, "which," as Scott says in the "Surgeon's Daughter," "he who once sees never forgets, through whatever part of the wide world his future path may lead him."

In *Dorsetshire*, on the other hand, the traveller will find himself in a bleak country of chalk downs and sandy heaths, a pasture district, famous for its cheese, butter, ale, and hemp. There is, however, even here, a distinctive charm in the wildness and forlorn aspect of its villages, while it can deservedly boast of the prospects from its hills and the beauty of its shores. The coast about Lulworth, the Isle of Portland, with its fossiliferous quarries, Corfe Castle, Ford Abbey, and Sherborne, are the most conspicuous of its points of interest.

In *Wiltshire* the scene is richer, especially in the works of man from Stonehenge and Avebury to Tottenham, Wilton, and Longleat. Its hill district is a "series of chalky waves," bare of wood, and swept by keen invigorating blasts; but its solitary sheep-walks were long the battle-ground of Celt and Saxon, and bear profuse traces of their frequent contests and mutual defences. The Ridgeway, the Wansdyke, the Bokerley ditch, the White Horse, the innumerable barrows, and, as the country people term them, devices of the "Saracen," make the hill district a rich exploring ground for ante-Norman antiquities. On the other hand, the plain which extends from the escarpment of the chalk to the bed of the Thames, is chequered with corn-fields and rich pastures, where are produced the cheeses for which the county has also some reputation, and which occasion the saying, "that its two divisions are as different as chalk from cheese." Works of art it has in plenty stored up at Wilton, Longford, Wardour, Corsham, Longleat, Stourhead, and Charlton, and in its work of art, *par excellence*, the exquisite pointed cathedral of Salisbury; while its natives, remarkable for their stalwart proportions, broad shoulders, and broader dialect, proper models of English yeomen and English yeowomen, might be the pride of any country, and are pleasant objects anywhere.

Pleasant also is the cucumber-shaped county of *Somerset*, "pleasant" *par excellence*, as it was termed by the Saxons, for its land is fertile, its climate mild, and its scenery diversified. Broad vales and marshes se-

parate its high land into detached ranges, till it terminates in the dark hills of Exmoor. It embraces the Palladian city of Bath, the ancient and busy port of Bristol, the cathedral of Wells, the ruins of the great abbey of Glastonbury, and of the Norman castle of Farleigh, and many grand and well-preserved mansions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, such as those of Dunster, Montacute, and Hinton. But it is emphatically distinguished by the great beauty of its perpendicular church towers, particularly for that of Wrington, which has been considered "the finest square tower, not designed for a spire or lantern, in England, and therefore possibly in the whole world." Somerset is also full of legend and history, redolent of Arthur and the Vale of Avalon, of Alfred and the Danes, of the battle of Lansdowne, the fight of Sedgemoor, and the sieges of Bristol, Bridgwater, and Taunton. The busy coal-fields of Bristol and Radstock point out the locality of its coal measures, and the craggy rocks of Cheddar and St. Vincent those of the mountain limestone, which rests upon the flanks of the Mendip chain, and rises in outliers on the coast between Bristol and Clevedon. Lastly, the old red sandstone, or Devonian, is to be sought for among the wildest scenes of Exmoor, which is wholly included in this formation, and on the lofty hills of Quantock and of Mendip, of which it constitutes the axis. The aboriginal red deer still range over the first of these, and westward, on the spurs of Exmoor, the blackcock yet abounds. The wide vales are famous in fertile England for their exuberant pastures, and their pro-

ducts of cattle, sheep, butter, and Cheddar cheese; while the inhabitants are a simple and robust race, uncouth in speech, and tenacious of the words and phrases of the Anglo-Saxon tongue; more apt for rising against oppression, like their Blakes and Guyons, than for reasoning it down, like their John Locke, and less open than some to cosmopolitan polish and the approaches of civilization.

In *Devonshire* we pass to a still richer scene—a land flowing with junkets and cider, a picturesquely disposed surface, through which rocky strata protrude, and where a soft relaxing climate covers even the cliffs of the coast with rich verdure. To Devonshire nature has classically given the apple, for she is the beauty of the western counties. She is said to derive her name from the innumerable heights and hollows, to the embellishment of which the soil, the climate, and the labour of men have contributed. The lanes, for which Devon is noted, are steep and narrow, and bordered by tangled hedges, often thirty feet above the road, sheltering even the hills from the rigour of unfriendly blasts. An unknown antiquity is assigned to these lanes, some of which are supposed to be fosse-ways of the ancient Damnonii. Here, also, in fields unusually small, the deep red cows, respected authors of the Devonshire cream, look as if their invariable colour was derived from the rich red soil on which they graze. Similarly, we presume, their cream gets into the complexion of the Devonshire milkmaids, and mingles there with the apple-bloom, constituting the "cheeks with creame enclaretted" of the Devonshire

parson, Herrick; while the Devonshire cottage is truly said by Mrs. Bray to be "the sweetest object that the poet, artist, or the lover of the romantic could desire to see." Its roof is universally of thatch, and the walls generally of cob, which is a concrete of mud and pebbles, very warm, and, if kept dry at top and bottom, very durable. A local aphorism says, "Good cob, a good hat, and shoes, and heart, last for ever." Thus the very garden walls of Devon are frequently thatched, to enable them to sustain their weighty office, while the gardens are most prolific in fruits, vegetables, and flowers. Talk of flowers—let the tourist visit the nurseries of Exeter to learn the splendours of their camellia groves, or note the size of the myrtles and magnolias in the coombes of the coast. Above all, let him wander through the county when the apple-trees are in blossom, and Devonshire has its summer vesture from the gardens of the Hesperides. For those who relish less cultivated scenes, Dartmoor presents a waste of granite tors and dark morasses, most truly forlorn and wild. But the tints of the moor are of surpassing beauty, the air is most exhilarating, and the grandeur of its lonely hills, with their archaic remains, is singularly impressive. The finest scenery of Devonshire is to be found in the north, between Lynton and Ilfracombe, where the offshoots of Exmoor abut upon the sea in magnificent precipices, or are based in woods and sub-Alpine ravines. In the valley of rocks at Lynton, Southey could imagine himself in the Domdaniel caverns, or surrounded by the "ruins of the palaces of the pre-

Adamite kings." But the skirts of Dartmoor are also pierced by deep romantic glens, leading to desolation above, though clothed, themselves, with golden gorse and oaks. The rivers Teign, Dart, Erne, and Okement flow from the moor through valleys of this description, and their banks glow with verdure, to their junction with the channel, on a coast half Italian in its soft luxuriance and variety. Furthermore, let the traveller visit Clovelly, the country about Dulverton, Berry Pomeroy, Plymouth, Mount Edgecumbe, Torquay, and the High-street, Exeter, to learn the rural and civic charms of this county, and of the fairer half of its favoured population. From Plymouth Hoe he may recall the first appearance of the Armada, and the glorious band of old Devonshire "sea dogs," who are said to have played out their game of bowls there, before they went to the assistance of the waves and winds against the troublesome Spaniard.

But no sooner does the traveller pass the boundary of the Tamar, into *Cornwall*, than another and entire change comes again. The hills which have hitherto delighted him are now patched with fields, but otherwise as bald and uniform as the ocean waves, which they resemble in their undulations, while they are everywhere disfigured by *stone* hedges dispersed along them in straight lines with the utmost exactitude. A great part of the barren country has been stripped of the rocks which once imparted interest to the scenery, and the mining districts are rendered hideous by unsightly erections and heaps of rubbish so impregnated with mineral matter that not a blade of grass will

vegetate upon them. Striking, however, as is the contrast between Devon and the inland parts of Cornwall, the shores of the latter county present beautiful objects, and the banks of the rivers and the deep valleys or *bottoms*, with which the county is furrowed, are in general well wooded and picturesque. Parts of the Cornish coast are even unrivalled by any similar scenes in England. Such are the *slate* cliffs between Boscastle and Tintagel, the *serpentine* rocks of the Lizard, dyed in the colours of the rainbow, and the magnificent barrier of *granite* precipices between the Logan Rock and the Land's End. The cliff scenery of this latter space is the very finest in England, and the huge frame of this astonishing rampart, and the hardness of the material, might be regarded as a special provision against the stormy seas which, by the prevailing winds, are particularly directed upon this part of the shore; but the fact is, no doubt, that "all lesser impediments have been long since surmounted and washed away." Let the traveller explore the caverns in these cliffs of serpentine and granite. In the former they are remarkable for their varied and beautiful colouring; in the latter for their cylindrical shapes, and the extreme smoothness and polish of their walls, the surfaces of which are sometimes without a single fracture. Every part of the coast is indented by secluded and romantic coves, provincially called *Porths*, which, on the North coast, are fringed by beaches of shelly sand, and this sand is of a brilliant white colour towards the cliffs of the Land's End. Cormorants abound in this region, and the chough, or red-legged

crow, so highly esteemed by collectors, may still be seen there, though becoming rare; and there, about the end of July, the amateur may enjoy the summer pilchard season, which is followed by the autumnal mackerel fishery, which reaches its height in October. Enormous quantities of the former fish are preserved and headed up in casks, for exportation to Naples and other Catholic ports, whence the toast of the fishermen, "Long life to the Pope and death to thousands." Many pilchards also find their way into Spain, and there, says old Fuller, "Onder the name of fumadoes—*Anglicè* 'Fair Maids'"—(so questionable is Fuller's Spanish) "with oyle and a lemon, they are meat for the mightiest don." At all events, the scene of their capture is exciting, even to the heretic tourist, who is not so dependent on this savoury mortification for his Lent. Still more will the seeker after novelties, especially if he be a geologist, be impressed with the mining operations which chiefly make the wealth of this strange county. Notwithstanding the immense antiquity of its mines, Cornwall still produces nine-tenths of the tin which is annually furnished by Great Britain and the whole Continent of Europe, while its supply of tin is not half that of its copper. It was the steam-engine which effectually opened the sources of this latter metal, and this was the first field of the triumphs of Watt's great improvements. The traveller may descend into mines the ramifications of which extend for miles, and which, as in that of Botallack, run far and deep beneath the bed of the Atlantic. He may there listen to the booming of the waves and the

grating of the stones, as they are rolled to and fro over his head, sounds by which the miners themselves are at times appalled and driven from their work, and which they connect with quaint legends and wild superstitions. It is observable that such scenes have engrained supernatural notions in the Cornish miners which it will be long before the schoolmaster will eradicate. Thus they still carefully abstain from whistling when underground, lest it should entail ill luck; they still hear the *Pixies*, or "small men," sporting in the levels; and are firm believers in the efficacy of the *Divining Rod*. Such peculiarities of the people accord with the extreme antiquity of the monuments which now rivet the lonely traveller in these western districts. The stone avenue, or hoary circle, the cromlechs and rocking stones, though of the rudest description, and enveloped in mystery, are curious as the works of an aboriginal people who have more or less transmitted their peculiarities to their descendants. Cornwall also contains antiquities of the British Christian Church, which was independent of Rome, and anterior to Augustine; and whereas, in fact, the history of the rest of Britain passes at once from Roman to Saxon times—that of Cornwall being distinguished by an interval of 500 years,—this part of England is to be considered in a different light from other counties, and the superstitions of its people have a significance apart. The Cornishman can still point to the submerged district of Lyonness, the domain of King Arthur, which is possibly a remote geographical fact; and still hears round Tintagel the mystical bells

and voices which identify its craggy site with the shade of Britain's hero.

Such are a few only of the sources of interest which open on the traveller from Dover to the Land's End, and of which these Handbooks afford him convenient and explicit information. The plan of skeleton tours, and of long or short routes, adapted to various requirements, is followed out here with peculiar utility, where the objects are clustered so thickly, but at the same time so irregularly. The southern counties of England are a region of hills and valleys, of projections and corners, of crossroads and varied conveyances, to which, as well as to its scattered attractions, we require to be very explicitly directed. We trust, too, that Mr. Murray will continue his surveillance of the hotels, for thus we shall gradually remove one of the chief preventives to the exploration of our native isle. Given good accommodation at fair charges, and we believe that in a few years a large proportion of those who now cross the Channel will be seeking summer pleasures in their native land, will set a higher value yet on its natural charms and treasures of art, will give and receive valuable impressions as they pass to and fro over a beautiful country, enriched and rendered still more attractive by this civilizing process.

The merit of Mr. Murray's elaborated Handbooks should not, however, induce the tourist to overlook the smaller series edited by Mr. Mackenzie Walcott, and published by Stanford. These volumes, though they are not so indispensable as their red contemporaries, are nevertheless most useful accessories, being

careful products of a skilful hand, and comprising, as might be expected, much special information, the result of intelligent inquiry. It is the object of the author to afford that amount of information which an intelligent host would communicate to his guest, or the visitor be glad to acquire and retain, embodied in a book, as a memorial of the scenes through which he has passed. The author has not adopted the usual form of the handbook, but has adapted his information to the requirements of persons who may be presumed to have selected their local centres of observation. Still, the result is, to provide guides to the sources of interest, historical, legendary, and archæological, which are scattered throughout these southern counties, while the objects of both series are in the main identical—to prove to the English tourist that his own country has attractions equal to those of the Continent, if he will not go roaming to and fro,—to use the words of Lord Bacon, "hooded and without profit."

ENGLISHWOMEN IN AMERICA.*

If our American friends sometimes object to our comments, they cannot complain that we are indifferent to their proceedings. Already, before the first month of the year is out, two of our countrywomen have reported upon their doings in the most attractive forms of paper and type, and with all the pretensions to popular authorship. Two Englishwomen—who, by the way, are Scotchwomen—have been surveying their scenery, their manners, and institutions, and have justly inferred, notwithstanding our absorption in our own affairs, that the English public would be naturally inclined to hear the last impressions of their American brethren in a less fugitive shape than the echoes of their journals. It is worth observation by Brother Jonathan that these ladies have speculated simultaneously and confidently on a sustained interest in his notions on the part of the English public.

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* "The Englishwoman in America." London, Murray; 1856.

"Letters from the United States, Cuba, and Canada." By the Hon. Amelia M. Murray. Two vols. London, J. W. Parker and Son; 1856. [From the *Times* of Jan. 29, 1856.]

One of these ladies, though permitting herself no improper licence, has modestly withheld her name. "The Englishwoman in America," who, by the way, is not the same person as "The Englishwoman in Russia," relies simply on the attractiveness of the word "America" on her title-page. The other lady is "the Hon. Amelia M. Murray," who is illuminated, either on her own account or that of her publishers, with the motto, "*Per aspera ad ardua tendo.*" The performances of the two ladies are very dissimilar in almost every other respect, but as there are just one or two incidents in which they concur, we will first note their agreements before we pass on to their differences.

They have neither of them apparently seen much of the north-western states, and this will account for a difference between them and Mr. Oliphant (whom we had recently occasion to review), on the subject of the present feeling of the people of the United States towards the English. Miss Murray, in no passage which is easily quotable, implies that this feeling is appreciative, and in the main cordial. The anonymous Englishwoman also intimates that she expected to find a strong anti-English feeling, and that in travelling through the States she was agreeably disappointed. She rarely heard "any other than kindly feelings expressed towards our country. A few individuals would prognosticate failure and disaster, and glory in the anticipation of a 'busting up;' but these were generally 'kurnels' of militia, or newly-arrived Irish emigrants." Some of the papers did, indeed, write against England in terms of which we have exposed

the discreditable inconsistency. But she has heard "Success to Old England" proposed at hotel dinners, and a student asking to join in the toast on behalf of two hundred of his fellows who were present. She has observed with pride the reception of the news of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann, and hailed the sympathetic echoes of the guns of Boston at the fall of Sebastopol. She warmly acknowledges these evidences of a common origin and of a common interest in the safeguards of progress, yet not more cordially than we ourselves acknowledge them at this moment.

On another subject, on which our American friends are highly sensitive, these ladies tend, though in a different spirit, to a partial concurrence. The Englishwoman condemns slavery in principle, but admits the difficulty of dealing with it as a fact. She has heard even abolitionists condemn the tendency of exciting pleas for its immediate removal, and acknowledge, for example, that "'Uncle Tom's Cabin' had thrown the cause back for many years." The slaves are generally unprepared for freedom, so much so, that "whole bodies of emancipated slaves, after a few days' experience of their new condition, have entreated for a return to servitude." The other lady, who saw more of the southern states, has signalized herself by her eulogy of slavery as an institution. Whatever its advocates have proffered she adopts uncompromisingly. She does not appear to have been a reluctant convert, or even a convert at all, as, even at Boston, at the commencement of her book, she sympathizes chiefly with the vilified slaveholders. But she develops her

predilections for a slave population with remarkable celerity and emphasis as she goes south. She remarks the resemblance of the negro to the monkey; maintains that "Uncle Tom is a myth, but Topsy a reality;" that slaves are a privileged class; that they are proud of their privileges, and despise the d—d niggers without a master;" that, on the other hand, the masters who emancipate only escape from the responsibilities of poor-law guardians, parents, and patriarchal governors; and that slavery, in fine, is a productive instrument designed by Providence, without deference to Mr. Clarkson or Lord Carlisle. As our readers will infer, the lady who professes these opinions collects all the truth and falsehood of a most complicated issue, and heaps them into the scale against the "pumpkin-eating Cuffy." We are not about to dispute, or even to discuss her conclusions, which are not altogether and utterly unreasonable, but we simply remark her extreme vehemence in stating them.

With this modified concurrence on the subject of slavery, all resemblance between the lady travellers ceases. The "Englishwoman" appears to have been genial and "well-conditioned," and to have made an excellent use of her opportunities. Her introductions evidently carried her into the better class society of the American cities, and she remarked the habits of other ranks and classes wherever she travelled. Either she was well informed on American topics before she went abroad, or she manifested a laudable industry and judgment in collecting materials to illustrate her observations. So far does this characteristic prevail,

that her volume, though light reading, has here and there the aspect of a manual. It abounds with statistics in a condensed form, and is adapted to convey much and useful information.

At the same time its chief value is its testimony of an eyewitness to American peculiarities; as, for instance, to the luxury and splendour of interiors in the "empire city." As the authoress remarks, it is not the custom for Americans to leave large fortunes to their children; and hence a lavishness of expense on their personal *meubles* and personal adornment which distances Europe. For her own part, the authoress objects to see costly silks and rich brocades sweeping the Broadway; but "it is very certain that more beautiful toilettes are to be seen in this celebrated thoroughfare in one afternoon, than in Hyde Park in a week." She even grows eloquent on their incidents of colour and material, and on the grace and fascination of their wearers, especially the younger ladies of New York. Of jewelry she finds such an article as a 5,000-guinea diamond bracelet, exposed for sale in a shop, but that is expected to *go south*. The northern ladies study variety of ornament rather than costliness or profusion. The evening toilettes of the young are richer than those in England, but they adapt style and colour with unquestionable taste.

For their apartments the authoress has seen suites in the Fifth Avenue and some of the squares of New York "surpassing anything she had hitherto witnessed in royal or ducal palaces at home." One or two of these mansions are described, and they appear

to be treasuries of some of the choicest works of art and of splendours barely conceivable. We hear of tables worth two thousand guineas, of flowers, fountains, and statues, of orange and palm trees in city conservatories, and of luxurious and fanciful imitations of fairyland. The authoress is not an extravagant person, but evidently recounts truthfully what she has carefully observed. "Such mansions as these," she says, "were rather at variance with my ideas of republican simplicity: they contained apartments which would have thrown into the shade the finest rooms in Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace."

In another respect, also, the chief cities of the States are beginning to vie with the old centres of European opulence. By the side of their wealth and refinement there are dark patches of destitution and degradation normally localized. New York has a district called the Five Points, fertile in crime, fever, and misery, "which would scarcely yield the palm for vice and squalor to St. Giles's in London, or the Saltmarket in Glasgow." Already the large cities in the New World are approximating to the condition of those in the Old, in producing a subsidence or deposit of the drunken, the dissolute, the vicious and the wretched. To schools which are, in fact, "ragged schools," it is necessary to induce the children to attend by material inducements in the shape of food or clothing. Happily, evils like these excite similar manifestations of sympathy to those of our own country. Ladies of station and education are the principal instructors in these schools of the destitute, and the widening gulf

between these extremes is diminished by their active benevolence.

From statements like these, we fairly infer that the opposite shores of the Atlantic are drawing nearer daily. "The best society in New York," says the "Englishwoman," "would not suffer by comparison in any way with the best society in England." Probably its opinions as nearly accord with those of our best-informed countrymen. But it is certain that as yet they exercise less reasonable influence upon the masses beneath them, and that public life especially is deplorably degraded by the counter-influences of corruption and lawlessness. Of the latter feature the authoress was witness to a remarkable illustration. While she was at New York, in 1854, there were election riots, in consequence of a struggle between the Know-nothings and the Irish Romanists. Very little notice was taken of these occurrences by the English journalists, or even, it appears, by the authoress's American friends; yet, "*for three days* a dropping fire of musketry was continually to be heard in New York and Williamsburg. It was stated that the hospitals received a hundred and seventy wounded men, and that many more were carried off by their friends." She herself saw two dead bodies, and in one street or alley both the side walks and the roadway were slippery with blood; it was five days, moreover, before quiet was restored. This was, of course, an unusual occurrence, but the authoress elsewhere gives various other glimpses of the ordinary insecurity of life and property in the United States.

She illustrates, further, the want of a proper standard of morality in private transactions, and paints the coarseness of manners with which we are so familiar from former descriptions. But, on the other hand, she fairly bears her testimony to the numerous and unexpected acts of kindness she received wherever she wandered. Gentlemen gave up their quarters at hotels to her. On one occasion she saw a New Englander, to oblige a young girl who was anxious to reach St. John's, get out of the stage, with the obligation of remaining at a little roadside inn one whole day and two nights. Nor was this genuine politeness and consideration confined to one rank or class. The helping hand or arm was offered by all. While she is trying to roll up her cloak to make a pillow in the railway carriage, a working mechanic accosts her thus —"Stranger, I guess you're almost used up? Maybe, you'd be more comfortable if you could rest your head:" and this man, with his companion, gave up their seats, rolled a coat round the arm of the chair, which made a comfortable sofa, and stood for an hour and a half to give our authoress the use of it, without appearing to think that they were performing a remarkable act of kindness. As the authoress justly observes, their rugged exteriors and uncouth vernacular render the Yankees liable to be misunderstood by travellers, but a general tendency of this kind admits but of one interpretation.

We don't know whether the "Englishwoman" was peculiarly agreeable, but her experiences appear to have been more pleasing than those of the other lady.

People were frequently rude to the latter: they asked her impertinent questions; they interrupted her while sketching, &c.; and she is severe to the extent of her ability on their "curious" inattention to the common rules of politeness. And yet she, too, received such kindness and hospitality as made her "sometimes fear she might be inclined to overvalue herself, and that before her return to England she might be puffed up by conceit and vanity"—a fear which, we are sorry to say, we believe to have been singularly justified by the injudicious publication of her personal narrative.

As to its form, we take exception at once to the crude reproduction of the jottings of a diary. "Saw A——; heard from B——; packed off box of plants to G——; went to P——; wrote to R——; had tea and muffins with X.Y.Z." Of what earthly interest are such particulars to us? Speaking for the public, we may fairly say that those who venture to ask its attention, whether they have much or little to offer it, have no right to make weight of such petty personal details, which are only of interest to themselves and their circle. This impertinence has become so frequent of late that it is high time to make an example, especially of the female sex, who are by far the most frequent and hardened offenders. Analyse this propensity, and it will be found materially to differ from that other evil habit of inconsiderately revealing the private life of our friends or occasional entertainers. In the latter case, though annoyance may be caused by our garrulousness, the obtrusion of private matters, if they are not our own, may at least be free from over-

weening conceit. But to state our dealings with A, B, C, and the rest of the alphabet, being ourselves the only person whom the reader identifies, argues an undue sense of our self-importance, which, to say the least, is not the best breeding. The writer who prints such *memoranda* from her diary might just as well give us the items from her washing-book, or her milk-score, or her baker's-bill, which may be highly important to *her*, but with which the rest of the world do not care to concern themselves.

An undue sense of the importance of these personal particulars pursues the authoress, even into the regions of science. We all know that Sir Roderick Murchison's "Siluria" is a valuable work, but it is not of extreme urgency to learn that the authoress took to it freely on recovering from her sea-sickness. We know also that botany is an interesting study, but we are heedless of specimens which are new to the authoress, if others, better informed, are already acquainted with them. What does it matter, on hearing of one plant, that it is a variety not contained in her own *hortus siccus;* of another, that "it is the palm which has given her so much trouble;" and that "at last" she "has made up her mind it is no cocoa?" What, again, that *sisyrinchium anceps* is an old acquaintance, or that certain *primulas* and *lycopodium* "are quite new to *me?*" When we hear of the royal palm, provided it is duly registered in some work upon botany, we are not particularly grateful for being allowed to participate in Miss Murray's doubts and suspicions as to its designation. We are indifferent

whether she finds out its name at last, or descends to her mausoleum with this difficulty unresolved. We are gratified, but that is for a different reason, when we hear of fruits at Cuba, "the names of which she has still to learn," and we inwardly thank the gods that when she reached that verdant island, "she found no one there who could give her botanical information."

The effect of making her botany such a personal attribute is in another respect singular, and worth observation. We are apt to confuse her human and floral specimens when they are reduced to the level of mere personal acquaintance. Of which sort, for instance, is a novelty "resembling a *dryandria*, only I never heard one of that family except as Australians." *Psoralea Onobryches* is, no doubt, an American Bloomer, but of what genus—antheal or anthropical? *Osmunda spectabilis* may be one of the class in costly silks and rich brocade, whom the Englishwoman describes as sweeping the Broadway. *Phlox Drummondi*, found on an Indian mound, may, for all we know, be a branch of Drummond's bank. "Dr. Gray has the *Deutzia scabra*." If it is anything cutaneous, why doesn't he try vapour baths? A "yellow *utricularia*" is found on the banks of the lake, and we feel solicitous lest the authoress should have put her foot in it. We are puzzled by her terminology, and her inveterate eagerness to make a display of her terrible accomplishment.

With the exception of botany, Miss Murray does not appear to have been very anxious to acquire the information she wanted. She admits that, till her introduction to the governor of New York, she didn't

know that each state had a governor. She dined with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft "at their house in 22nd-street;" but she has only to remark that she is "rather plagued by having numeral streets, in addition to the customary numbering of doors; and 8th-street-west and 28th-street-east (No. 8, perhaps) make a terrible hubbub in her memory." She visits Lexington without remarking its historical interest, and meets remarkable men without attempting to describe them. Nevertheless, she does not hesitate, in the most flippant manner, to dogmatize on questions which she is incapable of understanding. She frequently tells us that the Know-nothings are a dangerous and irrational party. "The American democrat designates enlightened consistent principles," though what they are she would be puzzled to tell; "the Whig, narrow-minded bigoted republicanism."

It was natural that a traveller whom, in fulfilment of a critic's duty, we must designate as ignorant and vain, should be frequently imposed upon. On the subject of Mormon polygamy, her information, therefore, has an air of novelty. From a Mormon delegate, "a gentlemanly, respectable-looking old man, with a bald head," she obtains the following:—

"It seems that when the first wife wants help in the household, she petitions her husband to take another spouse—a good cook or a dairy-woman, for instance, or a seamstress; so, one wife is housekeeper, another has the cooking department, a third manages the nursery, and so forth; and, as there is no small difficulty in getting good servants in the United States, this matrimonial plan insures a more permanent and better-ordered household than could be obtained without it."

Another gentleman, who had been much in the Far West,

"Confirmed my deductions about the Mormonite domestic polity, having frequently conversed with the women of that state. The ladies are not shut up in idleness like those of eastern harems, but live happily together, because they are too busy to quarrel. One woman told him—'We agree well: sister Dolly has the cows; sister Jenny the children; sister Betty the kitchen; and so on—all have plenty to do; and our husband is bound by law to support and take equal care of us: and then we are so hell-bent on Heaven!' Is it not evident, slavery or polygamy is the product of an unnatural attempt after equality?"

On another occasion we strongly suspect she was practised upon by a lady who knew her weakness for extraordinary specimens of natural history :—

"By-the-by, yesterday a lady from Louisiana told me that a snake there (she could not say if it was a rattlesnake) milks the cows, and that it has the power of charming a cow once milked back to the same spot, where she will *call the reptile as if it were her calf*. A red appearance in the milk left behind shows what has occurred; but there is no danger to the life of the cow, and, by being carefully shut up away from her snake-milker, the mischief is repaired."

The authoress informs the reader that, "if any wishes should be expressed for the publication of a series of sketches which would illustrate her volumes," such would be forthcoming; and we take this opportunity of asking for a sketch of the cow-milking serpent. We should like a view of his physiognomy, and, if he converts the milk into cheese or butter, pictures also of his particular contributions to copro-

logy. These would render a work attractive which is not so at present.

In taking leave of our countrywomen, we cannot say "How happy could we be with either." Of the one, all that we know is inferentially in her favour. She has written a sensible and entertaining book, containing some charming descriptions, which we have not, however, done her the justice to quote. With her companion we must also conclude as concisely. She has spread her slender substance into a couple of volumes. She has done her best to make slavery popular and botany tedious, but she has principally succeeded in the latter department. So we kiss hands and part.

MEDIÆVAL LONDON.*

A SHORT time ago we were speaking of Roman London as an important fact which has been until a very recent date imperfectly appreciated. We might have said as much even of its successor, the London of the middle ages, previous to the publication of its municipal records; but as these are now coming out in the valuable series now being published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, we are gaining quite a novel insight into its characteristic arrangements. The publication of the "Liber Albus," the most important of these records, notes the scantiness of our information on subjects of this nature from any other sources, and does not omit to point out its obvious and principal cause. Why do we know more of the social life of antiquity than of our own forefathers? Why are the educated classes of this country better acquainted with life and manners in Greece and Italy than in mediæval England? The difference results mainly from a difference in culture. The

* "Liber Albus," compiled A.D. 1419. Edited by HENRY THOMAS RILEY, M.A., &c. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. Longman, 1859. [From the *Times* of Tuesday, December 27, 1859.]

middle ages have no literature equal to that of the ancients, as an exponent of their common and familiar customs. The Greek and Roman poets and historians, illustrated by scholiasts and lexicographers, afford us a singularly accurate insight, when the lapse of time is considered, into the social ways and usages of their classic contemporaries. But the literature of the dark ages is more especially dark as to the numerous details which constitute the sum of ordinary existence. The Chronicler recounts the personal histories of royal, noble, and ecclesiastical notables; the Legendist expands the fibs of the faithful into biographies of saints; and the Romancer confines himself exclusively to his gallant knights and gay ladies. All of them ignore the common life of their time, as too trite for explanation, almost, indeed, as too insignificant for notice; and but for the records of its actual transactions in statutes, registers, rentals, rolls, &c., the obscure million would remain as obscure to us, and we should have the scantiest materials for the history of our own social antecedents. As it is, we have to pick and sift it out of trivial documents, the significance of which, *to us*, their compilers never appreciated, but which atone by their truthfulness and authenticity for their meagre diction and want of embellishment; and we set especial store by the muniments of any corporate body which composed by-laws or preserved precedents, though solely for its own convenience.

It is hardly surprising that the record-room of the corporation of London, at Guildhall, should be fore-

most among the repositories where such information is to be obtained; but it *is* curious that it has been known as such to comparatively few, even among the students of our history and antiquities. Stowe used these documents; in eight or ten instances he explicitly quotes them; Rymer and Strype examined them more studiously; Sir Francis Palgrave has worked the same mine, and has urged attention to its further riches. But, oddly enough, M. Jules Delpit, a Frenchman, who studied these records for three months, in 1843, is the most emphatic witness to their paramount value and interest. "*There is no city in the world,*" he says, "that possesses a collection of archives so ancient and so complete as the collection at Guildhall;" and it is the fact, that its shelves are laden with documents embodying the contemporary history of this country, under almost every feature, from nearly six centuries ago down to comparatively recent times. "It is undoubtedly," says M. Delpit, "a great glory for the community of London, not only to possess archives more complete than those of any other city, but to possess archives which contain, so to say, the title-deeds (*titres*) of the nation itself;" and, in truth, from the close connection between the metropolis and our earlier kings, from the opulence, immunities, liberties, and privileges of its inhabitants, the influential position of its officials, and the communications that were continually interchanged on all matters, of even the most trifling public importance, between the court and the city, we can hardly do otherwise than conclude that its records reflect many of

the more prominent facts that constitute the history of English progress. In short, it is hardly possible to mention any feature as a component of our mediæval history, whether viewed under the phase of social, political, ecclesiastical, legal, municipal, military, or naval, that is here unrepresented; while all have a central bearing in the relations of these features to the interests of a great civic community, which in its *internal*, still more than its external action, was such a singular contrast to all that surrounds ourselves.

For the curious phases and details of this civic life, with its close and stringent limitations, the "Liber Albus," one of the many books at the Guildhall, is the most important. Compiled under the auspices of John Carpenter, town clerk, in 1419 (who was also an M.P., executor of Richard Whittington, and the real founder of the City of London School), the "Liber Albus" has always been held in high esteem, as one of their choicest heirlooms, by the civic authorities. In fact, the "Liber Albus" is *white* no longer, and is now known as the "Liber Niger," because, according to an epigram inscribed on its fly-leaf, it has been thumbed and greased with vacant reverence by civic commentators. Dead mayors have left their sign-manuals upon its margins in the unctuous exudations of digested turtle. "*Unctis*," says the Epigrammatist, meaning *grease-spots*; but, inasmuch as they are imputed to their authors in Ovidian Latin, successive aldermen have slept the sleep of innocence, happily unconscious of the wag's indictment. It is impossible

that we can repeat here all that the "Liber Albus" contains; but its editor conceives that he is speaking within limits when he says that there is no mediæval work or compilation at present known—save and except some volumes of the letter-books between B and I—that is so informing on the laws, manners, and institutions of town life in this country at a distance of time ranging from 200 or 300 years after the Norman conquest. A few only of its ordinances will indicate the fetters and restrictions, already vaguely recognized as the condition of that age, and which our ancestors imposed upon themselves in the mid-days of the Plantagenets; while the painful suggestion of a strait-waistcoat implied in these pregnant facts, furnishes an answer to the question recently raised by certain Reviewers—whether the progress of society has done anything for the increase of our happiness.

For our parts, we should be ashamed to argue the question. The rule of municipal life was not only stringent and compressive,—it was trivial and vexatious to an extent which we can hardly comprehend by the side of our modern experience. Moreover, the mode of living was coarse and meagre beyond conception, and there was a deficiency of personal comfort which we can hardly realize. The mediæval citizen lived in a house which barely sheltered him from the inclemencies of the weather, and where the smoke, rain, and wind disputed his occupancy. The houses were at first mere hovels of wood or ashlar-work; but after London was burnt in the reign of King Stephen, there

was framed, in the first year of Richard I., "Fitz Alwyne's Assize," in other words, the earliest English building-act, which required stone materials for partition-walls, and imposed other conditions as to roofs, gables, projections, &c. At the time of the promulgation of Fitz Alwyne's Assize, it is evident that the houses in London consisted of but one story over the ground-floor, and no more. But in the early part of the fourteenth century we find houses in London of two or three stories, each story sometimes forming the freehold of different individuals, entered, probably, by stairs on the outside, and causing such multiplied disputes, that Edwardus Secundus Rex had to interfere by mandate to direct each owner to keep his story in due repair. Windows are mentioned in the Assize, but *glass* to glaze them, imported from Flanders, was apparently rare; while at that day chimneys *were* not —at least in towns, though by the year 1300 they were comparatively common. Then it was enacted, with proper precaution, that they should be faced with plaster, tiles, or stone; and part of the oath taken by the scavagers of the city on entering office, is to the effect that they will see "that all chimneys, ovens, and reredosses are made of stone, and sufficiently protected against the peril of fire." The occupiers of large houses were also required to keep ladders for the succour of their neighbours on an emergency; and each ward was enjoined to provide a strong *iron crook* with a wooden handle, two chains, and two strong cords, for the speedy removal of burning houses; which provision, as the editor observes, speaks very positively

for the slight and unsubstantial manner of their construction.

In the matter of raiment, the mediæval citizen was apparently better provided than in meat and drink, of which latter he had scant variety. It is remarkable that throughout this volume, with its profuse regulations as to provisions, there is no mention of *milk* as an article of diet, while it is equally evident that butter was sparingly used. The only English fruits which are named are apples, pears, and walnuts; and the only English vegetables are onions, garlic, and leeks. Peas and beans are, indeed, mentioned; but these must have been of coarse quality, as apparently they were used only as food for horses. In comparison with butcher's meat, the mediæval citizen was a large consumer of fish; yet lobsters, crabs, and shrimps are not alluded to, and it is quite evident that they were seldom, if ever, eaten by Londoners. There is a considerable list of articles imported from abroad; but the sale of these was hampered by various restrictions, which enhanced their price, and which must have effectually prevented their general distribution. By a city regulation, quoted in the present volume from "Liber Horn," and of the date probably of Edward I., it is enacted, that from henceforth "a strange merchant may lodge where he pleases, but he shall not sell by retail; as for instance, fustic woods, he shall not sell less than twelve of them; and if he have pepper, cumin, ginger, alum, brasil, latten, or frankincense, he shall not sell less than twenty-five pounds thereof at a time. If he bring girdles, he shall not sell less than a

thousand and twelve at a time; if cloths of silk, wool, or linen, he shall sell them whole; if he bring wax, he shall not sell less than a quarter. Foreign merchants also shall not be allowed to buy dyed cloth while wet, or to make dye, or to do any work that belongs to the citizens; they shall not make a market in the city, nor shall they stay in the city more than forty days." One of the provisions as to travellers landing at St. Botolph's Wharf possibly implies the possession of a necessary garment, the existence of which in the middle ages has been generally denied. The passenger was allowed to land his luggage free of wharfage "if carried under the arm," and if only containing things for his necessities, "*a doos et a lyt*"—"for back and bed." The impression hitherto has been, that the mediæval worthy at home or abroad was always in the habit of tumbling into bed in a state of nudity; but the words quoted above, if they do not mean sheets or blankets, imply the barest scintilla or possibility of a night-shirt.

But it is when we come to the internal regulations of the city that we appreciate the discomfort of living in the middle ages, for the ordinances were so framed that, with the very best intentions, they were practically a restraint upon everybody's convenience. Thus, nobody but the bakers were at liberty to keep swine, and swine found wandering within the walls of the city might be killed. The swine of St. Antony's hospital were, however, privileged, in consideration of their patron saint; but the renter of this institution was sworn not to extend this exemption to other pigs,

or to hang round their necks the bells which were the distinguishing mark of St. Antony's own. It was equally forbidden that dogs should wander about the city, either by night or day, without some one to look after them, excepting always "genteel dogs" (*chiens gentilx*), or, in other words, dogs which belonged to the "great lords of the land."

In addition to a variety of street regulations as to pavage, &c., there were very strict limitations of the size and materials of the strakes or rims of cart-wheels. No cart, with firewood, timber, or charcoal on sale, could stand anywhere in the city except on Cornhill; most other wares had their special marts; the gates were strictly watched to levy tolls and prevent the ingress of lepers and other forbidden persons. Nobody must forestall wares or wines in the Pool; no ship or boat must moor off Southwark; watermen were similarly restricted at nightfall; while the purity of the Thames and its tributaries, at that time greatly used for brewing and culinary purposes, was strictly protected from offal and rubbish. No person was allowed, *temp.* Edward III., to bathe in the Tower Foss, or in the Thames near the Tower, *under penalty of death.* Previous to the banishment of the Jews, there was a tax upon their interments; the lepers were only permitted to ask alms through a common deputy; the women of ill fame were relegated to the Stews of Southwark. The dress of these unhappy women was the subject of frequent legislation; and no courtesan could wear a vesture furred with peltry or wool, and, later, no "hood that was furred, except

with lamb's wool or rabbit-skin." Furthermore, we learn from the Letter-Books that in the middle of the 14th century, most of these women were Flemings by birth. As for Southwark, their allotted refuge, it was especially discountenanced; the citizens were forbidden to market there, and even the fripperers, or old-clothesmen, were forbidden their night markets, or "eve chepynges," on London-bridge. No one was allowed to keep a fencing-school in the city; bakers, brewers, and maltsters were forbidden the use of *spring* water for the purposes of their trades; the barbers were not allowed to expose blood in their windows, but were ordered to carry it privily to the Thames; bowyers were forbidden to sell bows in the city; various other trades were restricted as to marks, make, and price; the working saddlers, skinners, and tanners were to be "chastised for charging excessively;" and "fishmongers, poulterers, and other journeymen, shall take no more than they used to take." The wages of the carpenters, masons, plasterers, tilers, and daubers, were regulated by a scale, which rose or fell according to the season of the year; and no strike or lock-out could vary the tariff which was imposed by the supreme authority of the mayor and aldermen.

The innkeepers were divided into two classes, the *Hostelers* and the *Herbergeours*. The hostelers are mentioned as supplying hay and corn for horses, the herbergeours never. The jealousy of foreign hostelers, who were not freemen, was shown in various invidious restrictions. *No* hosteler or herbergeour could lodge a man more than a day and a night unless he

would be responsible to the city for any offences his guest might commit. It was their duty to take the arms of their guests and keep them till their departure. In case, too, business should absolutely necessitate the stranger's absence from his hostel at night, by the city ordinances, equally of the times of Edward I., Edward III., and Richard II., it was the bounden duty of the host to remind him, with the best grace he might, that he must take care and be back in good time. Hostelers were forbidden to sell food or drink except to their guests; but they were protected by charter from the billeting of the royal retinue and dependants; and in consequence of a struggle on this point, they were authorized to *kill* any such persons who attempted to take possession of their houses by main force.

Very minute and curious are the regulations also enforced with regard to brewers and taverners, although it is observable we hear only once of drunkenness. The inference is, that the best ale, which was no better than sweetwort, was probably so thin that drunkenness could hardly follow. Fermented liquors being drunk in those days as new as possible, in fact ale being used the moment it was made, though the very smallest quantity noticed is a quart, its thinness and lusciousness combined made intoxication a difficulty. Nevertheless, the business of a brewer was held in low estimation, and was generally in the hands of females till the close of the 15th century, at which time Fleet-street was tenanted almost wholly by breweresses, or *alewives*, and the makers of felt caps.

Immediately a brewing was finished, it was submitted to the ale-conner of the ward, who tested it by the standard of assize, and fixed its price. The measures in which it was sold were impressed with the seal of the alderman; the tun in which it was stored was similarly sealed, and the vessels in which the consumers fetched it away were ordered to stand there a night, to give the ale time to work,—another proof of its newness when it entered the consumer. Brewers were not to brew *less* than they were accustomed to brew, *under penalty of imprisonment* and the abolition of their trading privilege. The wine taverns, to be known by their projecting poles, with leaves or bushes, were also subjected to a series of petty restrictions. They were forbidden to mix new and old wines; they were closed at curfew; their old wine must be sold before their new, the *latter* being chiefly in request; those which sold Rhenish might not sell Gascon; only three taverns for the sale of sweet wines were permitted within the city. By enactments frequently promulgated in the reign of Edward III., wine taverners were forbidden to hang cloths before the doors of their cellars, and it was the right of every customer to see from what vessel his wine was drawn. No wine was permitted to be sold till it had been subjected to official scrutiny, and its price assessed, as we gather, by one of the appointed vintners.

The bakers, again, were subjected to a still greater variety of restrictions, which naturally wind up with an ordinance against such of them as absconded, or endeavoured to follow their business stealthily, in

exemption from these shackles. The sale of fish, which was much more largely consumed by the middle and lower classes than butchers' meat, attracted also the special attention and surveillance of the authorities; and a curious regulation, and one most discouraging to maritime industry, was a royal ordinance, in existence so early as the time of Henry III., that the *first* boat in the season with fresh herrings from Yarmouth should pay double custom at the quay. It would appear, also, from the effect of other ordinances in procrastinating the fish-sales, and putting impediments in the way of the retailers, as if our ancestors rather preferred their fish stale than otherwise. Fishmongers were not to buy fresh fish till after mass sung, nor salt fish till after Prime; no one could sell fish upon the quay by retail, and no one could carry about cooked whelks, under pain of being amerced, and losing his whelks into the bargain. A peculiarly stringent regulation required strange or foreign butchers to sell by retail till noon, and after that by wholesale until vespers rang at St. Paul's; "at which time they must have finished the sale of their meat, without carrying anything away to salt or store, under penalty of forfeiting the same." As to butchers in general, the ordinances were so harsh that they wound up with the common provision, that "if any person should withdraw himself from the trade by reason of the said ordinance, he should lose the freedom of the city, and be compelled to forswear the trade for ever."

The regulations with regard to a variety of other

trades are too numerous to quote, but they appear to have been almost equally vexatious. The frauds to be repressed in those days were unquestionably frequent, and it was the object of the civic authorities that every trader should really sell what he professed to sell, and that the buyers should be protected against adulterations, defective measures, and short weights. The mediæval millers, for example, were great rogues in grain, and the buyers and brokers of corn were as bad as the millers. In the preamble of an enactment, apparently of the time of Edward I., the dealings of these latter worthies with the countrymen who brought them corn are denounced with an explicitness which is curiously illustrative of their malpractices. "And because," it says, "certain buyers and brokers of corn buy corn in the city of peasants who bring it to sell, and give, on the bargain being made, a penny or half-penny by way of earnest, and tell the peasants to take the corn to their house, where they shall receive their pay; and when they come there and think to have their payment directly, the buyer says that his wife at his house has gone out, and has taken the key of the room, so that he cannot get at his money, but that the other must go away and come again soon and receive his pay; and when he comes back a second time, then the buyer is not to be found, or else, if he is found, he feigns something else; by reason whereof the poor men cannot have their pay, &c.," it is provided that the offender shall not only pay double value and damages, but if he fails in his payment, he shall stand in the pillory. It appears, also, that the mediæval butchers

who bought beasts of the peasants were in the habit of slaughtering them first, and then making their own terms for the carcass, or else telling the peasants that in this condition they might take their beasts again; so that an enactment similar to the above was required also in their case. The bakers, again, had a trick of making their bread of a fine quality on the outside and coarse within; we hear also of their "making holes in their tables, called *moldyng bordes*," through which they were in the habit of stealing the dough of those who brought it to be baked. One case is mentioned of a baker being pilloried for having the effrontery to put a piece of iron in his bread to increase its weight; and in any case, if a baker sold bread deficient in weight or quality, for the first offence he was drawn upon a hurdle from Guildhall through the most populous and the most dirty streets, with the defective loaf hanging from his neck; and for further offences there were further penalties, culminating in the pulling down of his oven and the cancelling of his bakery for ever. The fishmongers had a trick of *colouring*—that is, of putting good fish on the top of their baskets and inferior beneath; the ale-wives thickened the bottoms of their ale-measures with pitch; and the tricks of mediæval trade generally, as far as comparative ignorance permitted, might vie with the adulterations of modern manufacturers. Moreover, the frauds of those pious times were by no means confined to any rank or class, but appear to have prevailed equally among those entitled to benefit of clergy. A by no means uncommon offence was the

forgery of letters, bonds, and deeds; and several instances are to be met with of *Writers of Court-hand* being elevated to the bad eminence of the pillory for their share in such transactions. Indeed, the forgery of charters and deeds, more especially of ancient date, was practised extensively by men of this class; and thus we may account for the many forged abbey charters of early times, the spuriousness of which has only been suspected in comparatively recent days. Monks and friars, as we know, forged relics with professional impunity; but we were hardly prepared to learn the existence of a large base manufacture of Papal Bulls, for which regular implements were kept by the "Jem the Penman" and his clerical associates of the Ages of Faith. It was only within the present century that some of these implements were discovered, and so recently as the removal of old London-bridge.

The pillory was the great institution for the suppression of these contrivances, and it played a prominent part in the penalties imposed on the offenders. There was pillory for cheating on the sale of a garland (meaning certain goldsmith's work); pillory for the freetrading heresy of forestalling poultry; pillory for affeering, or fraudulently raising the price of corn; pillory for selling oats good at top, bad below; pillory for selling sacks of coals deficient in weight; pillory for selling rings and clasps made of latten, gilt and silvered over, for gold and silver; forfeiture of forestalled ducks; forfeiture of furs, for mixing new work with old; pillory for selling counterfeit cups; and there are various instances where false

breeches, pouches, gloves, lures, caps, and other articles, were publicly burnt. We meet with instances of pillory for the offence of pretending to be one of the sheriff's sergeants, and meeting the bakers of Stratford and arresting them with the view of fraudulently extorting a fine; for the offence of pretending to be the summoner of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and so summoning the Prioress of Clerkenwell, the same offender also pretending that he was the king's purveyor; pillory for cutting off pouches or purses; for taking away a child to go begging; punishment of the thewe (or pillory) for being a common scold; punishment of the pillory for pretending to be a king's officer; pillory again for playing with false dice and deceiving the public; for begging under false pretences; for deceiving the public with counters for gold; for using a false *queek*, which may have been a chess-board; for practising soothsaying for the discovery of a stolen mazer; for pretending to be a physician; for practising magic; for pretending to be the son of the Earl of Ormond; for bribing an approver to bring a charge against a certain brewer; for stealing a leg of mutton at the flesh-shambles of St. Nicholas; for pretending to be an officer of the Marshalsea; for cutting off a *baselard*, or sword; for pretending to be a holy hermit; for pretending to be begging on behalf of the hospital of Bethlehem; for counterfeiting the seals of the Pope, and certain others, nobles of England; for exhibiting certain divers counterfeit bulls.

The romance with which we are prone to invest these early centuries—at all events, the comparative

exemption from sordid vices which we ascribe to them, will thus hardly bear the test of rigorous inquiry. In addition to the characteristics indicated above, we find, moreover, much that was excessively grotesque and ludicrous. The *minstralx*, or city music, for example, was an institution of this description; for it was employed to aggravate the punishment of offenders with a species of official Skimmington. Men who kept brothels were in the first place deprived of their hair and beards, with the exception of a fringe or crest of hair which was left them, two inches in breadth; and then they were conducted to the pillory with the accompaniment of this city music. Women who kept brothels had their hair cropped, and went to the pillory with music too. The city music played also for procurers and procuresses, who were further obliged to walk holding a "dystaf with tow" in their hands. If a priest was found in company with a woman of bad character, he also was treated to the musical accompaniment. So were adulteresses and their paramours, whether priests or laymen. A woman convicted of being a common courtesan was taken from the prison (the Tun probably) to Aldgate, with a hood of rayed cloth on her head, and a white wand in her hand. Thence she was led, accompanied by the usual orchestra, to the thewe in Cheap, where the nature of her offence was proclaimed. This done, she was escorted through Cheap and Newgate to "Cokkes-lane" (now Cock-lane), without the walls, and there she was to take up her abode (*demourere*). On being found guilty of this offence a third time, she

was similarly punished; in addition to which her hair was cropped short while she was upon the thewe, and she was then taken to one of the gates, and compelled to forswear the city for the rest of her life.

We may concur, then, with Mr. Riley, the editor of this volume, that the "good old times," whenever else they may have existed, assuredly are not to be looked for in days like these. And yet these were not lawless days. On the contrary, owing in part to the restless spirit of interference which seems to have actuated the lawmakers, and partly to their low and disparaging estimate of the minds and dispositions of their fellow-men, these were times the great evil of which was a superfluity of laws, both national and local, worse than needless,—laws which, while unfortunately they created or protected comparatively few real or valuable rights, gave birth to many and grievous wrongs. That the favoured and so-called *free* citizen even of London—despite the extensive trading privileges he enjoyed—was in possession of more than the faintest shadow of liberty, can hardly be alleged, if we only call to mind the general terms of the ordinances already set forth. We find, in accordance with Mr. Riley's description of them, laws which compelled each citizen, whether he would or no, to be bail and surety for a neighbour's good behaviour, over whom, perhaps, it was impossible for him to exercise the slightest control; laws which forbade him to make his market for the day until the purveyors for the king and the "great lords of the land" had stripped the stalls of all that was choicest and

best; laws which forbade him to pass the city walls for the purpose of meeting even his own purchased goods; laws which bound him to deal with certain persons or communities only, or within the precincts only of certain localities; laws which dictated, under severe penalties, what sums, and no more, he was to pay to his servants and artisans; laws which drove his dog out of the street, while they permitted "genteel dogs" to roam at large; nay, even more than this, laws which subjected him to domiciliary visits from the city officials on various pleas and pretexts; which compelled him to carry on a trade under heavy penalties, irrespective of the question whether or not it was at his loss; and which occasionally went so far as to lay down rules at what hours he was to walk in the streets, and incidentally what he was to eat and what to drink. Viewed individually, laws and ordinances such as these may seem, perhaps, but of trifling moment; but, as the poet says, "trifles make life;" and to have lived fettered by numbers of restrictions like these must have rendered life irksome in the extreme to a sensitive man, and a burden, if not intolerable, hard to be borne.

That this burden was indeed felt even in those days, that the true ideal of the middle age was found in practice to be a wearisome bondage, we infer that the pages of this volume disclose, though Mr. Riley barely sets his mark upon the evidence. What is the meaning else of that frequent enumeration of offences against the civic authorities, especially of

curses and indignant or contemptuous revilements? The spirit of revolt was rife, when we find such items as these recorded with considerable profusion in the letter-books :—Imprisonment for opprobrious language to a sergeant, in the presence of the mayor; judgment upon Roger Thorolde, for cursing the mayor in his absence; punishment by pillory for telling lies about William Walworthe; imprisonment for rebellious conduct towards the alderman of Walbrook; punishment for insulting language to William Wottone, alderman of Dowgate; imprisonment for rebelliously opposing the constable of Bred-strete; pillory for telling lies of John Tremayne, the recorder; judgment for behaving with contumacy towards William Sevenok, the alderman; imprisonment of Robert Christendom for scandalous language; judgment on Thomas Russelle, for insults, lies, and scandals, in reference to Thomas Fauconer, the alderman. The inference is obvious, that the citizens of London were not at their ease under the bonds and fetters of a tedious surveillance. Human nature rebelled against acts of authority founded simply on a feeling of mutual distrust; while the freedom of a civic community was further cramped in the conflict of such restrictions with insurgent passions. The picture is hardly welcome, for it dissipates an illusion which historians and publicists have been disposed to cherish; but it *ought* to be welcome for the truth it conveys, that the mediæval was vastly inferior to the modern city in the elements of liberty and comfort, and consequently of human happiness.

RUSSELL'S INDIAN DIARY.*

WE have here the private diary of Mr. W. H. Russell, whose letters to this journal from the Crimea, and subsequently from India, have made his name a familiar word in the mouths of his countrymen. To account, in part, for his extraordinary popularity, Mr. Russell has been the foremost man of a file who are taking up a new place in the field of literature; and, apart from his success, of which we are hardly free to speak as proudly as we feel, he is the most conspicuous representative of a rising class, who are undertaking to write history under novel conditions. Whereas hitherto the historic muse has erected her monuments over the grave of past transactions, or has traced her pictures at her ease, with the facilities of leisure and in the serenity of retrospect, in this instance the panorama of war and policy was painted on the spot, while the contest was raging and the issue was in suspense. To sketch in outlines and lay on colours beneath the open sky is no novelty in art,

* "My Diary in India in the Year 1858-9." By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D., Special Correspondent of the *Times*, with Illustrations. Two vols. Routledge, Warne, and Routledge, 1860. [From the *Times* of Jan. 16, 1860.]

but to attempt it on such a scale as this, and with such broad effects, we may boldly contend was quite new in literature. The literary workman was summoned suddenly to a turn in the reporter's gallery, where the disputants were legions, and where empire was in debate; he was expected to compete with the velocity of the electric telegraph; to spread open the scroll of his Clio, and to inscribe it with current transactions, his pen must keep pace with time, and his reflections be contemporary with events; and it was incumbent on him to exert some of the qualities of even a general officer in his purely civil capacity, to preserve a clear eye and a calm judgment in the confusion of military movements, with the war-clouds obscuring the scene, and the roar of battle in his ears. How, in answer to these requirements, and under these exciting conditions, Mr. Russell and others have satisfied the expectations of the public, it is not for us to boast; nor have we occasion to do more than refer casually to such exploits now, and more particularly in the instance of the volumes before us.

We may at once state that we pass from this topic, for this among other reasons, that these volumes are as new to us as they are new to the public. If, indeed, they were a reproduction of matter which had already appeared in our pages, it would be out of our course to review them freely here. But we conceive that we are not precluded by Mr. Russell's connection with this journal from taking a fair estimate of a work, of which the value has yet to be determined, while it is obviously out of proportion to its unpretending title.

"My Diary" is far more important in a political and prospective sense, than as a record of personal adventures, or a series of photographs of Indian warfare. It has both of the latter attractive features, but its views of our Indian policy are the better grounds on which we regard it as so important to the English public.

Those, indeed, who are interested solely in Mr. Russell's powers of narrative and description need not, as we suggest, be scared by this announcement, for such specimens of his art are here in abundance. Mr. Russell not only paints some gorgeous and terrible scenes, but he also recounts his personal perils. He had not been home a year from the Crimea before he was on his way to India, which was then in full mutiny. At Alexandria he heard that Lucknow was relieved, but that Havelock had fallen. He reached Calcutta in time to accompany Lord Clyde on his final advance into Oude, and to be present at the rescue of the Residency garrison, and the central achievement of the war. Among his personal adventures he was present at the sack of the Kaiserbagh, when an Irish private offered him for 100 rupees, or even for 32*s.* and a bottle of rum, an armlet of emeralds, diamonds, and pearls, so unusually large, that he believed they were not real stones, but part of a chandelier. The question was simply a question of ready money to the Irish soldier who offered the armlet, and who had somehow the notion that coin would be more "convanient" than jewels if he should be dead at nightfall, "with a bullet in me body." While Mr. Russell,

from greater indifference to the circulating medium, having no provision for such a contingency in his purse, lost the chance of a fortune, as it afterwards proved, inasmuch as these stones were sold to a jeweller for £7,500. After the fall of Lucknow, Mr. Russell, in the campaign which followed, was down with dysentery; he received a disabling kick from a vicious Arab horse at Jellalabad, and, while lying all but helpless in his dooly at the battle of Bareilly, he was involved in a panic from a sudden attack of the enemy's horse. Sick and exhausted as he was, he was compelled to mount and ride for bare life, beneath a sun which was dealing death-strokes as fast as the enemy's sabres. With nothing on but his shirt, head uncovered, feet and legs naked, burnt and tortured in his blistered leg by stirrup-irons and saddle, he rode beneath this awful sun within the sweep of hostile tulwars. These tulwars were flashing and mowing down fugitives all round him, and, unarmed as he was, his moments were seemingly numbered, when the sun, by which "this day all over India we lost literally hundreds of men," struck him from the saddle, under the impression that he was cut down by the enemy's steel. A long illness followed, during which he retired, through Delhi, to Simla, where he amused himself in his sick-room with an improvised menagerie. To further recruit his health, he went for a tour among the spurs of the Himalaya, and made some acquaintances among the Rajpoots of the hills. He was received in more than European state by the Rajah of Puttiala, from whom he declined presents, of which the diamonds

alone were worth £30,000, conceiving that "he was in a position which forbade him to accept such gifts" from any person; and, finally, when he was sufficiently recovered, he returned to his labours, and was present through the campaign in Oude, which stamped out the embers of the mutiny.

Of the scenes he passed through and the perils he shared, this Diary contains a series of pictures, as we have already intimated, in the style with which our readers are so generally familiar; but to which we may add that they include a variety of personal experiences, notes, and observations, which would have been out of place in our own columns, but which are the proper charm of this particular narrative. We ourselves, though somewhat hardened to exhibitions of pictorial skill, are struck again and again by the faculty, of which it is difficult to surprise the secret, but which does somehow render visible certain phases of Indian life, almost as if we were ourselves surveying them from a window. We look through Mr. Russell's literary Dollond, and we *see* almost what he sees. We see that motley anomaly, an Indian army, with its vast *matériel* and its myriad followers, differing in race, garb, speech, and mien, trailing slowly like a nation's exodus over the interminable plain, or settling like a swarm of locusts on its indefinite camping-ground. We see this force crossing deep gurgling rivers by bridges of boats, which "look no broader than the trunks of giant trees." As far as we can make out, against the silvery course of the stream, this army, "an incessant dark jagged thread,"

is moving onward. "The splendid bullocks which draw the guns" are patriarchal and conspicuous; "the dear, unwieldy, cunning-eyed old elephants" more so; "the camel opens its huge mouth, garnished with hideous blackened tusks, projecting like *chevaux-de-frise* from its lips, and from the depth of its inner consciousness, and of its wonderful hydraulic apparatus, gets up groans and roarings full of plaintive anger, the force of which can only be realized by actual audience." We, at all events, have *virtual* audience of the ancient brute, and of the yelling natives on the nightly camping-ground, studded with innumerable fires. Salvator would have had years of work in fixing on his canvas "the wonderful groups of black wild faces" seen in the flickering lights, with the costumes, which haunt the spectator incessantly, until he gives up the hope of describing this gorgeous colouring and vast variety of Eastern life. At the first bugle, which sounds when we London spectators are thinking of bed, all this camp is stirring for its cool auroral journey. We get out on the road, where in silence and order the "Rifle Brigade is plunging with steady tramp through the dust." As the moon sinks in the heavens, the line of march becomes more like some dream of the other world, or some recollections of a great scene at a theatre, than anything else. "The horizontal rays just touch the gleaming arms and the heads of the men, lighting up the upper portions of the camels and the elephants, which resemble islands in an opaque sea, while the plain looks like an empty waste dotted with star-like fires." The sun soon

begins to make his approach visible, and "an arc of grayish red appears in the east, but not deepening, till the Far-darter himself rises like a ball of fire in the hazy sky." The band of the Rifles strikes up one of the old familiar steps, "and as the light increases, we are able to make out some of our old friends." That slightly obese spectre is "Billy Russell" himself, who has been our pilot through this mazy scene, and with whose help we have been noting this marvellous panorama. We have the same accomplished cicerone at our side when we are surveying the splendour of Lucknow and the havoc of Delhi. We follow him into the prison-house of the shrivelled remnant of a royal dynasty, and see a spectacle of regal degradation emulating the fortunes of Priam. We ascend with him to heights in the distant Himalayas, from which we discern Alpine ranges unequalled in Europe; and we are introduced to some rural episodes in their retired dells, and which glow alike with Arcadian nature and Oriental state. It is he also who depicts for us the awful incidents of an Indian storm and the "Devil's breath" of the simoom, or who takes us into the shadow of the Taj Mahal—that highest idealization of grace and beauty—till we are liable to break away, like himself, "*Taj-haunted* for ever."

But all this we have told readers to look for, and to look for as a matter of course; and, expecting it as a matter of course ourselves, we conceive it is somewhat late to express our admiration profusely. The reader will be more struck by another class of facts,—the machinery by which Mr. Russell obtained his

reliable information. It was not for us to boast of means, but to give the English public adequate results. Mr. Russell is now free to speak of the help he received from those in authority, and to make admissions in our behalf, and which we cordially indorse. Lord Canning, at the outset, received him with a ready sense of "the advantages to be derived from a truthful narrative," and himself, in the midst of his incessant duties, devoted some time to Mr. Russell's information. "His Excellency was kind enough to explain to me at great length, and with remarkable clearness, the actual state of affairs at that time in India; to show me on the map what had been effected, and what yet remained to be done, in order to re-establish our power; and to indicate generally what the operations would be by which that object was to be effected." His Excellency did not answer for the views of Sir Colin Campbell, but when Mr. Russell reached headquarters Sir Colin answered for himself. "He was frank and cordial." After a few remarks about the Crimea, his Excellency said, "Now, Mr. Russell, I'll be candid with you. We shall make a compact. You shall know everything that is going on. You shall see all my reports and get every information that I have myself, on the condition that you do not mention it in camp, or let it be known in any way, except in your letters to England." Of course Mr. Russell accepted this condition, and as faithfully observed it. Again and again he was indebted to Sir Colin, not only for extraordinary facilities in passing to and fro, but for careful explanations of military plans and

resources. We find them together on the top of the Dilkoosha, in the midst of the storming of Lucknow, where Sir Colin, "map in hand, was good enough to explain what was his plan of operations, which up to that moment was a dead secret." "Outram," says he, "with a complete corps of infantry, cavalry, and guns, crosses the floating bridges or rafts across the Goomtee, and marches straight for the road which leads over the Kokraal Viaduct that you see *there* beyond the Martinière. This road leads, in a line nearly parallel to the course of the Goomtee, to the iron and stone bridges—and now, *mind that this is kept quiet.* Outram will be placed so as to command the rear of the enemy's line, and to take their works in flank and reverse, while our attack is pressed with vigour from *this* side against the Begum's kothie and Banks's bungalow, as soon as the Martinière is taken—a movement being made against it the moment Outram's success is developed." Thus we see, in anticipation of the public despatches, the plans of the commander in their transitory state, and can compare the result achieved with the result intended. The reader obtains a private explanation of the various grounds on which we were warranted in attaching so much weight to Mr. Russell's statements. He is now admitted behind the scenes, or rather he is permitted to hear the recitals which, according to the practice of publicity elsewhere, are usually condensed into the policeman's formula—"*from information I received.*" From information Mr. Russell received, he also informed his countrymen of what was done or doing, in the

cognizance only of some few; and his methods of acquiring this information are now disclosed from the pages of a Diary which was a faithful record of his daily life. Thus runs the story day by day, though compressed for convenience to a single entry:—"I hunted about for news from tent to tent, or heard what was doing from Sir Colin, who came over to me with papers, and explained the daily position of affairs; and I learned—not to the detriment of the public service, not to the diminution of my self-respect, not to the deterioration of the relations between the Commander-in-Chief and the person whom he thus permitted to know his counsels—that which *it was of advantage for the people of England to know.*"

But this opportune function was performed some time since; this service is a *fait accompli;* and we turn in preference to the newer phase which gives this book such interest, its disclosure of Mr. Russell's views on questions of our Indian policy. We can appreciate the doubt which arises as to the value of this testimony, from one who had no Indian experience to start with, who was a comparatively short time in the country, and who saw it, moreover, in an abnormal state of disorganization and distrust. We attach some importance to this last consideration, but little to the two former, for reasons which we feel it due to Mr. Russell to state freely. In the first place, he is no ordinary person; for by the quickness and vigour of his perception he makes up for other men's greater opportunities; and, in the next place, he had some advantages which others, and those who

had grown grey in the Indian service,—who had outwatched the stars in council over its grave perplexities, from *esprit de corps* and the obligations and ties of their position, could never pretend to in the same degree. Take the chiefs of our Indian dependency, the first in arms and civil government, and observe how they all speak under a deadening weight of responsibility. Such is their confessed reticence, that, as regards, for example, the character of the sepoys, we never heard the truth till it was disclosed in red rebellion. "Sir Colin and Mansfield declare they *always* had the same opinion of the sepoys that they have now." "God forgive me" (we assume it is Lord Clyde who speaks), "it was the only time I ever wilfully lent myself to an untruth in my life, when I expressed myself satisfied with their conduct." "Why," asks Mr. Russell, "did our officers lend themselves to such deceit? It was '*the mode.*'" More than that, an officer would be persecuted, hunted down, and ruined who dared to tell the truth upon this point. Mr. Russell was assured that in the old days a queen's officer who ventured to express an opinion that the discipline of a sepoy regiment was not perfect, would be insulted till he was forced to fight; and thus had a host of enemies ready to put him under the sod with a bullet, or to stab him with their pens in the Indian press, which was quite dependent on the services, with few exceptions, of volunteer writers and correspondents.

Mr. Russell himself, in the very heart of the rebellion, found the old Indians waxing angry at

attacks even on the courage of their revolted troops — *olim tam dilecti* — in which they found taunts which they imagined to be secretly directed at themselves. Occasionally, indeed, a great man, free from the trammels of the Company's discipline, uttered warnings like those of Napier—that our greatest fight was before us, and that that fight would be with our sepoy army. Such warnings are scattered in an obscure fashion over the despatches of the few of our Indian administrators who were above the prejudices of official caste. But the mass of our Indian officers were complacent—not to be confuted even by revolt in its plainest dimensions, so dogged were they, and so obdurate to the logic of events. If, on the other hand, we turn to the civilians, from the highest to the lowest, the same tendency is manifest as regards their several departments. We speak not of the last dying confession of the India-house, to which some eminent pens imparted a grandeur of conception and a grace of style befitting the melancholy dignity of an historic catastrophe. But from heavy blue-books up to lighter histories, antecedent to that date, the same complacency is obvious, and reads like empty mockery now. Mr. Kaye's "History of the East-India Company," for example, is just such a flattering tale of mistaken confidence. "Anticipations of the same class as the Vellore massacre now appear in their true light, and are valued at their proper worth" by this agreeable historian. "Under the British government, internal rebellion is a thing almost unknown," &c. The servants of the Company were thus wedded to a

belief in their system, and proclaimed their convictions of its permanence and security; they were blind to its defects, its shortcomings, and its perils; and those who should have known most were the men who told us least. As for the independent English in India, they had other things to occupy their thoughts; so that when Mr. Russell, with his clear perceptions and exceptional freedom, set his foot on Indian soil, he was by no means a common phenomenon. He had "no theories to support and no prejudices to conquer;" but he had a full commission for an honest survey; he had the power to see and the opportunity to speak. The outbreak, moreover, in attaining its climax, had already exploded the existing system, and, like the handwriting on the wall to discerning eyes, it was a key to the significance of the spectacle before him. On his way to his post he was admonished of our errors, his suspicions were awakened as to their extent and meaning, and having no motive to exaggerate and no pressure to reticence, from the very first moment he uttered a clear note. From the first hour of his Indian experience he spoke with emphasis, but without flippancy or arrogance, of our Indian difficulties; and the grounds on which he formed his opinions, and which are given to the world in these volumes, must add, as we conceive, to their weight with his countrymen.

Thus Mr. Russell, from his first drive on the Calcutta course, derived impressions which are the key-note of his subsequent reflections. There he beheld a motley throng, described as he alone can describe it, made up

of English mixed with Orientals; but in which this chief phenomenon appalled him, that there were no signs of intimacy or of mutual intelligence. The Englishman, more English than he is at home, was exclusively interested by the English promenaders. "You," says Mr. Russell, speaking for the newly-arrived traveller, "feel some historic interest when you are shown Tippoo Sultan's son and grandson; but your friend is too busy looking at Mrs. Jones, to give much information on these points, or to direct your attention to anything so commonplace (to him) as the appearance of certain natives on the course." It is true that Mrs. Jones is the prettier object even to your own eye; but still, says Mr. Russell, "it is striking to see the metaphysical Mahratta ditch which separates the white people, not only from the natives, but from the Eurasians. They drive and ride in the same throng, apparently quite unconscious of each other's presence." In short, "the general effect of one's impressions, derived from a drive on the Calcutta course, is, that not only is there no *rapprochement* between the Indian and the Englishman, but that there is an actual barrier which neither desires to cross."

Another circumstance which from the first made an equally deep impression, and that even in Calcutta itself, was "our numerical nothingness amid the people." All the splendour of Calcutta carriages could not efface it; but when the writer crossed over to Barrackpore, instead of looking at the fine trees in the park, or admiring the outside of the Governor-Gene-

ral's country house, or the lawn and bungalow and officers' quarters, he was on the look-out for white faces; and here at last he found them. But how were these white men, officers and privates—for they were exclusively soldiers—occupied? In guarding some disarmed sepoys, formerly their comrades, and who were, perhaps very rightly, suspected of disaffection. The circumstance was typical, but one of its incidents was more harshly suggestive. "The men" (that is the sepoys) "saluted us as we passed, but my companions made a point of *not* returning the salutes or taking the least notice of them." These two facts, then—our numerical insignificance and the alienation of the natives, promoted to a great degree by our own hauteur—were as a clue to Mr. Russell on his entry into India.

On his way up the country, he again and again remarks "the scowling hostile look of the people." They are humble and even servile. "The Bunniahs bow with their necks and salaam with their hands, but not with their eyes." The Englishman is violent and supercilious to a degree which he would not venture upon with the most ignorant and boorish of his countrymen. "Next to my griffinish wonder," says Mr. Russell, "at the want of white faces, has been my regret to perceive the utter absence of any friendly relations between the white and black faces when they come together. Here comes a trooper—a tall fine old fellow, with face as fair as that of many a sunburnt soldier from England—he carries a despatch to the Lord Sahib; he has ridden with it 50 miles through

a country full of rebels. The old Sikh asks for the tent of the chief; he dismounts, sticks his lance in the ground, fastens his panting horse to it, and stalks in his long leather boots, his heels, perhaps, stuck up in a crease of the leather six inches above the sole, through the camp. It is ten to one if a soul notices him, and if he goes to a wrong tent, he is saluted with an adjuration to go to a place far beyond the limits of the camp, by the angry young gentleman who has been disturbed in his *Pendennis*, or in the contemplation of a fine '*ash*.'" Mr. Russell finds men who had stood true to our raj under the most adverse circumstances, treated with similar contumely; and thus obtains their impressions of our behaviour, after one of the uproarious orgies at Simla :—

"Nothing is more remarkable during one of these little effervescences than the behaviour of the native servants. They stand in perfect apathy and quiescence, with folded arms, and eyes gazing on vacancy, as if in deep abstraction, and at all events feigning complete ignorance of what is going on around them. On one occasion I asked an officer who knew something of the natives, what they thought of us, as far as he knew, when we gave way to such exceedingly high spirits and were in full swing, singing and drinking.

"'What do you suppose those fellows who are standing there behind our chairs are thinking of all this?'

"'They? Why, they don't think about us at all. They look upon us as out-of-the-way inscrutable beings, whom it would be quite useless to perplex their heads about, and they're too well accustomed to this sort of thing to wonder at it.'

"Well, I did not accept his statement, and I now believe that, with all this apparent apathy and indifference, there is real critical examination, and that when they meet together, the servants discuss the qualities of their masters just as they would

in our English kitchen. And so I asked a native gentleman one day if he ever heard that our servants complained of us, or laughed at us, or tried to enter into the spirit of our revelries; and he made answer and said,

"'I will speak the truth, if the sahib will not be displeased at it.'

"'Well, pray speak. I am certain that you will not willingly offend us.'

"'Does the sahib see those monkeys? They are playing very pleasantly. But the sahib cannot say why they play, nor what they are going to do next. Well, then, our poor people look upon you very much as they would on those monkeys; but that they know you are very fierce and strong, and would be angry if you were laughed at. They are afraid to laugh. But they do regard you as some great powerful creatures sent to plague them, of whose motives and actions they can comprehend nothing whatever.'"

There is, then, an admitted gulf which the Indian can't, if he would, and which the Englishman, if he can, has refused to pass over. Have we made up for this mutual alienation by the benefits conferred on our Indian subjects in other respects? Mr. Russell shakes his head, and reminds us sharply of our treatment of the native aristocracy and of the princes into whose inheritance we have stepped. He comments strongly on our parsimony to the house of Delhi, on our ingratitude and severity to the house of Oude; while his urgent precepts to employ the energies of the nobility and gentry imply the excuses he conceives we have afforded to their disaffection and intrigues. As regards the mass of our Indian subjects, he is emphatic, to a degree we must deprecate, as to the absence of beneficent effects from our sway. The efforts to improve the condition of the people, he says,

are made by bodies or individuals who have no connection with our Government. The action of the Government in matters of improvement is only excited by considerations of revenue.

"Does it, as the great instructor of the people, the exponent of our superior morality and civilization—does it observe treaties, show itself moderate and just, and regardless of gain? Are not our courts of law condemned by ourselves? Are they not admitted to be a curse and a blight upon the country? In effect, the grave unhappy doubt which settles on my mind is, whether India is the better for our rule, so far as regards the social condition of the great mass of the people. We have put down widow-burning, we have sought to check infanticide; but I have travelled hundreds of miles through a country peopled with beggars, and covered with wigwam villages."

We must deprecate, as we said, this sweeping condemnation, because Mr. Russell beheld India in an exceptional state. He saw it, to use his own expression, "in mourning." His track lay through districts in which war was running riot, and where mutual cruelties—for they were not so one-sided as we suppose—had produced effects only too legible in the condition and looks of the people, and of which the evidence darkened the writer's view of a century's history. That history is, nevertheless, a wonderful record. There has been nothing like it in historic times. We are far from contemplating it with unmixed satisfaction; but there are passages in its annals which we are entitled to regard with honourable pride. It is, at all events, the history of the most difficult problem that ever was propounded to the human race—how a superior people shall obey

its seeming destiny, how it shall govern without amalgamating, or how it shall amalgamate without losing its indispensable prestige. A hundred years is a short time for the solution of this problem, and yet it is hardly so hopeless at this day as it seemed originally. We have impressed the natives with a sense of our superior civilization; we have imparted to them even some of its many advantages. The result is not wholly rapacity on our part, and abject despair and humiliation on theirs. Grant the intolerance of the Anglo-Saxon for a dusky skin, and that climate and other conditions forbid the hope that he can supplant the native race, and in comparison with which he is a solitary unit. Still, his very existence among its teeming myriads is a proof that he has benefited them to some extent; nor can we ascribe his renewed tenure of their territory exclusively to superior force. We should have probably succumbed, says Mr. Russell, but for the Rajah of Putteeala. "Our empire would have surely gone, had the Rajah thrown off his allegiance in the hour of our trial." . . "It is universally admitted," he says as far as he knows, "that whatever might have been the exertions of Mr. Montgomery and Sir John Lawrence from the Punjab, we must have lost Delhi if the Rajah of Putteeala had not, in conjunction with the chiefs of the neighbouring states, kept open our communications with the Punjab, and rendered the despatch of supplies practicable." At all events, these chiefs trusted us, and adhered to our side, with some sense of reciprocal interest and advantage. Our treatment of the natives can

hardly have been such a complete failure hitherto, or else why at this moment are we in India with their help? The Macedonian, as Mr. Russell says, passed away in a blast of mutiny; the Mogul has gone out in a convict-ship to some semi-Chinese prison; the Portuguese crept away under a monk's cowl; and the Frenchman just holds some corner of the land as a guarantee that history has not deceived us. But we, who have stood face to face with all but the first, for upwards of a century, and a century which has steadily chronicled the advance of our dominion, are still undisputed masters of all we have acquired. There is no competitor for our dominion left, after the greatest revolt in history; and Mr. Russell would be as wrong in ascribing this result to force only, as others to view it exclusively as a testimony to our beneficence.

We are so far with Mr. Russell, that we believe the mutiny was a reproof, not only for much selfishness and tyranny, but for a misapprehension of our real position. The griffin who anathematizes and kicks the "niggers," and "the nice little parson" whom Mr. Russell met at Delhi, and who was solely intent on "the pattern for his pulpit ornaments," are anomalies and anachronisms in the future of the English East. We must govern India upon different principles, or we must cease to govern it at all. "If we can by popular administration secure the contentment of the people, we need not maintain a gigantic army of soldiery and police." But if we cannot become popular, we must take the consequences of our audacity, and of our ultimate impotence to coerce or convert incompu-

table millions. We *are* numerically few, and we are dependent on the natives for most purposes. Captain Smith, even for his private ease, moves with 150 domestics, and is a spectacle of assumed power and real helplessness, of which Mr. Russell's keen eye sees the ultimate significance. But Captain Smith, in the aggregate, has been taught a lesson,—if he cannot understand the natives, he must no longer ill-use them, or Parliament itself will be asking "Why is he in India at all?" We entirely concur with Mr. Russell that "the Anglo-Saxon and his congeners in India must either abate their strong *natural* feelings against the coloured race, restrain the expression of their antipathies, or look forward to the day, not far distant, when the indulgence of their passions will render the government of India too costly a luxury for the English people."

The alternative may be difficult, but is it unmanageable with the help of Parliament and the Press, and with the growing interest in such questions, which have now become not only Indian but English? The tendency, coupled with the success of Mr. Russell's own work, is itself assuring in this very behalf. It is far more to the purpose than the speeches even of Burke and Sheridan, stuffed, as these were, full of rhetorical artifice, and addressed for the most part to a *dilettante* audience. The times have changed. Catastrophes have made us serious. There is difficulty and apprehension of danger in the future; but there is ample hope yet, if we act justly and considerately. This hope is half realized, if we have arrived at a stage at which

we can appreciate the testimony of a scrupulous eye-witness. Even an eye-witness such as Mr. Russell may be deceived in some particulars; yet his testimony may be substantially true and just. We accept it ourselves with allowable latitude, and we commend it as freely to our thoughtful fellow-countrymen. We trust our correspondent for the sufficient reason that we know him to be brave, intelligent, honest, and humane.

We conclude by remarking how strangely Mr. Russell's Crimean experiences came in to aid his survey of our Indian warfare. One particular is so curious that we quote it *in extenso*:—

"Whilst I am writing about it, I may as well relate an incident in connection with one of the Nana's chief advisers, which I mentioned to the Governor-General, who appeared much struck with it. After the repulse of the allies in their assault on Sebastopol, 18th June, an event closely followed by the death of Lord Raglan, and a cessation of any operations except such as were connected with a renewed assault upon the place, I went down for a few days to Constantinople, and, whilst stopping at Missirie's Hotel, saw, on several occasions, a handsome slim young man, of dark-olive complexion, dressed in an Oriental costume which was new to me, and covered with rings and finery. He spoke French and English, dined at the *table d'hôte*, and, as far as I could make out, was an Indian prince, who was on his way back from the prosecution of an unsuccessful claim against the East-India Company in London. He had made the acquaintance of Mr. Doyne, who was going out to the Crimea as the superintendent of Sir Joseph Paxton's army-works corps, and by that gentleman he was introduced to me one fine summer's evening, as we were smoking on the roof of the hotel. I did not remember his name, but I recollect that he expressed great anxiety about a passage to the Crimea, 'as,' said he, 'I want to see this famous city, and those great

Roostums, the Russians, who have beaten French and English together.' Indeed, he added that he was going to Calcutta, when the news of the defeat of June 18th reached him at Malta, and he was so excited by it that he resolved to go to Constantinople, and endeavour thence to get a passage to Balaklava. In the course of conversation, he boasted a good deal of his success in London society, and used the names of people of rank very freely, which, combined with the tone of his remarks, induced me to regard him with suspicion, mingled, I confess, with dislike. He not only mentioned his *bonnes fortunes*, but expressed a very decided opinion that, unless women were restrained as they were in the East, 'like moths in candlelight, they will fly and get burned.' I never saw or heard anything more of him till some weeks afterwards, when a gentleman rode up to my hut at Cathcart's Hill, and sent me in a note from Mr. Doyne, asking me to assist his friend Azimoola Khan in visiting the trenches; and on going out, I recognized the Indian prince. I had his horse put up, and walked to the General's hut to get a pass for him. The sun was within an hour of setting, and the Russian batteries had just opened, as was their custom, to welcome our reliefs and working-parties; so that shot came bounding up towards the hill where our friend was standing, and a shell burst in the air at apparently near proximity to his post. Some delay took place ere I could get the pass, and when I went with it, I found Azimoola had retreated inside the cemetery, and was looking with marked interest at the fire of the Russian guns. I told him what he was to do, and regretted my inability to accompany him, as I was going out to dinner at a mess in the Light Division. 'Oh,' said he, 'this is a beautiful place to see from; I can see everything, and, as it is late, I will ask you to come some other day, and will watch here till it is time to go home.' He said, laughingly, 'I think you will never take that strong place;' and in reply to me, when I asked him to come to dine with me at my friend's, where I was sure he would be welcome, he said, with a kind of sneer, 'Thank you; but recollect I am a good Mahomedan!' 'But,' said I, 'you dined at Missirie's?' 'Oh, yes: I was joking. I am not such a fool as to believe in these foolish things. I am of no religion.' When I came home that night,

I found he was asleep in my camp-bed, and my servant told me he had enjoyed my stores very freely. In the morning he was up and off ere I was awake. On my table I found a piece of paper—'Azimoola Khan presents his compliments to Russell, Esquire, and begs to thank him most truly for his kind attentions, for which I am most obliged.'

"This fellow, as we all know, was the Nana's secretary, and chief adviser in the massacres at Cawnpore. Now, is it not curious enough that he should have felt such an interest to see with his own eyes how matters were going on in the Crimea? It would not be strange in a European to evince such curiosity; but in an Asiatic, of the non-military caste, it certainly is. He saw the British army in a state of some depression, and he formed, as I have since heard, a very unfavourable opinion of its *morale* and *physique*, in comparison with that of the French. Let us remember that soon after his arrival in India he accompanied Nana Sahib to Lucknow, where they remained for some time, and are thought by those who recollect their tone and demeanour to have exhibited considerable insolence and *hauteur* towards the Europeans they met. Afterwards the worthy couple, on the pretence of a pilgrimage to the hills—a Hindoo and Mussulman joined in a holy excursion!—visited the military stations all along the main trunk-road, and went as far as Umballah. It has been suggested that their object in going to Simla was to tamper with the Goorkha regiment stationed in the hills; but that, finding on their arrival at Umballah, a portion of the regiment were in cantonments, they were not able to effect their purpose with these men, and desisted from their proposed journey on the plea of the cold weather. That the Nana's demeanour towards us should have undergone a change at this time is not at all wonderful; for he had learned the irrevocable determination of the authorities to refuse what he—and, let me add, the majority of the millions of Hindoos who knew the circumstances—considered to be his just rights as adopted heir of the ex-Peishwa of the Mahrattas. When the great villany was planned is not now ascertainable; but it must be remarked, as a piece of evidence in some degree adverse to the supposition that Nana Sahib had successfully tampered with the troops at Cawnpore, that the latter did not evince any design of making

him their leader, nor did they hold any communication with him on their revolt, and that they were all marching off for Delhi, when he and his creatures went to their camp, and by his representations, promises, and actual disbursements, induced them to go back and assault Wheeler in his feeble intrenchments."

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